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Gilpin









**OBSERVATIONS**  
**ON**  
**SEVERAL PARTS OF GREAT BRITAIN,**  
  
**PARTICULARLY**  
***THE HIGH-LANDS***  
**OF**  
**Scotland,**  
  
**RELATIVE CHIEFLY TO**  
**PICTURESQUE BEAUTY,**  
  
**MADE IN THE YEAR 1776.**

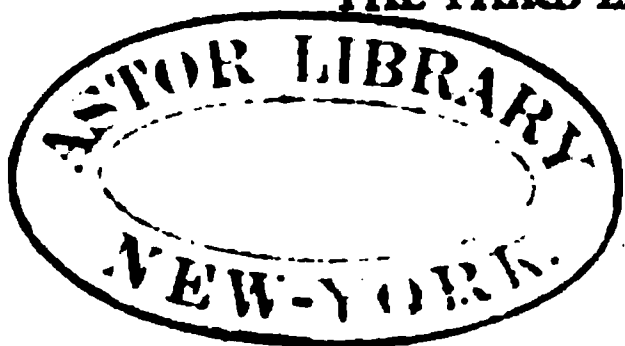
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**By WILLIAM GILPIN, A.M.**  
**PREBENDARY OF SALISBURY; AND VICAR OF BOLDRE IN**  
**NEW-FOREST, NEAR LYMINGTON.**

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**THE THIRD EDITION, IN TWO VOLUMES.**

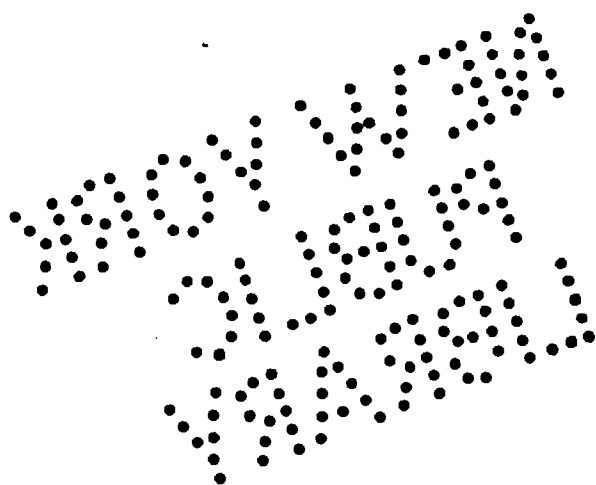
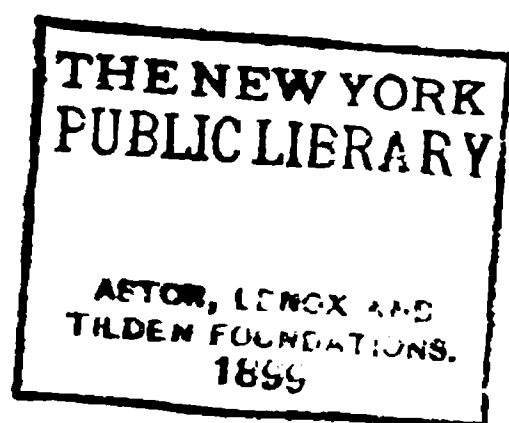
**VOL. I.**



**LONDON:**

**PRINTED FOR T. CADELL AND W. DAVIES, STRAND.**

**1808.**



Strahan and Preston,  
Printers-Street, London.

TO THE  
EARL HARCOURT.

---

MY LORD,

BESIDES your Lordship's great attachment to the polite arts, I have other reasons for placing your name before these papers. If you will accept this address as an instance of my gratitude, I leave it to the world to judge of its propriety.

In perusing these remarks your Lordship will be pleased to recollect, they

A 2

were

were written in the year 1776 ; since which time many of the artificial scenes taken notice of in them, have probably undergone great improvement. In such instances I only shew how much has been done, by shewing how much was wanting.

The subject of these volumes, my Lord, is so nearly that of a late publication on the lakes, and mountains of Cumberland, that similar ideas must of course frequently occur. In this case I have endeavoured to vary my object by throwing different lights upon it — and to vary my remarks by throwing them on different circumstances.

In

In the work I have just alluded to, many thought my language too luxuriant — particularly a friend of your Lordship's, whose practice in versification makes his taste the more easily offended, when prose, deviating into poetical phrase, transgresses it's proper bounds. Your Lordship's correct judgment may probably likewise have taken offence on this head. I can only say, I endeavoured, as I could, to adapt my language to my subject; and as *picturesque description* was rather a novel mode of writing, I thought I had some little right to adopt my own. But as I find many of my friends disallow my apology, I submit; conscious that no man is a proper judge in his own case.

I have endeavoured therefore to make the following observations less liable to that objection.

But however justly I may have been censured on this head, I have heard other criticisms, founded on plain ignorance of the subject. Picturesque ideas lie not in the common road of genius and learning. They require perhaps a distinct faculty to comprehend them — at least they require more attention to the scenes of nature, and the rules of art; than men of letters in general, unless stimulated by a peculiar inclination, bestow upon them. Such men therefore are improper judges. If your Lordship's name, and countenance can screen me from critics of this kind, I shall rejoice

at



at having secured myself behind so good  
a shield.

On the whole, if my remarks are so  
fortunate as to meet your Lordship's  
approbation; I have little doubt, but it  
will be an earnest of the approbation of  
the public. I am, my Lord, with great  
respect,

Your Lordship's obliged,

and most obedient

humble servant,

WILLIAM GILPIN,

VICAR'S-HILL,  
April 20, 1789.



# ACCOUNT

## OF THE

# PRINTS.

---

WITH regard to the prints, which adorn these volumes, I can only say, what I have said of those in other publications of the same kind; that few of them pretend to be *exact portraits*. They in general *only characterize the countries* through which the reader is carried. They were slightly taken in the course of a hasty journey; and at best meant only to preserve the great lines of the country: and even this, I fear, not always accurately. I have heretofore made confession to the public, that when I have seen a line out of place, I have a great propensity to correct it by one that is more picturesque.

I would not however wish these drawings to be considered merely as the effusions of fancy. In those views, in which the features are strong, and prominent,

prominent, as in the approach to Edinburgh, to Sterling, and to Dunbarton, I hope, *the character of the place* is tolerably conveyed; in others, which offer nothing striking, *the character of the country* only is attempted.

But indeed, on so small a scale, it would be impossible to give an adequate idea of a grand scene. However exact the portrait might be, yet under such paltry dimensions, the eye would revolt against the idea of grandeur.

But though I speak contemptibly of my own *diminutive* drawings; yet I hope I may offer them to the public with some little confidence, as *pictures*, at least as far as they go, though not as exact *portraits*. Of the free and elegant manner, in which they are executed by Mr. Alkin in aquatinta, who completed the whole work himself, I can speak with great assurance. He has given me much satisfaction; and I hope he will give equal satisfaction to the public. The elegance of his workmanship makes up for the defects of the drawings.

VOLUME I.

I.

A copy of the shilling, which king Charles the first in his necessity ordered to be stamped at the siege of Newark. page 16.

II.

A resemblance of the picturesque bridge at Hawick. 49.

III.

A perspective view of the mountains at Ferney. 52.

IV.

Approach to Edinburgh. I do not think the appearance of Arthur's seat, and the rocks about Edinburgh, which present, at a distance, the appearance of a cap of maintenance, is overcharged in this print. 59.

V.

A corner of the rock, on which Edinburgh-castle stands with the bridge over the north loch. 63.

VI. A plan

VI.

A plan of the situation of Hopeton house ; but by no means taken with exactness. p. 69.

VII.

The frith of Forth from the lawn before Hopeton-house ; where it takes the form of a lake. 69.

VIII.

Blackness-castle ; in which something of the indistinct appearance, which it made after sunset, is aimed at. 73.

IX.

Approach to the castle of Sterling. 81.

X.

Loch-leven. The general idea of the scene only is aimed at. The form of the castle is not exact ; and the mountain beyond it, is not so broken as it is here represented : but in endeavouring too accurately to correct every little impropriety in plates of this kind, I found there was great danger of losing the spirit of the whole. 89.

XI.

View of *Rumbling-brig*. 125.

XII. A sand-

**XII.**

**A sand-bank, &c. on the Tummel. 131.**

**XIII, XIV.**

**Two prints to illustrate a mode of fixing the hues  
of nature. 133.**

**XV.**

**The pass of Killicranky. 135.**

**XVI.**

**The vale of Tay. 151.**

**XVII.**

**The form of Loch-tay. 153.**

**XVIII.**

**A view of Loch-tay from the church. 153.**

**XIX.**

**A view of Loch-tay from Maxwell's temple. 161.**

**XX.**

**View of a castle on lake Dochart. 173.**

**XXI.**

**Kilchurn-castle. 177.**

**XXII. Situation**

**XXII.**

**Situation of Inverary-castle. 181.**

**XXIII.**

**View of Inverary-castle. 181.**

**XXIV.**

**View of Loch-Fyne — bridge over the Aray —  
mount Doniquaik. 185.**



VOLUME II.

XXV.

Castle upon Loch-Fyne. The ridge sloping towards the eye probably would not appear in some lights, as it appeared to us. 3.

XXVI.

View on lake Loung. 13.

XXVII.

View up the narrow, northern extremity of Loch-Lomond. 19.

XXVIII.

Plan of Loch-Lomond; exhibiting merely a general idea of the situation of the several parts of it. 23.

XXIX.

Plan of the same kind, exhibiting the situation of the country about Dunbarton. 43.

XXX, XXXI.

Two views of Dunbarton-castle — the first at a distance — the second on a nearer approach. 45.

XXXII. View

**XXXII.**

**View of Dunglas-castle. 55.**

**XXXIII.**

**View of Queensbury-house. 79.**

**XXXIV.**

**View of Entrekin. 95.**

**XXXV.**

**A part of Lincouden abbey. 97.**

**XXXVI.**

**View of the bleak shores on the Solway Frith. 101.**

**XXXVII.**

**Gretna-green. The church (which is rarely, I believe, if ever, used for the celebration of marriages) does not stand so high as is here represented. 107.**

**XXXVIII.**

**View from the Ray. 155.**

**XXXIX.**

**The head of a Lancashire cow. 181.**

**XL. An**

**XL.**

An illustration of a tree, that in its maturity, has gotten an inclined twist by the wind, and of one that has recovered from such a twist by growth.  
181.



TRANSLATIONS  
OF  
LATIN PASSAGES.

---

VOLUME I.

Page 10. **T**HOSE habits, which every man  
had when alive, continue with him  
after death.

— 36. He was a prince remarkable for every virtue, but above all for clemency.

— 38. A pricked line.

— 59. Except in the neighbourhood of some town, the country is desolate and barren.

— 98. The icy Erne weeps over vast heaps of slain.

— 103. The Britons, in troops, consisting of men and women, fled every where with lamentable cries; dragging away the wounded;  
a 2

wounded ; and calling on those who had escaped. Their houses were deserted ; and by themselves often set on fire. Hiding-places were fought out ; and immediately forsaken. Plans of defence were debated ; and hope for a moment entertained. Then perhaps the sight of their wives and children would drive them to despair. Rage and frantic wildness would succeed ; and it was affirmed that many of them put their families to the sword, declaring they did it in mere pity.

Page 106. If the language of a dramatic character varies from his situation in life, the absurdity will be received with contempt.

Either make the character agreeable to history ; or make the fiction consistent with itself.

Let the dramatic writer study well the manners of real life ; and draw his characters from thence.

— 110. A noble palace, supported by a hundred columns, and screened by venerable woods, which have seen many generations.

Page 110. Here the kings of the country received their crowns, and sceptres.

- 111. If there is truth in fate, the Scotch will always hold the reigns of empire, where this stone is found.
- 159. Which overlooks a distant country.
- 200. In the wars of barbarians, rage, and victory leave no kind of cruelty unpractised.

## VOLUME II.

- 21. And cloaths them with purple light.
- 30. Sometimes joining together, they form a continent; sometimes under the impression of uncertain gusts they divide, and are driven about in various directions. Then again, a calm coming on, they float upon the surface of the lake in separate bodies: and often their connection is so whimsical (great, and small adhering,) that they appear, at a distance, like vessels at anchor with their boats. Then the gale perhaps rising, they all set off together, as if sailing for a wager; all making to the same point.

Page 45. The foaming wave dashes the rock; while the quivering sea-weed is lashed from side to side.

— 47. This rock is of so hard a texture, that the keenest instrument can scarce touch it: and if by any violence or accident, a piece is broken off, it emits a strong smell, like sulphur.

— 50. In the midst of an extensive plain, near the river Molucha, stood an immense rock, fortified with a considerable castle. One only pass led to it; and that exceedingly narrow. On every other side, it was steep, as if hewn by art.

— 50. Where the Leven falls into the Clyde, on a plain, extending about a mile to the neighbouring mountains, rises a rock with two summits: between which an ascent by steps has been hewn in the solid rock with infinite labour; but so narrow, that one person only can ascend at once.

— 50. On the summit of a hill stood a fortress, so advantageously seated, that it defied any mode of attack but a blockade. At the bottom it was defended by two rivers: and



and the plain it stood on, extended about three miles.

Page 63. Horrid forms appear.

- 89. They were perfectly white, with rough manes like lions: in other respects they were like common cattle.
- 89. In the Caledonian forest are produced a species of white cattle with manes like lions: of a nature so fierce, that it is impossible to tame them. But as their flesh is esteemed very palatable, the breed is said to be almost extinct.
- 113. In its natural state, untouched by the rake, uninjured by the plough.
- 115. What you call a desert, and inhospitable country, has abundant charms for him, who thinks with me.
- 123. A piny mountain-top.
- 131. The foaming rivers rush down the mountain side with impetuous course.
- 139. A more hardy race of men, who are a kind of foresters, inhabit the northern,  
and

and highland parts of the country. They are cloathed in a vest, over which they fling a mantle ; and wear no covering on their legs, as far as the knee. they are armed with a bow and arrows, a sword exceedingly broad ; and a dagger, which cuts on one side only.

Page 184. The extremities ought to wind in such a manner, as to promise something still beyond them ; and to lead the imagination to investigate parts unseen.

**C O N T E N T S**  
**OF**  
**T H E F I R S T V O L U M E .**

---

**S E C T I O N I.**

**E**NFIELD-CHACE — Hertfordshire. 1. — Alconbury-hill. 2. — Whittlesey-mere. 2. — Monk's woods. 3. — Burleigh-house. 3.

**S E C T. II.**

Gunnersby-hill. 11. — Course of the Trent. 12. — Remarks on flat distances. 13. — Newark. 16. — Thoresby. 17. — Clumber-park. 18. — Worktop. 18.

**S E C T. III.**

Roche-abbey. 21. — Remarks on the scenery of ruins. 24.

**S E C T. IV.**

Kirkstall-abbey. 29. — Harrogate. 33 — Ripley. 33. — Stainmore. 33.

**S E C T. V.**

Strength of Liddel. 35. — Banks of the Esk. 35. — Johnny Armstrong. 37. — Debatable Land. 37. — Border-castles.

castles. 40. — Story of the earl of Monmouth. 40. — Extracts from Hayne's state papers with regard to incursions on the borders. 43.

### S E C T. VI.

Banks of the Tiviot. 47. — Hawick. 49. — Selkirk. 50. — Atric. 51. — Tweed. 51. — Yar. 51. — Ferney. 51. — Approach to Edinburgh. 53. — Dalkeith-house. 54. — Earl of Morton in Elizabeth's time. 55.

### S E C T. VII.

First view of Edinburgh. 59. — The town. 60. — The castle. 62. — Holy-rood house. 63. — Chapel belonging to it. 64. — Chapel, and castle at Roslin. 65. — Arthur's feat. 66.

### S E C T. VIII.

Castle of Garvy. 67. — Hopton-house. 68. — Blacknells-castle. 72. — Linlithgow. 73. — Assassination of the regent Murray. 74. — Great canal. 75. — Arthur's oven. 76. — Carron-works. 77. — Falkirk. 78. — Approach to Sterling. 79.

### S E C T. IX.

Castle of Sterling. 81. — Views from it. 82. — Scenes of action in it's neighbourhood. 84.

### S E C T. X.

Loch-leven. 89. — Scenery around it. 90. — The Castle. 92. — Escape of Mary, queen of Scots. 92. — Observations on allegorical painting. 93.

SECT.

S E C T. XI.

Strathern. 97. — Battle of Duplin. 98. — Vale of Tay. 98. — The most pleasing mode of inlightening a distance. 99. — Grampian hills. 100. — Battle between the Romans and Britons. 102. — Insularity of Britain first authenticated. 104. — Inaccuracy of Tacitus. 105.

S E C T. XII.

Approach to Perth. 107. — Town, and bridge. 108. — Gowry-house. 109. — Scone. 110. — Dunkeld. 112. — Dunkeld-Abbey. 114. — Birnam-wood, and Dunfinane. 117.

S E C T. XIII.

River Bran. 119. — Remarks on contrast. 120. — Description of a cascade. 121. — Claud Loraine glasses. 124. — Rumbling-brig. 125. — Death of the late Duke of Athol. 127.

S E C T. XIV.

River Tay. 131. — River Tummel. 131. — Remarks on colouring. 132. — Pass of Killicranky. 134. — Death of the viscount Dundee. 136. — Blair-castle. 138. — River Tilt. 140. — Grounds about Blair-castle. 141.

S E C T. XV.

River Freer. 145. — Remarks on representing mountains. 146. — River Garry. 150. — Glen-lion. 150. — Tay vale. 152. — Kenmore. 153. — Loch-Tay. 153. — Cascade there. 154. — Island. 155.

SECT,

## S E C T. XVI.

Taymouth-house. 157. — Remarks on the situation of great houses. 158. — Massacre of Glencoe. 160. — Valley of Glencoe. 166.

## S E C T. XVII.

Loch-tay. 167. — Killan. 168. — Account of a migration. 169. — Road between Killin, and Tindrum. 152. — Loch-dochart. 172. — Mount Bendoran. 174. — Kitchurn-castle. 176. — Approach to Inverary-castle. 178.

## S E C T. XVIII.

Inverary-castle. 181. — Loch-Fyne. 182. — Character of the ancient highlanders. 188.

## S E C T. XIX.

Account of the contention between two Scotch chiefs 191.

## S E C T. XX.

Present character of the highlander. 209. — Quotation from Burn's poems. 215.

# OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

## *HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.*

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### SECTION I.

**I**N this excursion we proposed to visit some of the more remarkable scenes in Scotland; and in our journey through England, some parts of it also, which we had not seen before.

Having passed the wild, open country of Enfield-chace, lately despoiled by act of parliament of its trees: and having left the sweet woodlands of Hertfordshire; our views

became coarse, and unpleasant. The fatiguing uniformity of them was, here and there, just relieved by a distance; particularly at Alconbury-hill.

From hence, among other remote objects, that large piece of water, called Whittlesey-mere, makes a considerable appearance, stretching into length, far to the right. We get a sight of it from other parts of the road; and if the foreground happen in any degree to rise, we may see perhaps a point of land pushing out into the water: but, in general, it appears only a long narrow slip, without form. The eye however makes some judgment of its length, which is two leagues; tho none of its breadth, which is at least one. Its dimensions are larger than most of the Cumberland lakes; yet through its want of accompaniments, its flat shores, and vile neighbourhood of fens, and marshes, of which it is the great drain, few travellers desire to see more of it than is exhibited from the road.

To the inhabitants of its shores however it is a great source both of *use*, and *amusement*. It abounds with fish: and the winds being more constant here, than in a lake surrounded with mountains, where they blow in gusts,  
and



and eddies, a boat is more manageable, and sailing a more agreeable amusement.

In Danish times Whittlesey-mere was considered as a great inland sea, and navigated only in cases of necessity. Camden tells us, from an old history of Ely, that it was once the scene of a great calamity. When Canute resided at Peterborough, his children, and others of the royal family, had occasion to go to the abbey of Ramsey. Whittlesey-mere lay directly in the way. Here they embarked; when *in the midst of their pleasant voyage, and their singing, and jollity, the turbulent winds, and a tempestuous storm arose*; their vessel foundered; and the greatest part of the royal family perished.

About the sixty-ninth stone, the view is beautifully confined by *Monk's woods*. As we approach Stamford, the country, tho every where full of little varieties, is on the whole rather flat.

From Stamford we visited Burleigh-house; which is a place of great magnificence. It

has no advantage of situation; being buried in the dip of a park, which indeed possesses no where much agreeable scenery. The house formerly was approached by descending avenues; which were as displeasing, as formality, and awkwardness could make them. Mr. Brown was employed to reform them; and if possible to give some air of elegance to the approach. Much he could not do. The situation of the house forbid; and the unaccommodating form of the park. Every thing however, that was disgusting he has removed. He has closed the avenues: he has varied the slopes; and has led the approach through a winding valley, in the very path, which nature would have chosen, as the easiest. The magic of these improvements is such, that it has given the house a new site. It appears, as you approach it, to assume even an elevated station. — But the *scenery* about Burleigh is not the object: it is the *house* chiefly which attracts the traveller.

Burleigh-house is one of the noblest monuments of British architecture in the times of Elizabeth; when the great outlines of magnificence were rudely drawn, but unimproved by taste. The architect, till lately,  
was

was unknown; as indeed we know very little of the architects of those days. But the earl of Warwick has a book of original plans in his possession, by John Thorpe; from which it appears, that he was the architect of Burleigh-house. It is an immense pile, forming the four sides of a large court; and tho decorated with a variety of fantastic ornaments according to the fashion of the time, before Grecian architecture had introduced symmetry, proportion, and elegance into the plans of private houses, it has still an august appearance. The inside of the court is particularly striking. The spire is neither, I think, in itself an ornament; nor has it any effect; except at a distance, where it contributes to give this whole immense pile, the consequence of a town.

How far the fashionable array, in which Mr. Brown has dressed the grounds about this venerable building, agree with it's formality, and antique appendages, I dare not take upon me to say. A doubt arises, whether the old decoration of avenues, and parterres was not in a more *suitable* stile of ornament. It is however a nice question, and would admit many plausible arguments on both sides.

The rooms are fitted up in that rich, but solemn manner, which the magnificence of the house requires. Some of them indeed, which had been long disused, are now adorned in a lighter taste: but their uniformity is lost. — The grand stair-case, and many of the ceilings are painted by Verrio, who spent twelve years, we were informed, in this work; during which time he had a handsome pension; a table kept; and an equipage. Verrio was a man of extraordinary pomp; and had been so carested by Charles the second, that he thought himself a capital artist. He was a painter, as Mr. Walpole justly observes, whose *exuberant pencil was well adapted to adorn those public surfaces, on which the eye never rests long enough to criticize*: but he was certainly not worth the attention, which lord Exeter paid him; tho his works at Burleigh are confessedly the most correct of any he has left behind him.

Painted ceilings however are at best, I think, but awkward ornaments; not only as it is impossible to examine them without pain; but also as the foreshortening of the figures, which is absolutely necessary to give them any kind of effect, is so contrary to what we see

see in common life, that it is disgusting. Mr. Pope also, with his usual just taste, suggests another objection to them. He speaks of *the sprawling saints of Verrio, and Laguerre*: by which expression he seems to consider them as floundring in some strange medium, we know not what, which affords them no stable footing. Figures indeed represented *in the clouds*, are not so obvious to this exception. We can bear however to see such an artist as Verrio employed on a ceiling; but when we see a master, like Rubens, so engaged, it is mortifying.

Yet still a painted ceiling, if the colours are rich, and dark, adds a pleasing solemnity to these antique mansions: but we wish only for elegant, ornamental scrolls. It is merely the *general effect of the gloom* that pleases; as in a chapel we are soothed with that solemn light, which passes through painted glass; tho we wish neither for figures, nor any other form of creation,

In rooms of a lighter taste, as they are generally now fitted up in great houses, more airy ceilings are suitable. Lightness and gaiety in furniture is now the fashion; corresponding more perhaps with the manners

of the times. The manners of the great were formerly, reserved; grave, and dignified. Their apartments, of course contracted a more solemn air. They were hung with darker colours; to which the furniture was adapted. How far the manners of those days were more agreeable, I know not: but I have no scruple in giving the preference to their apartments. Awkwardnesses there might be, and certainly were: I speak only of their *general air*.

The pictures in Burleigh-house, of which there is great profusion, are highly valued. Indeed we seldom find a better collection. They are in general pleasing. In the chapel, which is adapted rather to *amusement*, than *devotion*, hang several very shewy pictures. Solomon's idolatry, and Moses in the rushes, both by Loti, are such. The altar-piece, by P. Veronese is more classical; but it is so deficient as a *whole*, that we could admire only some of the *parts*. Among these the head of St. James is wonderfully expressive. The death of Seneca by L. Giordano, is esteemed one of the best pictures in the collection: but in my opinion, it is wanting, both in *composition* and in *effect of light*. Either  
of

of these requisites will contribute greatly to an *agreeable whole* : but when a picture is deficient in *both*, the eye cannot rest upon it with pleasure. The passion of grief is indeed well distributed among the attendants of the dying philosopher : but it is conveyed through the medium of very awkward characters.

We must not leave this grand house without looking into the kitchen ; which is a noble room ; and decorated with the ensign armorial of hospitality, an immense carcase of beef well painted.

From Burleigh-house, we visited a more retired mansion, which this noble family possesses at Stamford. The family-vault there is a curious scene of the kind. Here lies the old statesman of queen Elizabeth ; with a numerous race of his descendants collected around him. Even in these silent regions are found the vanities of dress. The ancients of the house are clad in plain lead and stone ; but you trace the progress of fashion in the decorations of succeeding ages. Many, who came last from the upper regions, are adorned in crimson velvet, coronets, and lace ; and  
figure

figure away in these cells of darkness. One would think the grave had little to do with vanity : but our foibles adhere to our last sand. It has ever been so..

\_\_\_\_\_ quæ gratia \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_ fuit vivis, \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_ eadem sequitur tellure repositos.

SECT.



## S E C T. II.

FROM Stamford we proceeded to Newark, through Colsterworth, a neighbourhood famous for giving birth to Sir Isaac Newton. This whole tract of country affords little that is amusing, till we come to *Gunnerſby-bill*; from whence we have a very extensive view. The grounds, on which the eye immediately falls, are level ſheep-walks, with few interſections, but no way offensive. Diſtant views ſeldom enjoy this advantage. The near grounds, when cultivated, are always formal and diſguſting. Here they were uncultivated and pleaſing. Beyond the ſheep-walks a vaſt ſtretch of flat country, enriched with a variety of indiſtinct objects, melts into the horizon. It conſiſts only of the common features of a flat diſtance; but they are uncommonly broad, and ample.

Through

Through this country the Trent takes its course, tho it rarely *appears* in any part. No river in England is subject to such wide, and lasting inundations: and on inspecting the map of the country, as it lay now before us, we wanted no geometrical level to convince us, that when the waters of this sluggish stream become once swoln, its floods must be diffusive, and of long continuance: for there appears to be no where any descent to carry them off. The scenery before us was finely varied, when we surveyed it, by floating lights, which spreading over one part, and another, shewed us every part by turns. Nothing in landscape is more beautiful than these lengthened gleams. The Dutch masters who painted from a flat country, knew the force of their effect, and often introduced them.

When the distance consists, as it does here, of a vast *flat surface*, the painter cannot well manage it without these adventitious lights. It would be one heavy fatiguing tint. And yet *too many* of these gleams occasion what the artists call a *spottiness* in landscape. Two at most are sufficient: and if two, there should always be a subordination between them.

The

The nearer may be broader, and more vivid; leaving the more distant a mere strip.

When the distance, tho very extensive, is *not merely a flat*, but is varied with prominent parts, it may support its consequence, tho the whole be in shadow. It will itself produce variety. A knoll may run out, of such conspicuous size, that according to the common rules of keeping, it will naturally be invested with a deeper tint, than the country, which lies beyond it: for as it's greater height intercepts a portion of that country, it is seen against a part more remote than itself: and will of course be tinted with a darker hue. Thus also the spot, or mote (which the eye conceives to be, a castle, a clump of trees, or some other object in the distance,) is tinted with a darker touch; because in the same manner, it is seen against a country more remote than itself, and consequently lighter. Even the folding of rising grounds over each other, will produce the same effect. The nearer ground, intercepting a valley, will always appear darker. Tho the inaccurate observer therefore may think, a distant landscape, when in shadow, might be represented by one broad dash of  
*equal*

*equal colour*, excepting only what difference the gradation of shade occasions, he is mistaken. Simplicity and breadth are every where pleasing; and particularly in distance; but still, if the *inequalities of a surface* are not attended to, and marked by a discrimination, however slight, the picture may appear unnatural to an eye, which may not have knowledge enough in keeping, and the perspective of nature, to suggest a reason.

Under every circumstance a country retiring into remote distance, is among the most beautiful parts of landscape, and is a very pleasing study to a lover of nature. If he be a true disciple of nature; and attend closely to all her variations of weather — of seasons — of morning, and evening suns, he will discover, more and more, her magical secrets in the illumination of distant objects. He will see with what vivid touches of light she often marks each prominent part — nearly as vivid as those upon the foregrounds. — At the same time the shadows being suppressed, and every little detail, the object takes its proper place in the distance, notwithstanding its strong illumination. — Yet even in a distance he will observe a variety of little animated touches,

touches, which give it life, and spirit. He will study nature's mode of expressing these touches — the tuftings of the forest, the roughness of the mountain, and the stillness of the lake. — He will observe also what disposition of sky gives that cold blue tint to a removed country, which we sometimes see — what again occasions that clearness; in which the very delineation of every object may be discerned — and what throws over it that greyish tint, the sweetest of all hues, that invest a distance; and gives it that amusing indistinctness, which leads the imagination of the spectator to

————— body forth  
 The forms of things scarce seen —————  
 Turn them to shape; and give to airy nothing  
 A local habitation —————

As we descended Gunnersby hill, and saw more around it, a distinct view of Belvoir-castle opened on the left: and we could have wished to have examined that noble repository of the works of eminent masters; but our time would not allow.

As

As we got more into the flat country, we found, that however qualified it's objects were to melt into a beautiful distance, it contained nothing engaging on the spot. All the country through which the Trent flows, as far as we could command it from the great road, is unpicturesque.

Newark was formerly defended by a castle; which is now but an unpleasing ruin. It has more the appearance of a dwelling, than a fortress. It was once however a considerable place, and, at the conclusion of the civil wars, sustained a siege of seven months from the whole Scotch army; during which period, in the necessity of the times, those shillings in the form of lozenges were stamped, which are now found in collections of old coins. They bear a crown on one side, inscribed C. R.; and on the other, mark the occasion of their being struck. Here also began that infamous treaty for the sale of the king, who had delivered himself into the hands of the Scotch army, of which the whole nation hath deservedly been ashamed ever since.

From



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ASTOR, L. & T.  
TILDEN FOUNDATION



From Newark the country still continues dreary and uninteresting. When the road happens to make any little rise, we had, far to the right, a distant view of Lincoln-cathedral, over the flats between it and the eye. It is so noble a pile, that it makes a respectable object at the distance of twenty miles. But this extraordinary appearance is owing to a mere deception: for tho the eye considers it as standing in the plain; it stands in fact upon a hill; and the elevation of the ground being lost in the distance, all its height is added to the church. — The whole country between Newark and Lincoln is highly cultivated; and is famous for a breed of large sheep, and heavy horses, peculiar to itself. — A little after you pass Tuxford, you see the deception in the situation of Lincoln-cathedral. It appears there plainly to stand at the point of a long ridge of elevated land, rising above the flat country.

In this neighbourhood lie a cluster of great houses.. Thoresby belongs to the celebrated

duchess of Kingston. We rode through the park, which has no advantages of situation. The house we found shut up by the duchess's order.

Welbeck, the duke of Portland's seat, we did not see. It lay some miles out of the road.

Clumber-park, the seat of the duke of Newcastle, disappointed us. We expected an old magnificent house, a park adorned with oaks, that had seen a fourth or a fifth generation of their noble owners; and other appendages of ancient grandeur. But every thing is new: the house is just built, the woods just planted; and the walks just planned. Clumber-park will hardly be worth a traveller's notice before the next century.

A few miles farther lies Worktop. This house is a singular instance of the spirit, perseverance, and disinterestedness, of its proprietor, the duke of Norfolk. It had belonged formerly to the earls of Shrewsbury, and was gone much into decay. But the duke liking the situation; and conceiving it to be a good centre-house to his great estates in these parts, resolved to restore it to its ancient splendor. He was now in years; but for the advantage of his heir, the honourable Mr. Edward Howard,

Howard, he engaged in the work; and having fitted it up in a very noble manner at the expence of thirty thousand pounds, he was just preparing to take possession of it: when on the 22d of October 1761, a fire left carelessly in the library, caught hold of the flooring of the apartment, and communicating itself with great rapidity to the other chambers, the whole edifice and all it's valuable furniture, pictures, and books were burnt to the ground. The loss was estimated at an hundred thousand pounds.

Such a catastrophe, one should have imagined, might have checked the duke's farther designs in building: but it only roused him. Almost before the ashes of the old house were cold, he engaged again in building a new one; and taking his young heir in his hand, he laid the foundation-stone of a most magnificent pile on the 25th of March 1763. It was to consist of a centre, and two wings. With this work he went on so rapidly, that the centre part, as it now stands, which is itself a complete palace, extending three hundred feet, was finished in the year 1765. At that time Mr. Edward Howard dying, the

duke, who built only for him, dropt all farther thoughts of compleating his design.

The house stands in the midst of an extensive park: but we saw nothing, that tempted us to take more than a cursory view of it. The approach seemed easy, and beautiful.

A few miles from Workop, on the borders of Yorkshire, lies Aston; where Mr. Mason, with a generosity rather singular, has built at his own expence one of the most comfortable, and elegant parsonage-houses in England. The offices, shrouded with trees, stand separate from the body of the house, which being thus disincumbered, consists only of excellent apartments. In this sweet retreat we spent a day or two, and from thence made an excursion to Roche-abbey, a beautiful scene in the possession of the earl of Scarborough.

SECT.

## S E C T. III.

**R**OCHE-ABBEY stands in the centre of three vallies, each of which is about a mile in length; but otherwise their dimensions, as well as forms are different. One is open, another is close; and a third still closer, and rocky. All of them are woody, and each is adorned with it's little stream.

A very small part of the abbey remains; two fragments only of the transept of the great church. The architecture is rather of a mixed kind; but in general the Gothic prevails.

These ruins and the scenery around them were in the roughest state, when Mr. Brown was employed to adorn them. He is now at work; and has nearly half compleated his intention. This is the first subject of the kind he has attempted. Many a modern palace he has adorned, and beautified: but

a ruin presented a new idea ; which I doubt, whether he has sufficiently considered. He has finished one of the vallies, which looks towards Laughton spire : he has floated it with a lake, and formed it into a very beautiful scene. But I fear it is too magnificent, and too artificial an appendage, to be in unison with the ruins of an abbey. An abbey, it is true, may stand by the side of a lake ; and it is possible, that *this* lake may, in some future time, become it's situation ; when the marks of the spade, and the pick-ax are removed — when it's osiers flourish ; and it's naked banks become fringed, and covered with wood. In a word, when the lake itself is improved by time, it may suit the ruin, which stands upon it's banks. At present, the lake, and ruin are totally at variance. — The spire, which terminates this view, deserves particular notice, as a very beautiful piece of Gothic architecture, tho the ornament only of a country church. It is also one of the most extensive land marks in England ; and may, in some directions, be seen at the distance of fifty miles.

Mr. Brown is now at work in the centre part of the three vallies, near the ruin itself, He has already removed all the heaps of rubbish

bish, which lay around; some of which were very *ornamental*; and very *useful* also, in uniting the two parts of the ruin. They give something too of more consequence to the *whole*, by discovering the vestiges of what once existed. Many of these scattered appendages also, through length of time, having been covered with earth, and adorned with wild brush-wood, had arisen up to the windows, and united the *ruin to the soil*, on which it stood. — All this is removed: a level is taken, and the ruin stands now on a neat bowling-green, like a house just built, and without any kind of *connection* with the ground it stands on. There is certainly little judgment shewn in this mode of improvement. I do not mean to place Mr. Brown's works at Roche-abbey, and those of a late improver of Fountain's-abbey\* in the same light. At Fountain's-abbey every thing was done with a childish hand. Here, every thing is manly, and in it's way masterly. The *character* only of the scene is mistaken, If Mr. Brown

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\* See Observations on the Mountains and Lakes of Cumberland, &c. v. II. p. 183.

should proceed a step farther — pull down the ruin, and build an elegant mansion, everything would then be right, and in it's proper place. But in a *ruin* the reigning ideas are *solitude*, *neglect*, and *desolation*. The environs of a house should partake of the elegance or grandeur of the mansion they adorn, *because* harmony and propriety require it. If there is force in *this* reason, it surely holds equally true, that a ruin should be left in a state of wildness, and negligence. Harmony and propriety require one, as much as the other.

Of what improvement then is the scenery of a ruin capable?

Of some no doubt. Tho we should not wish to adorn it with *polished nature* — tho the shorn lawn, the flowering shrub, and the embellished walk, are alien ideas; yet many things *offensive* may be removed. *Some part* of the rubbish, or of the brushwood may be out of place, and hide what ought to be seen. The ground, in many parts, may be altered, but discretely altered. A path may wind; but not such grand walks as are here introduced, rather for parade, than contemplation; and such certainly as the convent never knew,  
even



even in it's highest state of prosperity. Trees also may be planted; and water may be introduced. But a sort of negligent air should run through the whole: and if art should *always be concealed*; it should here be *totally hid*. The precept conveyed in those beautiful lines, cannot be *too religiously* applied to scenes like these.

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If art  
E'er dares to tread; 'tis with unsandal'd foot,  
Printless, as if the place were holy ground.

No sunk fence, or netted barrier, should restrain the flock. Let them browse within the very precincts of the ruin. It is a habitation forsaken of men, and resumed by nature; and tho nature do not require a *slovenly* path to walk in; yet she always wishes for one with *some degree of rudeness* about it.

If the mansion-house stand near the ruins you wish to adorn, the ruins themselves will then become only *appendages*. Neatness in part *must* be introduced. Yet still, even in this case, one should wish to have the ruins in a sequestered place, and less adorned, than the environs of a mansion ought to be.

There is another species of improvement, of which a ruin is susceptible; but it is of  
the

the most delicate kind. Few ruins are exactly what we could wish. We generally find a *deficiency*, or a *redundancy*, as far as *composition* is concerned. The ruin we now consider, from the squareness, and uniformity of its two parts, is heavy, uniform, and displeasing. The parts are elegant in themselves; but for want of contrast, they form a disagreeable whole. You can see them to advantage only from particular stands, where one part is thrown behind another in perspective. By the small alteration therefore of making either part *lower* or *higher*, you might improve the composition: but the operation would be exceedingly nice. No picturesque hand durst *take away*. But an addition might be made without much hazard; because what you *add*, you may likewise *remove*. The *beauty of the composition*, and the *harmony of the architecture* would be the two chief points to be attended to. The ruins of Roche-abbey might receive great beauty from the fragment of a tower. If this or any other prominent addition could happily be made, it would certainly have a good effect: but it would require great knowledge both of the ruin, and its deficient appendages, to make it with propriety, and verisimilitude.

Of

Of the three vallies, which center in these ruins, I have mentioned one only, which Mr. Brown has yet improved. Both the others are beautiful: but one of them, which is a sort of rocky chasm, is *in it's natural state* so pleasing: that I should fear, every touch of art would be injurious.

I shall conclude these remarks on the improvement of ruins, with a few beautiful *images of desolation*, which the prophet Isaiah hath introduced in subjects of this kind. *His* ruins have their proper accompaniments. The passages I quote are interspersed in different chapters, but I shall bring them together in one view.

“ It shall never be inhabited: neither shall the Arabian pitch his tent there; nor the shepherd make his fold. Thorns shall come up in it's palaces; nettles, and brambles in the fortresses thereof. The cormorant, and the bittern shall possess it. The raven shall dwell there. It shall be an habitation for dragons; and a court for owls. There the wild beasts of the desert shall meet. The satyr shall cry to his fellow. The screech-owl shall find herself a place of rest; and the vultures shall be gathered together, every one with it's mate.”

SECT.



## S E C T. IV.

**F**ROM Roche-abbey we proceeded to Wakefield, and from thence to Leeds, where we visited another scene of a similar kind, the ruins of Kirkstall-abbey, which belong to the duke of Montague.

Three miles from Leeds, the river Aire, taking its course in an eastern direction, passes through a valley, which is about five miles in length, and one in breadth. The area of it is level. This form gives a sluggishness to the stream; which instead of sparkling over beds of pebbles, as the northern rivers commonly do; is adorned with reeds, and sedges, and water-lilies. The hills, which slope into the valley, descend in different directions: in some parts they are steep; but in general their descent is easy. Formerly,  
when

when this valley was the retreat of solitude, all these hills were covered with wood ; which formed delicious bowers in various parts, and descending in clumps around the abbey, screened it from inclement blasts. Now these beautiful screens are removed : the abbey stands exposed ; and the ancient limits of the woods are scarce marked by a few scattered trees. All the interval is divided into portions, and furrowed by the plough.

At the bottom of the valley, near the southern bank of the river, stand the ruins of the abbey ; a very large proportion of which is still left. Almost the whole body of the great church remains, which seems to want little, except the roof. The tower is still entire ; and the cross aisle. A variety of ruined buildings are scattered round, the uses of which are guessed at, rather than ascertained. Some of them are in sufficient repair to answer modern purposes. On the south are the traces of a beautiful Gothic cloister.

With regard however to the stile of the abbey of Kirkstall, and its picturesque form, but little can be said. It is composed of a sort of mixed architecture. Here and there you see a piece of Gothic has been added ;  
but

but in general the Saxon heaviness prevails. The pillars in the nave are massy, and void of grace. The form too of the ruin is unpleasing. It is debased by the commonness of it. You have merely the shell of an old church. It is too perfect also. We rather wish for that degree of dilapidation, which gives conjecture room to wander; and the imagination some little scope. A certain degree of obscurity adds dignity to an object.

The precincts of the abbey were formerly surrounded by a wall, (as abbeyes generally were) the vestiges of which may still be traced. The circumference of the whole is about a mile, drawn round in a semicircular form; the river completing the boundary on the south. In one part of this boundary, north-west of the abbey, stands a gate, which seems to have been the grand entrance. It is yet a considerable pile, and makes an excellent farm-house.

As we were examining the ruins, our guide pointed to a very narrow winding stair-case at the west end of the church, which led formerly to the roof. Into this stair-case, he told us, a cow, pushing herself probably at first,

first, to avoid the flies, at length gained the top; and was discovered by her owner, looking through the broken arch of a window, which he shewed us, where a narrow shelf had formerly supported the roof. The man had no expectation of seeing his beast again at the bottom without broken bones; but such was her dexterity, that with a very little assistance, she got down by the same narrow passage, by which she had ascended. — As this story belongs to the natural history of the place, I have recorded it: but rather, I must confess, with a view to discredit it, than to authenticate. There are so many stories told of cows climbing up narrow stair-cases, among ruins, that they destroy each other. One is told at Norwich; and I remember, at the abbey of Lanercost in Cumberland, a cow not only got up a narrow stair-case, but rang a bell at an unreasonable hour, by which she alarmed the whole neighbourhood. Why this unwieldy animal is fixed on for these feats of activity, I can assign no reason, but that it makes the story more wonderful.

From



From Leeds to Harrowgate, the landscape is seldom interesting : \* but on crossing the river Need, we found ourselves in a very pleasant country. Few villages stand more agreeably than Ripley.

The passage over the mountains of Stainmore has very little in it that is amusing, till we come to a flat, near the close of it; where, tradition says, Maiden-castle formerly stood; though no vestiges of it now remain.

From this elevated ground the eye commands a noble sweep of mountain-scenery. The hills sloping down, on both sides, form a vast bay of wide, and distant country, which consists of various removes, and is bounded at length by the mountains of Cumberland. The lines are elegant, and the whole picturesque, as far as a distance, enriched neither by wood, nor any other object, can be so. The scene, tho naked, is immensely grand. It has a good effect in it's present state, uniting a dreary distance with the dreary country, we had passed; and the wild foreground, on which we stood. We might perhaps have a better

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\* See an account of this country, in vol. II. p. 204, of Observations on the lakes and mountains of Cumberland, &c.

effect, if the distance were more enriched. The beauties of *contrast* would then succeed happily to those of *uniformity*—at least, if the middle ground, or second distance, were somewhat rough; and the landscape proceeded gradually from that roughness into a rich distance.

Appelby-castle, Brougham-castle, and other parts of the road, between Appelby and Penrith (which is in general pleasing) afforded us many views; but we had travelled the country before: as we had likewise the country about Carlisle.\*

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\* See Observations on the lakes, &c. vol. II.

## S E C T. V.

**A**T Longtown, which is seven miles beyond Carlisle, we crossed the Esk; and soon entered Scotland, taking the Langham road to Edinburgh. The Esk is properly a Scottish river, flowing along a small part only of the English border: but along a considerable part of the Edinburgh road. In a few miles it is joined by the Liddel, and at the confluence of these streams a sort of promontory is formed, on which stand the ruins of a fort, called in the country the *Strength of Liddel*. It is supposed to have been a Roman station, and was once the curb of the country. It commands a very extensive view, which presents, if not a picture, at least a map well adapted to military speculation.

In after times, when other oppressors succeeded those of Rome, prevailing factions

of Picts, and Britons, Scots and English, had it alternately in possession. As contemptible as it now appears, it was twice besieged by royal armies; once under Edward the third of England; and again under David the second of Scotland. It is shocking to humanity that few of these places can be found, without some horrid tale annexed to them. When David took the place, he condemned the governor to death. That might be justice: but it could only be through the dictates of vengeance that he ordered his two sons to be butchered before his eyes, as he was led to execution. And yet David, according to Buchanan, was a prince *in omni virtutum genere, ac in primis clementia, memorabilis*.

In later ages this country wanted a stronger curb, than such a fortress as the *Strength of Liddel* could impose. It was an almost singular instance, in the history of civil society, that a paltry district, inhabited by clans of banditti, should continue in an independent state, between two powerful kingdoms; alike obnoxious to each, and not to be subdued by the police of both. Their captains lived in fortified castles; bad defiance to the power of a sheriff, and feared only the attack of regular

regular troops. The importance of these border-chiefs is well described in an old ballad, which does honour to Johnny Armstrong, who was in his day one of the most celebrated of them. This hero, having been sent for, in the year 1528, by James the fifth (who was then upon a progress to the borders,) came unexpectedly into the royal presence, magnificently apparelled, and attended by a numerous train of followers. The poet introduces him in this dignified manner :

When Johnny came before the king,  
 With his eightscore men so gallant to see :  
 The king he moved his bonnet to him,  
 For he thought he'd been a king as well as he.

Numbers of the lower members of this plundering community were executed every year, both in England and Scotland; but no depopulation ensued. A livelihood from other men's labours, and an asylum from penal laws, were powerful incentives to the idle and profligate of both kingdoms; and fully repaired such casual depredations, as were annually made by the hand of justice.

In Edward the sixth's time, about the year 1552, the affair of the *debatable land*, as this country was called, seems to have been taken

into serious consideration. The plan was to divide it into two equal parts, that each kingdom might introduce order into it's respective division. Commissioners for this purpose were appointed, and a letter is still preserved, in which the English commissioners inform the council, that *there be two small brooks in the debatable, the one called Hawburn, the other Woodbouseburn, whereof the former falleth into the river Sark, and the other into the river Esk; and they wish the division might be made from the mouth of one of these brooks to that of the other.\** This division they explain by a plan sent along with their letter, *having, they say, three lines drawn across the debatable. The first towards the sea-side, expresseth the division, which the Scottish commissioners offered: the second, being the middle line, and named by us STELLATA LINEA, representeth the division, whereof we now write; and the third is that, which our commissioners offered to the Scotts. The stellata linea seems to have been some abatement of what had been offered to the Scotts; but the commissioners still think,*

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\* See Hayne's state papers, p. 120.

*that*

*that rather than leave the matter undone, they should relent somewhat even of the said STELLATA LINEA, but so that the two houses of stone (the one being Sandy Armstrong's, the other Thomas Greme's) may be within the limits of the English debatable. How far this good work proceeded, does not appear; it is certain however, that it produced no effect; for throughout the reign of Elizabeth, we meet with numberless instances of the continuance of these border depredations. Sufficient employment perhaps could not be found for these borderers, in the infancy of arts and tillage, which certainly meliorate the manners of a savage people; and to a certain period at least, till luxury is introduced, supply the place of penal laws.*

*As we passed through the debatable land, we were often amused with the sweet vallies of the Esk, which make the road generally pleasant, if not interesting. Most of these vallies are well wooded; and the trees, tho far from what may be denominated timber, are yet sufficient to beautify the scene.*

In one of these retreats stands Gilnoc-hall, the ancient castle of Johnny Armstrong.

We met with many of these little fortresses in different parts of the borders. They are commonly built in the form of square towers. The walls are thick; the apertures for light small. They are divided generally into three or four stories, each containing only one apartment. The lowest was the receptacle for cattle, which were driven into it in time of alarm. The family occupied the upper stories. As these towers were chiefly meant as places of security against the banditti of the country, the garrison had seldom more than the siege of an hour or two to sustain. They could bear therefore crowding together; and were not anxious about their magazines. If they were attacked by any of the neighbouring garrisons, they could make no defence.

Sir Robert Cary, earl of Monmouth, gives us an account, in his memoirs, written in the time of Elizabeth, of his manner of attacking one of these old towers. He was warden of the western march; and lay with his garrison at Carlisle; where hearing of an outrageous act committed by some Scotts, he pursued them with twenty horse. When he came  
up



up with them, he found they had taken refuge in a tower. In this exigence his horse was of little use, except to prevent an escape. He sent therefore to Carlisle for a few foot, and *presently set them at work to get up to the top of the tower, and to uncover the roof, and then some twenty of them to fall down together; and by that means to win the tower. The Scotts seeing their present danger, offered to parley: and opening the iron gate, yielded themselves to mercy.*

Gilnoc-hall is probably what the commissioners call the *house of stone of Sandy Armstrong*. It has still a castle-like form; but it's situation, which is under a woody hill, is rather that of an abbey, than of a castle. As it had nothing however to do with the defence of the country; but only to take care of itself, a sequestered situation might suit it best.

Besides the Esk, we met with many rivulets; each of which in it's turn, hath run purple to the sea, with the blood of our ancestors. If the borders were subject to constant ravages in times of peace, we may well suppose what they were in time of war.

The

The borderers were expert in all the arts of rapine, and plundering; and having on both sides a national antipathy, wanted only a pretence to indulge it. The ravages that were committed, when open hostility commenced between the two kingdoms, by the regular garrisons of both, were so ruinous, and so frequent, that we are astonished how countries so often desolated, could be worth plundering.

Among Hayne's state papers, we have the history of one of these irregular campaigns, in the time of Henry the eighth, under the title of *Exploits done upon the Scotts in the year 1544*. The first exploit was done on the 2d of July, and the last on the 17th of November. Between these two dates (which include little more than four months) is contained an account of ninety-seven different inroads into the borders of Scotland; which no doubt were repaid in kind by the Scotts; tho probably not in so full a measure. In each of these details the actors are specified, the time, the scene, the mischief done, and the booty obtained. As the paper is curious, two or three, out of the *ninety-seven exploits*, may be worth transcribing.

“ July 19. Mr. Clifford, and his garrison,  
 “ burned a town, called Bedroul, with fifteen  
 “ or sixteen steds; \* whereby they have gotten  
 “ three hundred nolt, † six hundred sheep,  
 “ and much inside gear. § In their coming  
 “ home they fought with lord Farnyhurst, and  
 “ his company, and took him, and his son,  
 “ with three basses, which lord Farnyhurst  
 “ brought into the field with him.”

“ August 7. Sir Ralph Evers, with the  
 “ garrisons of the middle marches of Tinedale,  
 “ and Ridfdale, to the number of fourteen  
 “ hundred men, rode, and burnt Jedworth,  
 “ and Ancram-spittle, with two other towns,  
 “ called East Nesbit, and West-Nesbit; and  
 “ won divers strong castle-houses, and slew  
 “ all the Scottish men in the same to the  
 “ number of eighty, and brought away two  
 “ hundred and twenty head of nolt, and four  
 “ hundred sheep, with much inside goods.”

“ August 16. William Buncton and John  
 “ Ordre, and certain of the garrison of Ber-  
 “ wick, burnt and spoiled the town of Dun-  
 “ glasse very fore; and seized three hundred

\* Houses.    † Black-cattle.    § Household-goods.

“ and

“ and twenty nolt, eight hundred sheep, and  
 “ much spoilage. In their return they fought  
 “ with the Scotts, and put them to flight;  
 “ and slew Alexander Hume, and forty other  
 “ good men, and took the laird of Anderwicke  
 “ and his son Hamilton, and sixty more pri-  
 “ soners.”

“ August 27. Sir Brian Layton, &c.  
 “ ranged the woods of Woddon, where they  
 “ got many nags, sheep, and nolt, and slew  
 “ in the said woods thirty Scotts. From  
 “ thence they went to a tower of lord Buc-  
 “ cleugh’s, called the Moss-house, and smoked  
 “ it very fore, and took thirty prisoners, and  
 “ have brought away eighty nags, two hun-  
 “ dred nolt, and four hundred sheep; and  
 “ they burned the town of Woddon, and  
 “ many shielings, and houses in the said wood,  
 “ and other steds and mills in their way.”

I need not multiply extracts from this horrid  
 catalogue, in which the pillage, ruin, and  
 slaughter of thousands of individuals (contri-  
 buting nothing to the sum of the war) are  
 related with as much indifference, as the  
 bringing in of a harvest. We consider war  
 as a necessary evil; and pride ourselves now  
 on making it like gentlemen. Humanity  
 certainly

certainly requires us to alleviate it's miseries as far as we can. But while our wars by land are tempered with generosity, why are our wars by sea carried on like barbarians? Taking the ships of an enemy, it is true, destroys resources: so would plundering a country; and carrying away it's inhabitants captive, in the old style of Babylonish conquest. From this however we refrain by land; tho we practise it by sea. The great point of difference between the two services, in this respect, lies here. By land, all *private plunderers*, and marauders, which are the most cruel kind of oppressors, are *restrained*: by sea, they are *licensed*: or, in other words, by sea we still practise the brutality of Scotch, and English borderers.



## S E C T. VI.

**W**E travelled along the banks of the Esk many miles; and found several beautiful scenes. Near Langham particularly, it winds through groves, which diversify the road; and it's bed is finely channelled with rock.

The banks of the Tiviot soon after received us; and conducted us into a new country. On the borders of the Esk our views had been in general confined within contracted vallies. But now the country began to expand; and assumed features intirely different. The Tiviot takes it's course through wide vallies of smooth extended pasturage, sloping down to it in all directions; and in general forming beautiful lines; tho otherwise void of all those circumstances, and that variety  
of

of objects, particularly of wood, which give beauty to landscape. In some parts these vallies also are contracted; but in a different manner from those of the Esk. The same breadth of feature is still preserved, which we had in the more open parts; only it is here brought nearer the eye. Tho the lofty skreens rush down precipitately to the river, and contract the vallies, you see plainly they are the parts of a large-featured country; and in a stile of landscape very different from those little irriguous vallies which we had left.

The downy sides of all these vallies are covered with sheep, which often appear to hang upon immense green walls. So steep is the descent in some parts, that the eye, from the bottom, scarce distinguishes the slope from a perpendicular. Several of these mountainous slopes (for some of them are very lofty) are finely tinted with mosses of different hues, which give them a very rich surface. This however is probably the garb, which nature wears only in the summer months. She has a variety of dresses for all seasons; and all so becoming, that when she deposits one, and  
assumes



1917-1918  
1919-1920

1921-1922  
1923-1924  
1925-1926



assumes another, she is always adorned with beauties peculiar to herself.

Hawick has a romantic situation among rocks, founding rivers, cataracts, and bridges; all of which are very picturesque. When we meet with objects of this kind (the result of nature, and chance,) what contempt do they throw upon the laboured works of art? There is more picturesque beauty in the old bridge at Hawick, than in the most elegant piece of new-made river scenery. I mean not to assert, that such an object would suit a piece of improved ground. It would there be out of place. All I mean, is, that the picturesque eye has that kind of fastidiousness about it, that it is seldom pleased with any artificial attempts to please. It must find its own beauties; and often fixes, as here, on some accidental, rough object, which the common eye would pass unnoticed.

As we proceeded to Selkirk, we found the road on the north of Hawick a perfect contrast to what we had passed on the south. There

we were carried along the vallies, and looked up to the hills. Here we were carried along the hills, and looked down upon the vallies. Here too, in general, the mountains formed beautiful lines; but as in history-painting, figures without drapery, and other appendages, make but an indifferent group; so in scenery, naked mountains form poor composition. They require the drapery of a little wood to break the regularity of their forms, to produce contrasts, to connect one part with another; and to give that richness in landscape, which is one of its greatest ornaments. We are told indeed, that this was formerly a very woody country; that it was called the *forest of Selkirk*; and extended over great part of the southern counties of Scotland. And yet if this information did not depend on good historical authority, we might be led to dispute it. For people are seldom at the trouble of felling a forest, unless they want either the timber, or the ground it stands on; neither of which, in the present case, seems to have been wanted.

These mountains, however, unadorned as they appear, are by no means void of beauty. We had several pleasing views along the vallies;  
lies;

lies ; particularly one towards Sunderland hall, where the river Atric plays round the promontories of several sweeping mountains, which guide it's course.

A little beyond the Atric we meet the Tweed ; which is here a river of no great consequence ; but it's deficiency in *grandeur*, is made up in *beauty*. We travelled along it's banks about a mile ; and in that short space were entertained with two or three pleasing views ; the most striking of which were at Yar, and Ferney.

The house at Yar, which belongs to the duke of Buccleugh, is no object ; nor is the river visible in this view ; but the road winds beautifully to a bridge, beyond which the mountains make agreeable interfections.

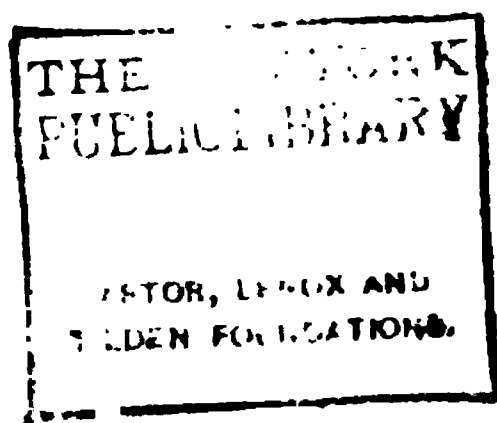
At Ferney we had a grand scene of mountain-perspective. It is not often that these elevated bodies coincide with the rules of beauty, and composition — less often indeed than any other mode of landscape. In a level country, the awkwardness of a line is hid. But the mountain rearing it's opakeness against the sky, shews every fault both in it's delineation, and combination with great exactness. These mountains however had few faults to shew.

shew. They were both well-formed, and well connected; and shewed also in great perfection the beauties of gradation — gradation in form — gradation in light — and gradation in colour. With these adjuncts, which are among the most beautiful in landscape, the exhibition could not but be pleasing. One of the nearest of these mountains was enriched, when we saw it, with a deep purple tint; which did not seem the production of any vegetable substance, but rather some enamelled mineral stain.

It is no little recommendation of the rivers we met with here, that almost every one of them is the subject of some pleasing Scotch ditty; which the scene raises to the memory of those, who are versed in the lyrics of the country. The elegant simplicity of the verse, and the soothing melody of the music, in almost all the Scotch songs, is universally acknowledged. *Tweed-side*, and *Atrick's Banks*, are not among the least pleasing.

Beyond the Tweed the country becomes again mountainous, wild and uncultivated; in which state it continues till within thirteen or fourteen miles of Edinburgh. A little  
beyond







beyond Middleton, before we descended the higher grounds into the plain, we had a view from the brow of the hill, of the situation of that capital.

The plain is bounded by the Pentland hills; which in themselves are not magnificent; but appeared considerably so to us through the medium of a light mist, which began to overspread the distance. Deceptions of this kind are very common in mountainous countries. Under such a circumstance I have often conceived myself about to ascend some stupendous mountain, which dwindled, on a nearer approach, into a mere hill. On the right of the Pentland hills arises Arthur's seat; a rock, which hangs over Edinburgh, of peculiar appearance; romantic, but not picturesque. It continues long the striking feature of the view; neither the castle, nor any part of the town appearing for some time,

As we approach nearer; the environs of Edinburgh become more distinct. We get a view of the Forth; and see the grounds about Musselborough and Dalkeith, on the southern side of it; and the mountains of Fifehire on the northern,

About six or seven miles on this side of Edinburgh we turned a little out of the way to visit Dalkeith-house; which belongs to the Duke of Buccleugh. It stands on a knoll overlooking a small river. The knoll is probably in part artificial; for an awkward square hollow hard by, indicates that the knoll has been dug out of it. Beyond the river are woods; and a picturesque view of the town and church of Dalkeith. But the house fronts the other way, where it is not only confined, but the ground rises *from it*. It might have stood with great advantage, if it had been carried two or three hundred yards farther from the river; and its front turned towards it. A fine lawn would then have descended from it, bounded by the river, and the woods. We often see a bad situation chosen: but we seldom see a good one so narrowly missed.

There are several pleasing pictures in Dalkeith-house; one of the most striking, is a landscape by Vernet, in Salvator's style. It is a rocky scene through which a torrent rushes: the foaming violence of the water is well expressed. I have not often met with a picture of this fashionable master, which I liked better.

And

And yet it is not entirely free from the flutter of a French artist.

Here, and in almost all the great houses of Scotland, we have pictures of queen Mary; but their authenticity is often doubted from the circumstance of her hair. In one it is auburn, in another black, and in another yellow. Notwithstanding however this difference, it is very possible, that all these pictures may be genuine. We have a letter preserved\*, from Mr. White, a servant of queen Elizabeth, to Sir William Cecil, in which he mentions his having seen queen Mary at Tutbury castle. "*She is a goodly personage,*" says he, "*both an alluring grace, a pretty Scottish speech, a searching wit, and great mildness. Her hair of itself is black; but Mr. Knoll told me, that she wears hair of sundry colours.*"

This house was formerly, like most of the great houses in Scotland, built in the form of a castle. It belonged then to the noble family of Douglas; and was once the gloomy retreat of a celebrated chief of that name—the earl of Morton; who was regent of the kingdom

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\* See Hayne's State-papers, p. 511.

*nominally* under James; but *really* under Elizabeth. That artful princess, having imprisoned Mary, conducted the affairs of Scotland, through this minister, as she pleased. Elizabeth was not nice in the choice of her instruments. Moral failings, in men of abilities, were no blemishes. Morton's character is marked in history with those vices which unbounded ambition commonly ingrafts upon the *fiercer passions*; cruelty, and revenge; to which we may add an insatiable avarice. Popular odium at length overpowered him, and he found it necessary to retire from public life. This castle was the scene of his retreat; where he wished the world to believe, he was sequestered from all earthly concerns. But the terror he had impressed through the country during his power was such, that the common people still dreaded him even in retirement. In passing towards Dalkeith, they generally made a circuit round the castle, which they durst not approach, calling it, the lion's den. While he was thus supposed to be employed in making his parterres, and forming his terraces, he was planning a scheme for the revival of his power. It suddenly took effect,

effect, to the astonishment of all Scotland. But it was of short continuance. In little more than two years, he was obliged to retreat again from public affairs; and ended his life on a Scaffold.

S E C T.



## S E C T. VIII.

AS we approached Edinburgh from Dalkeith, the country around is woody, and cultivated; but it is cultivated in the Numidian fashion; *præter oppido propinqua, alia omnia vasta, atque inculta*\*.

A nearer approach did not give us a more pleasing idea of the environs of Edinburgh. We had always heard it represented as one of the most picturesque towns in Britain; but people often consider *romantic* and *picturesque*, as synonymous. Arthur's seat, which is still the principal object, appears still as odd, mishapen, and uncouth as when we first saw it. It gave us the idea of a cap of maintenance in heraldry; and a view with such a staring feature in it, can no more be picturesque, than a face with a bulbous nose can be

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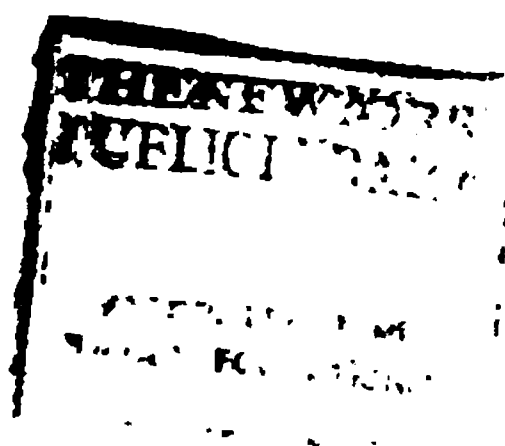
\* Sal. Bell. Jug.

beautiful.

beautiful. The town and castle indeed on the left, make some amends, and are happily introduced. In front also, between the eye and Arthur's seat, stands an old castle-like building, called Craigmiller, which has a good effect. It is celebrated for being the scene, where the unfortunate Mary, repenting her rash match with Darnley, would often retire from the public eye, and indulge her melancholy in private. Here too her imagination might draw a parallel between the brutal manners of that prince, and those of the all-obsequious Bothwell, for whom her passion at this time is said to have taken root.

But the situation of Edinburgh, tho it cannot be called picturesque, is very peculiar. The castle stands so loftily, that it was called by the Romans, the *alatum castrum*, or the winged castle, as if it stood in the air. The rock is perpendicular on every side but the east; from whence it descends gently, in a ridge, through the space of a mile and a half, into the plain below. On this ridge, which contains room only for one ample street, the town is built. From this form it is easy to conceive,





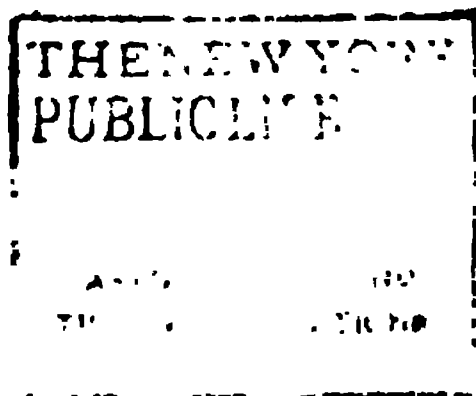


conceive, the different appearances, which Edinburgh presents, on going round it. As you approach from the south, it appears like a grand city of noble extent. As you move to the right, it's size gradually diminishes. But when you view it from the Muffelborough road, which is in a direction due east, the street is gone; and the houses are all crowded together, as if they had retreated under the walls of the castle. And yet the appearance of the town, and castle thus united by perspective into one vast object, is extremely grand. If they had been seen before from no other situation; and the ground plot unknown, the imagination would have been totally lost in developing so strange a production of art. Formerly, the whole town was surrounded by water; from which the French gave it the name of *L'isleburgh*. But now the water is entirely drained off.

The antiquity of Edinburgh cannot be traced: but it's history easily may. No times, but those of anarchy, and aristocratic confusion, could have fixed on such a situation for a capital—a situation so extremely inconvenient, that the town would long ago have left the craggy ridge it occupies, and have descended.

scended into the plain below, which lies perfectly commodious to receive it; if the magistrates, whose interest it is to keep it where it stands, had not forcibly prohibited it's removal, notwithstanding which it is, in one part spreading into a noble city, constructed on modern rules of symmetry and convenience.—It was not however till late in the Scottish annals, that Edinburgh became the seat of empire. A situation, south of the Forth, was thought too much exposed to English inroads: and tho it has now been long considered as the capital of Scotland, it was never, except occasionally, the residence of the Scottish kings. Perth had that honour anciently; and Sterling in more modern times.

The castle is almost the only object of picturesque curiosity in Edinburgh. They, who go to see it, are commonly satisfied with being carried *into* it; where they find a number of patched, incoherent buildings without any beauty. Scarce any thing in it deserves the least attention; except the views from the batteries, which are very amusing; particularly those over the Forth.—But he who would see Edinburgh-castle in perfection, must go to the bottom of the rock, it stands  
on,



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on, and walk round it. In this view the whole appears a very stupendous fabric. The rock, which is in itself an amazing pile, is in many parts nobly broken; and tho, in it's whole immensity, it is too large an object for a picture, unless at a proper distance, yet many of it's craggy corners, with their watch-towers and other appendages, are very picturesque.

One part is particularly pleasing, in which the bridge over the North-loch (which is a noble piece of architecture) is introduced in the distance like a Roman aqueduct.

Holy-rood house is a grand palace, occupying a large square. The front consisting of a round tower on each side of the gate, is of ancient architecture. The body of the edifice was constructed by Sir William Bruce, since the Grecian orders were introduced. The gallery is a noble room. It is a hundred and forty-seven feet long, and twenty-nine broad; and has that dark solemn appearance, in which grandeur and dignity so much consist. It is adorned with a succession of an hundred and twenty kings from Fergus the first to  
James

James the seventh; — a series which carries the Scottish monarchy, in the ordinary scale of calculation, not indeed quite to the times of Noah, but above two-thirds of the way. Be the authenticity of these princes however what it may, as they are all painted by one hand (which has been no despicable one) and in a dark style, suited to the solemnity of the place, they have all together a uniform, and pleasing effect. In this palace we were shewn the blood of David Rizio — the chamber where the queen sat at supper when he was killed — the private door, through which Ruthven entered in complete armour; and the room, into which Rizio was dragged, adjoining to that, in which the queen sat. Such was the barbarity of those times, that the lord high chancellor of Scotland, the guardian of its laws, himself joined with a band of ruffians in perpetrating this murder.

Holy-rood house was formerly an abbey, as well as a royal mansion; and among its appendages are the ruins of a Gothic chapel, which was once very beautiful. Divine service had ceased in it, since the time of the reformation: but it had long continued to be the burial place of some of the best families in  
in



in Scotland : and in honour of this sacred trust, it was some years ago repaired. But the architects employed in the repairs, had very different ideas from those, who had been employed in the original structure. A modern heavy roof was thrown over light, airy Gothic walls ; the consequence of which was, it crushed them. On the night of the 2d of December, 1768, a crash was heard by the inhabitants of the neighbouring district ; and in the morning, the roof, walls, and monuments were all blended in one confused mass of irretrievable ruin. Enough however, still remains to shew what it once was.

This chapel is said to have been the most beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture in Scotland, except one, which still exists, at Roslin, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh ; which, through an unhappy mistake we did not see. It was built about the year 1440, which was the age of the purest Gothic ; and therefore we could easily give credit to what we were told of the beauty of its construction. Its sides are supported by buttresses, like King's College-chapel, and Westminster-abbey ; but in a stile still richer than either of those structures.

At Roslin also stand the ruins of a castle, built on a projecting rock, which overlooks a deep valley. The whole, we were told, affords a very beautiful scene.

Arthur's seat presents an unpleasing view from every station. Some formal part stares you in the face in every corner of Edinburgh. You rarely meet even with a picturesque fragment. It's great regularity has in part been owing to the streets of London; which were paved from it's bowels. A girdle of quarry running round it, adds to it's formality.

This rocky hill was once probably a picturesque scene; for it was once, we were informed, covered with wood. But this was then thought so great a nuisance, that we were told, there is still existing an ancient record, from which it appears, that every man, who would take building-timber from Arthur's seat, should be indulged with the privilege of projecting his house over the street.

SECT.

## S E C T. IX.

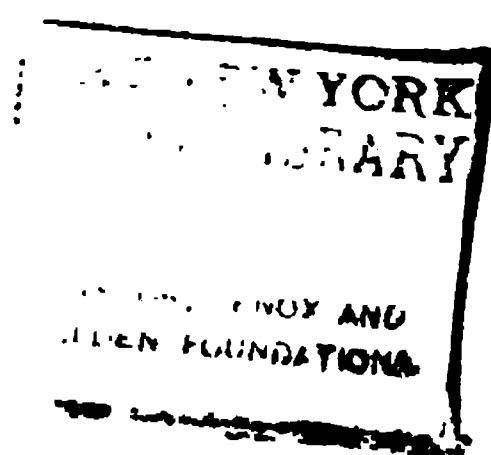
FROM Edinburgh we took the Sterling road, along the Forth; which afforded us a great variety of pleasing views.

In one of the most pleasing, the castle of Garvy is introduced, standing near the water-edge, at the point of a promontory, which seems to be formed by the high lands, on the northern side of the Forth. This however is only it's apparent situation. In fact it stands upon an island; the insularity of which is intirely hid. In this place the Forth becomes a narrow strait of about two miles over; and Garvy-castle, which occupies the mid-channel, was intended for it's defence. It commands a view of the whole Forth — on the west as far as Sterling — and on the east as far as the isle of May. On the southern shore of this strait stands Queen's-ferry, from whence the Forth widens again into a considerable

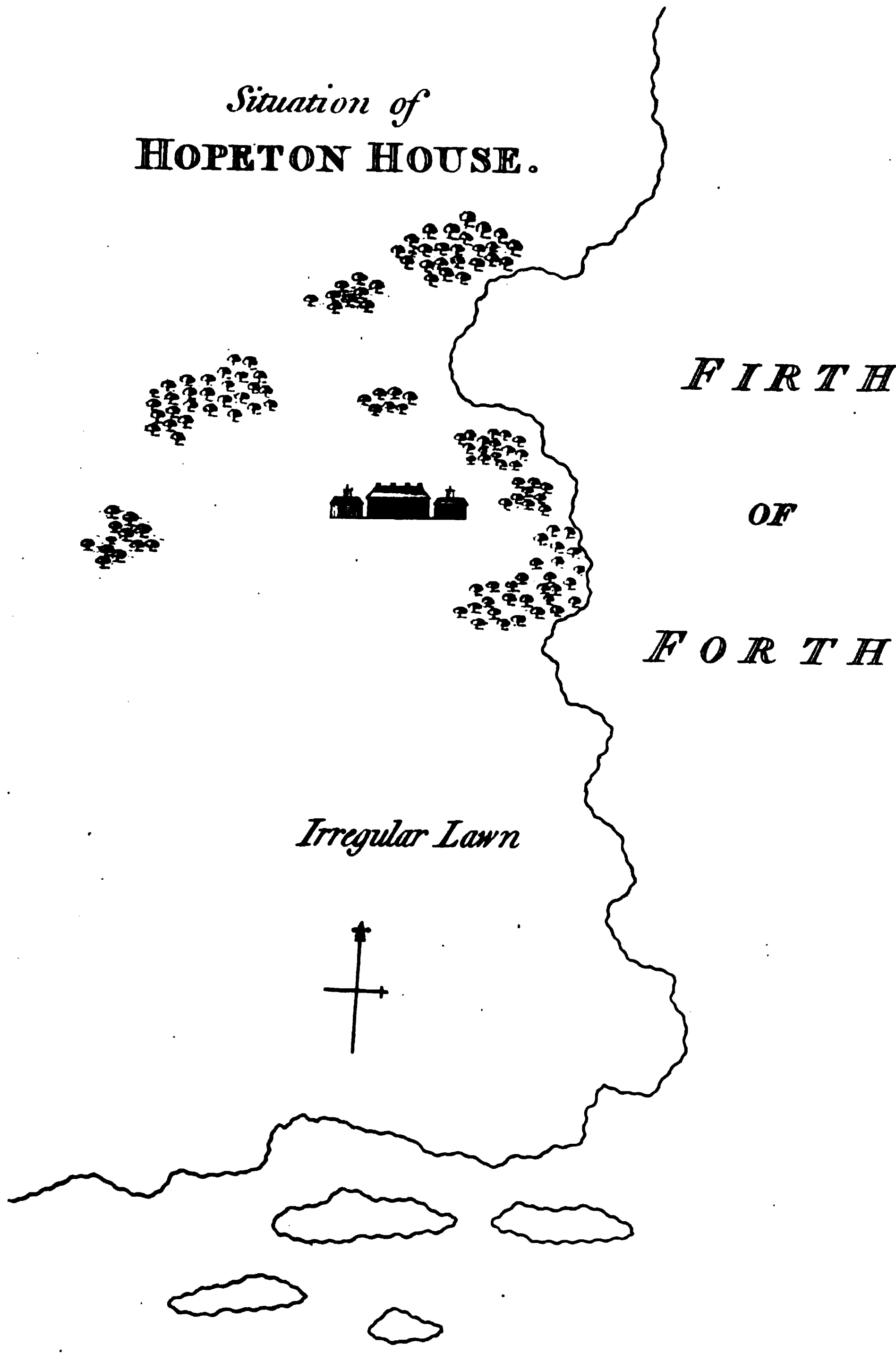
siderable bay on the west. The whole scenery is indeed very pleasing; and to those, who had time to examine it as it deserves, would afford very beautiful views.

Hopton-house is the next great object we meet. The first view of it from the road, at a distance, over a bay of the Forth, is picturesque. It appears behind a sloping hill, which hides one of it's wings. The horizontal lines of the house, and the diverging lines of the hill accord agreeably. A regular building always appears best, when thus connected with some irregular object. A new source of beauty arises from the contrast: and indeed without it, a regular building has seldom a good effect. When the artist therefore is under the necessity of painting a modern house, he is under the necessity also of breaking it's regularity, at least with a few branches of trees, if he have nothing else at hand. Square lines, and angles uncontrasted, can never be picturesque.

As we approach Hopton-house, it's situation appears very grand. It is seated on a magnificent lawn, which forms a kind of terrace



*Situation of*  
**HOPETON HOUSE.**



NOTICE

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terrace along the Forth. This lawn extends more than a mile in the front of the house; and at the extremity of it the Forth (which is still a noble estuary,) making a bold sweep, winds round it, and presents the appearance of a wide, extensive lake, interspersed with islands, and enlivened with a variety of shipping.

Behind the house the ground is more various, breaking into hills, vallies, and promontories, which shoot into the Forth. All the grounds, to a considerable extent, appear planted and adorned, and the house is very judiciously flanked with wood against the north winds, which attack it from the Forth.

On this side, as well as in front, the Forth appears in various shapes, assuming sometimes the form of a lake, and sometimes of a river, according to the point from which it is seen. The former shape it assumes, when it is seen in lengthened perspective; the latter when it is viewed directly across. Under both ideas, it is equally grand.

Around this vast and magnificent scenery, arise mountains in various forms, and at various distances. In short, the whole scene, and all it's appendages, on every side, as far

as the eye can traverse, is great, and noble; and the house is so fixed, as to receive the full advantage of its situation.

With regard to *improvements* indeed little can be said.\* The old ideas of formality still exist; and have taken full possession of the environs of the house. But they might easily be displaced. There is so much depth in the woods, so much variety in the ground, and so much space on every side, that the whole scene is capable of any improvement.

The house is a very magnificent piece of architecture. It was begun by Sir William Bruce, the most celebrated architect † the Scotch ever had; and finished by Mr. Adam. The latter, I believe, added the wings, which are a great ornament to it. That wing, which appears in the view, next to the Forth, is a range of stables. The other, which is hid, is intended for a library; but it is not yet finished. When it is compleat it will be a

\* That is, little could be said in the year 1776, when we saw it. It may, by this time, have undergone many changes.

† Colin Campbell, tho a Scotchman, was an English architect.

noble room: Some of the other rooms also are grand; but, in general, the apartments are smaller, than we should expect to find in so magnificent a structure: nor does the contrivance of the house seem equal to the beauty of the architecture.

The pictures, of which there is a numerous collection, have been chosen with good taste: but most of them were undersized. Little pictures give a littleness even to a grand room. A suitableness even in these things should be observed.

From Hopton-house we still continued our ride along the Forth; and were entertained, for some miles, with views of the woods, and grounds belonging to the noble mansion we had left.

Many natural beauties also we saw — hills and promontories, and winding bays, which had a fine effect in nature; and tho deficient in point of objects to characterize each scene, they were still accommodated to the pencil. A country may please the eye in all it's naked, and unadorned rudeness; but when a portion of it is selected for a view, it's features must

be uncommonly striking, if it can support itself without the ornament of some artificial object, which both characterizes a scene; and adds dignity to it. The natural beauties of this country in a great degree rendered these appendages unnecessary. We had many noble views formed by the Forth, and its lofty shores, which would have made good pictures, tho unsupported by artificial objects. And yet in some parts we found objects also.

One view of this kind we had, which was very picturesque. It was a view of Blackness-castle, which shooting a considerable way into the lake, forms a bay between it, and the eye. This bay is one of the noblest inland harbours in Scotland: and the castle was its defence. It preserved also the communication by water between Sterling, and Edinburgh. In after times it became a state prison; and, if fame speaks truth, could unfold, during the religious dissensions of the country, many a tale of cruelty.

Objects often owe their happiest effects to accidental circumstances; and among others, as we have often observed, to evening suns. Let the picturesque traveller watch for these effects, and attend closely to them, when he  
finds ~

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finds them accompanied with a noble landscape. We had this accompaniment at Blackness-castle. The sun was now set, and the shades of evening were more and more effacing that ruddy glow, which had not yet left the horizon. Right against this fading splendor rose the towers of the castle. The outline appeared very distinct; but all the detail, and surface were lost in obscurity: while the landscape around was overspread with that grey, and dubious tint, which brought the whole into the exactest harmony.

From hence we directed our course to Falkirk. At Linlithgow, which lies in the road, the kings of Scotland had formerly one of their noblest palaces; in the number and grandeur of which they seem to have equalled any princes in Europe. This palace stands on a rising ground running into a lake; a situation which can rarely fail of pleasing; but we were prevented by the weather from taking such a view of it as we wished. In this palace was born the celebrated Mary queen of Scots.

In Linlithgow the house is still shewn from whence the earl of Murray, regent of Scotland,

land, was shot as he passed along the street. It was one of the most deliberate assassinations upon record. Scotland, during the imprisonment of Mary, was divided by violent factions. The earl of Murray and his adherents sided against the queen: the house of Hamilton supported her. A gentleman, of this name, and family, inflamed both by party, and a very flagrant private injury, resolved to destroy the regent. He had long attended his motions, to find a favourable opportunity; and at length determined to shoot him, as he passed through Linlithgow in his way from Sterling to Edinburgh. The regent was riding leisurely through the high street, talking with a gentleman on his left hand, when a musket was fired suddenly from a window on the right; and the regent receiving the ball, fell dead over his horse's neck. The house from whence the blow came, was immediately assaulted; but the front door being barricaded, could not immediately be forced. Hamilton, in the mean time, mounted a swift horse, which stood ready at a postern, and escaped.

From



From Falkirk, we still continued our route to Sterling. In our way we crossed the great canal ; which forms the northern part of Scotland into an island, by joining the frith of Clyde with that of Forth. Busy man is ever at work grubbing the soil on which he exists ; sometimes casting up heaps, and sometimes throwing them down. A few centuries ago the bands of Agricola were as eager in raising this very spot into a rampart, as our contemporaries are now in delving it into a canal. Both works were great efforts of human power : but the British seems to be the greater. It was a mighty work, no doubt, to raise an earthen mound sufficient to confine a nation : but it is still perhaps a greater work, to introduce a new element, and bring the floops of the ocean to land their cargoes among the inland mountains of the country. — As a useful and humane work however the modern one is, beyond all doubt, more respectable ; inasmuch as it is more conducive to the happiness of mankind to open a communication between one country, and another ; than to block a nation up in it's barbarity, and shut it

it out from every opportunity of knowledge, and improvement. — In a picturesque light, I know not whether to call the Roman, or the British work, more disgusting. Both equally deform the natural face of the country.

In this neighbourhood are still to be traced the works of Agricola. Some parts of the mound, which he threw up, and fortified between the Forth and the Clyde, are still visible; and known by the name of *Graham's dyke*. The antiquarian also traces many forts in different parts, where this mound ran, capable of containing an army. It is not however generally supposed, that these were all the works of Agricola; but that other generals, who succeeded him, made additions to what he had done.

Among these remains on the banks of the Carron, one of the most remarkable was an edifice; the use, and origin of which exceedingly puzzled antiquarians. It was a rotunda, open at the top, like the Pantheon at Rome, tho of very inferior workmanship, and dimensions. From the ground to the summit of the dome it measured twenty-two feet — the diameter in the inside was nineteen and an half.

half. Boethius is the chief historian, who gives us any account of it's more perfect state. He tells us, that it's area within was surrounded by stone seats—that on the south was an altar; and that the floor had been tessellated. The common people called it Arthur's oven: but many antiquarians have supposed it to have been a temple, built for the god Terminus by Agricola, on his fixing here the boundaries of the Roman empire. This valuable piece of antiquity was destroyed by the proprietor, Sir Michael Bruce, in the year 1742, for the sake of the stone, with which it was constructed. The deed raised such indignation in Dr. Stukely, that I have heard, he drew Sir Michael carrying off his lap full of stones; and the devil goading him along. This drawing, miserable as we may suppose it from such an artist, was engraved, I believe, and published by the antiquarian society in their repertory.

In the neighbourhood of the new canal are the great forges of the Carron-works; which exhibit a set of the most infernal ideas. In one place, where coal is converted into coke  
by

by discharging it of sulphur, and the fire spread of course over a large surface ; the volumes of smoke, the spiry flames, and the suffocating heat of the glimmering air, are wonderfully affecting. How vast the fire is, we may conceive, when we are told, it consumes often a hundred tons of coal in a day. At night it's glare is inconceivably grand.

In another part of these works, we admired the massy bellows, which rouse the furnaces. They are put in motion by water ; and receiving the air in large cylinders, force it out again through small orifices, roaring with astonishing noise. The fire of the furnace thus roused, becomes a *glowing spot*, which the eye can no more look at, than at the sun. Under such intense heat, the rugged stone instantly dissolves in streams of liquid iron.

Among the horrid ideas of this place, it is not the least, that you see every where, black, footy figures wheeling about, in iron wheel-barrows, molten metal, glowing hot.

Within less than a mile from the Carron-works was fought the battle of Falkirk. The workmen pointing out the place on a moor ; bad us observe, upon the highest part of it, two small houses together, and one at a distance :

tance: between these; they said, the principal attack was made: tho I believe, *now* Falkirk-moor is inclosed, and cultivated; and the scene of action perhaps scarcely to be traced.\*

As we approach Sterling, the Forth, contracting it's dimensions, loses the form of an estuary; and takes that of a river: but we left it's banks; and afterwards had only distant views of it; and these by degrees became less frequent. The country, through which we travelled, was in general flat, and barren of objects, except that here and there we had a mountain-scene in the offskip. In one part we saw the remains of an old fortrefs, called Briscastle; which rather diversified an uninteresting scene.

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\* In 1788.



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## S E C T. X.

**T**HE castle of Sterling, tho an object of great importance, makes no appearance, till we approach within three miles of it. It has the air of the castle of Edinburgh; only instead of the formality of Arthur's seat, the back-ground here is a simple mountain. There is nothing very beautiful in the scenery around it; but an object of such consequence will give dignity to any scene.

As we approach nearer, and the castle comes forward from the back ground, it appears with still more dignity.

Viewed upon the spot, the *outside* of it is very inferior to the castle of Edinburgh. The rock, on which it stands, has neither the height, the circumference, nor the broken surface of that superb fortress. But if it be inferior on the outside, it is much grander *within*. Edinburgh castle is only a collection

of barracks, magazines, and officers houses; whereas in Sterling-castle you find very noble remains of royal magnificence. It was often the residence of the kings of Scotland. Almost the whole minority of James the sixth, under his tutor Buchanan, was spent here; and in troublesome times it was always a place of refuge to the distresses of majesty. Accordingly it contains all the accompaniments of a regal residence; a palace, a chapel, and a parliament house. The palace, in the inside, is totally without form, being now converted into barracks; but on the outside, it is very richly and curiously adorned with grotesque figures. The chapel is an elegant and simple pile; and the parliament house is a very magnificent room: it is one hundred and twenty feet in length, and lofty in proportion. At the entrance of the castle, the palaces of the earls of Argyle and Mar stand, like two royal supporters. They are now indeed in ruins; but they have once been very sumptuous buildings.

The views from the castle are in general over a barren, and uninteresting country: but  
amends

amends is made by the superior excellence of one of them over the Forth, which has always been esteemed the most celebrated view in Scotland. It is not indeed picturesque; but it is exceedingly grand, and amusing. You overlook a flat valley of vast extent, stretching almost as far as Edinburgh, through which the windings of the Forth are intricate, and curious. From the castle gate to Alloa it is four miles by land; but if you go by water, it is above twenty. Through a few of the first large peninsular sweeps the eye can follow the course of the river; but afterwards all becomes confused, and broken into patches of land and water. At Alloa, the river is a mile broad: at Sterling, it is contained within four arches. Through the whole of this vast channel the tide winds as through a great gut. But it is a sedgy, impure stream; the flux and reflux of the tide continually mixing the soil with its waters, and stirring up the mud. It is navigated as far as Sterling by ships of seventy or eighty tons: but if they trust to their sails alone through the course of this sinuous navigation, they must wait for the benefit of every wind round the compass, two or three times over.

The valley through which the Forth makes these uncommon windings, tho not a rich one, is by no means barren. It is varied with wood in several parts, with villages also, and other buildings; among which the abbey of Cambuskenneth is conspicuous. Of this ruin nothing now remains, but a single tower. On the right, this valley, which is wide in proportion to it's length, is bounded only by high grounds; but on the left, it is more nobly confined by the mountains of Ochil, and Clackmannan.

There are few countries perhaps on the face of the earth, of such narrow dimensions as Scotland, which have been the scenes of a greater variety of military events. Invasions from Norway, from Denmark, and from Ireland — irruptions from the Roman barrier — together with the various feuds, and animosities among the Scotch themselves, which have been more frequent than among any other people, have deluged the country, through different periods, in blood. But above all, the constant quarrels between the Scotch, and English, which were generally decided

decided in Scotland, have made it a fertile scene of military events; to which several have been added by rebellions, since the union. In fact you can hardly ascend any elevated ground, without throwing your eye over the scene of some memorable action.

As the castle of Sterling has for many ages been a fortress, we are not surprised that its neighbourhood abounds with scenes of this kind. Many a siege it has sustained; one through the space of a whole year against the puissant arms of Edward the first. Not fewer, I believe, than a dozen fields of battle may be counted from its walls. Of the four great battles, which were fought by the two first Edwards, in support of their tyranny in Scotland, three were in the vicinity of this castle.

Within two years after the battle of Dunbar, in which Edward the first broke the power of Scotland, the spirit of Wallace roused the Scotch again to arms, Edward was then in France: but a large force under earl Warren endeavoured to quell them. A battle was fought under the walls of Sterling; in which Wallace was victorious.

This success drew Edward out of France. He entered Scotland at the head of a large army; and at the memorable battle of Falkirk, fought in the year 1298, broke its power a second time.

The famous battle of Bannocburn was the last of these four great battles; and was fought within two miles of Sterling. This was the most glorious action in the whole annals of Scotland; as it entirely freed it from the English yoke. — Philip of Mowbray held this fortress for Edward the second, which was almost the only fortress he possessed. Mowbray was hard pressed by the Scots, and had promised to capitulate, if he was not relieved by such a day. Edward, in the mean time, resolved to relieve him; and entered Scotland with an army much greater than had ever entered it before. Many historians rate it at one hundred thousand men, which number however is wholly incredible. Early on the morning of the 25th June 1314, the English army was descried from the castle, marching in gallant array to relieve them. The Scotch army, well posted, lay between. The walls were crowded with anxious spectators. Very soon the English cavalry, led on by the earl of  
of

of Gloucester, was seen to push forward, and begin the attack. But they were presently repulsed. Immediately after, the whole field was seen in confusion ; but from what cause, could not at that distance be conjectured. This confusion soon ended in a total rout. The English army fled ; and the Scotts with all their force pursued. The case was, the horse had been decoyed into pitfalls, where many of them being overthrown, the rest fell back with confusion on the main body. The disorder was still farther increased by the appearance of a new army marching round their flanks, tho in fact it was artfully composed only of fustlers, furnished with military ensigns. The lowest accounts make the English to have lost, on that day, ten thousand men. The earl of Gloucester was killed ; and the king himself with difficulty escaped.

As we stood upon the seven-gun battery, an old gunner shewed us the situation of the rebels, and their intrenchments, when they attacked the castle in the year 1745. Blakeney, the governor, brought two or three of his batteries to bear upon a piece of rising ground between him and their works, which he took it for granted they would endeavour to occupy.

The spot is so near, that you may throw a stone upon it from the walls, Then feigning intimidation, he ordered his men to lie close, till the rebels, among whom he saw every symptom of rashness, and inexperience, should advance their works to the destined ground. As soon as they were well collected upon it, such a terrible discharge of cannon, and small arms, burst at once upon them, from various parts, that seven hundred men were left dead upon the spot, the rest fled with trepidation ; and the siege was instantly raised.

SECT.



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## S E C T. XI.

**A**S we left Sterling, we had a fine retrospect of it, in which the castle takes a more exalted station, than any in which we had yet seen it.

At Sterling we crossed the Forth, and travelling twenty four miles under the Ochil mountains, on the north side of the river, (a tract of country affording little amusement) we came to the town of Kinross with an intention to visit the scenes of Loch-leven.

This lake, on the side next Kinross, is bounded by a plain; on the other side, by mountains. It is about eleven miles in circumference, and is of a circular form: but as the eye views it on a level, it loses it's circular appearance, and stretches into length, forming many beautiful bays.

Near

Near the middle of the lake, are two islands. One of them is noted for pasturage: the other (which contains little more than an acre of ground) is adorned with a castle, which, as a spot of peculiar beauty, or perhaps rather of security, was once a royal mansion.

All the level side of the lake, between the water and Kinross, is occupied by open groves. At the west end of the lake stands a handsome house, delightfully situated, belonging to the family of Bruce. It was built in the reign of Charles the second by Sir William Bruce, for his own residence; and is esteemed a beautiful piece of architecture. In this neighbourhood there is another monument of his genius; the house of the earl of Rothes, near Lesley; but we had not time to see it. The gardens at Kinross run down to the margin of the lake; which in all its splendor is spread before them. Sir William Bruce, when he built the house, made wide plantations around it; which are now come to maturity. Indeed all its appendages were so pleasing, that I do not remember being often struck with a more beautiful scene; which a sweet evening, no doubt, contributed greatly to improve. If we had seen it under a gloomy sky,

sky, it might perhaps have lost some of its beauties.

I shall never forget the sweet composure of an evening walk along the margin of the lake; shrouded on the right by an irregular screen of Mr. Bruce's pines; and open to the water on the left. A soothing stillness ran through the scene. It was one of those mild, soft evenings, when not a breath disturbs the air. About sun-set, a light grey mist, arising from the lake, began to spread over the landscape. Creeping first along the surface of the water, it rose by degrees up the hills; blending both together in that pleasing ambiguity, through which we could but just distinguish the limits of each. I do not call this the most beautiful mode of vision: but it certainly exhibits in great perfection a graduating tint; which is among the most pleasing sources of beauty. The mist becoming thinner, as it ascended the mountain; the ground of course appeared gradually stronger, as it emerged from it.

Our view was still improved by picturesque figures upon the foreground. Some fishermen were dragging a net to the shore, which had been carried into the lake by a boat. We waited

waited, till the contents of the net were discharged; among which were some extraordinary trout. We met them again at supper; and found afterwards that this species of fish, which is more red than salmon, is peculiar to this lake: and tho a critic in eating would travel many miles to taste this delicate food in perfection, we were informed it sold at the price of three farthings a pound.

The castle, which appeared floating on the lake, was a happy circumstance in the scene; pointing the view from every part. It was important in itself; and still more so by an association of ideas, through it's connection with that unfortunate princess, Mary, queen of Scots; whose beauty, and guilt have united pity, and detestation through every part of her history\*. In this castle she was confined by the confederate lords, after the murder of the king, and her marriage with Bothwell.

Her escape from it was effected thus. The castle belonged to a gentleman of the name of Douglas; to whose care the confederate lords

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\* A late historian, Mr. Whitaere, hath given the public some new lights on the history of Mary; and thrown the guilt on Elizabeth.

had

had intrusted her. George Douglas, his younger brother, a youth of eighteen, lived in the family, whom Mary singled out as the instrument of her deliverance. When she had secured his heart, she employed his abilities. A plan was laid between them, and executed on Sunday night, the 2d of May 1568. Young Douglas contrived, as his brother sat down to supper, to secure the keys of the castle. The queen stood ready at the gate; which her faithful conductor locked behind her, and threw the keys into the lake. A boat had been prepared, and the oars of all the other boats were thrown adrift. Every possibility of immediate pursuit being cut off, the queen reached the shore in security; where lord Seaton and sir James Hamilton stood ready, with swift horses to receive her.

Every picturesque subject may be treated on canvas in two ways. The fact may be represented under its plain circumstances — or it may be represented under an allegory. These two modes of representation answer to history, and poetry; both of which may often adorn the same subject.

In the *historical* representation of a fact, the artist has only to observe the common rules  
of

of his art. He must attend to design, composition, light and shade, expression, and so forth. But in the *allegorical* representation, besides these, something more is required. The allegory must be just, and consistent; and demands another kind of knowledge, besides that of the principles of his art. It may be formed either on a heathen, or a christian plan: but, on either, it must be both uniform in itself; and agreeable to the mode of machinery, which it adopts. It is the neglect of this uniformity, and propriety, which renders the allegorical mode of treating a subject, so often disgusting.

Nobody hath contributed more to bring contempt on allegory, than Rubens. Nobody painted more in that mode; and when he had to do with subjects, intirely fabulous, he generally did well: but in his attempts to allegorize history, he often failed. In representing a marriage, for instance, he would not scruple to introduce a christian bishop performing the ceremony; while Minerva, or the Graces perhaps waited as bride-maids. Nothing can be more absurd, than such a medley.

If the subject be treated *historically*, let the king, or the prince give his daughter away;  
and



and let the gentlemen, and ladies of the court attend in their proper dresses. If it be treated in *heathen allegory*, erect the temple of Hymen — let the God himself appear — rear the altar — call in Juno pronuba — and let as many of the gods, and goddesses attend in their different capacities, as may be thought convenient. But if the allegory be *christian*, dismiss the heathen deities — introduce christian virtues in their room — and deck the temple, and altar with proper appendages. Allegory thus treated is very pleasing: and tho, where the subject is grand, and noble, I should in general prefer a history piece well-painted, to the same subject treated equally well in allegory; yet such subjects, as a marriage for instance, which afford few circumstances of importance, and little room for expression, are best treated in the allegorical style. The imagination of the painter must enrich the poverty of the subject.

The little story of Mary's escape from Loch-leven, may be considered as one of these. It is replete with circumstances, which admit of allegory; but are little adapted to history. Love is the subject of it; and love-stories, which of all others are below the dignity of  
historical

historical representation, are best consigned to allegory. The narrative, in this light, might run thus ; from which the painter might choose his point of time, and adorn his subject with such emblematical appendages, as he liked best.

But neither the walls of Loch-leven castle, nor the lake which surrounded it, were barriers against love. Mary had those bewitching charms, which always raised her friends. She wore a cestus ; and might be said to number among her constant attendants, the God of Love himself. His ready wit restored her liberty. Time, and place were obedient to his will. His contrivance laid the plan. His address secured the keys : and his activity provided the bark, to which he led her ; with his own hand carrying the torch, to guide her footsteps through the darkness of the night. — Confusion ran through the castle. Hasty lights were seen passing and repassing at every window ; and traversing the island in all directions. The laughing God, the mean while, riding at the poop, with one hand, held the helm ; and with the other waved his torch in triumph round his head. The boat soon made the shore, and landed the lovely queen in a port of security ; where Loyalty, and Friendship waited to receive her.

SECT.

## S E C T. XII.

**F**ROM Loch-leven we continued our rout northward, through a country of little curiosity. About eight miles before we reach Perth, we have a noble view from the higher grounds of an extensive vale — the fertile country of Strathern; through which the river Erne appears winding with many a meander, till it enter the Tay. This vale extends at least thirty miles; and the eye commands it almost from end to end. Of the beautiful situations it affords great advantage hath been taken by the gentlemen of the neighbourhood. You see it in many parts marked with distant plantations; and can often distinguish the buildings, of which these plantations are the appendages. Far to the west stands Drummond-castle, once the residence of the earls of Perth — now an ill-fated, forsaken mansion.

—In an opposite direction, beyond the Erne, you distinguish a rich scene of plantation. There the earl of Kinnoul has extended his woods on every side. You may yet distinguish Duplin-castle rising among them; but soon the woods will totally obscure it. In it's neighbourhood was fought the celebrated battle of Duplin; in which the family of Hay, like the Roman Fabii, were almost cut off to a man. From a passage in Claudian one should suppose, the Erne to have been often before dyed with blood.

*Scotorum cumulos flevit glacialis Erne.*

Beyond the vale of Erne, which is a much richer landscape than is commonly found in Scotland, the eye is still carried into a distance more remote. It easily distinguishes where that river, at the end of the vale, enters the Tay; which is now a grand estuary, and is one of the principal features of the view. You trace it, if the day be clear, as far as Dundee; where making a sudden turn, it retreats behind the higher grounds. This whole vast distance, both of Strathern, and of the vale of Tay, is bounded by mountains; as the Scotch views in general are,

are, which add both ornament, and dignity to them.

We did not however see this landscape with full advantage. The day was clear; and a noon-tide sun, in all it's dazzling brightness, had spread over it that full profusion of light, which is so unfavourable to landscape. A perpendicular ray scarce allowed the existence of shade: whereas to give the landscape it's full advantage, the shadow, not the light should have prevailed. The mountains particularly should have been in shade. In almost all cases the darkened mountain makes the most respectable figure, except perhaps when under a morning, or an evening sun, you wish to tip it's prominent knolls with light. Under the shade of the mountains a gentle light spreading into the vale, would have had a beautiful effect; and as it decayed, it might have marked two or three objects with splendor, to carry on the idea to the end of the scene.

We did not enter Strathern; but left it on the right, and made towards the mountains of Moncrief.

From these heights we had a retrospect of the same scenes; only more extended. The

vale of Erne, which lay before to the north, was now removed to the south: but under this different aspect had still a better effect; at least it was so much better enlightened, when we now saw it, that it appeared to much greater advantage. In another direction the eye extended over the rich plains of Gowry, and the Frith of Tay, even to its junction with the ocean.

The high grounds, where we now stood, make a part of the Grampian hills, which run through the middle of Scotland, from Aberdeenshire in the east, into Argyleshire in the west. Some interruption, no doubt, they meet with; and rarely, I believe, in any part, swell into mountains of remarkable note; but in the lowest parts they form a considerable rise, and on the whole may be esteemed among the grand features of the country. In a picturesque light, from the little specimen we saw of them, they afford great variety of ground, rising into well-shaped hills, and sinking into beautiful vallies, adorned with foaming rivulets, which carry their succours on both sides of  
the

the Grampian, to the different rivers of eminence in their several divisions.

But this country is still more remarkable as a scene of history, than of picturesque beauty. Here we trod, what may almost be called classic ground; where the last effort was made in defence of British liberty.

As yet the Glota, and Bodotria, (the friths of Clyde, and Forth) were the boundaries of the Roman power in Britain: and the neck of land between these estuaries, being fortified\*, confined the barbarous inhabitants within it's bounds. This curb they bore with impatience; and determined to exert themselves in driving the Romans still farther from their frontiers. In one of their incursions falling upon the ninth legion in the night, they committed great slaughter.

The wise, and prudent Agricola, who commanded the Roman legions, seems to have had no great desire to carry his arms farther: but being roused by these repeated insults, he at length drew out his legions, and marched them into the enemy's country; ordering

\* See page 67.

his fleet, which had sailed round the eastern coast of England from Sandwich, and was then in the Forth, to attend his march.

The news of the Roman legions in motion soon drew together the whole force of the Britons, under one of their ablest leaders. What was the name of this commander in his own barbarous language, we know not ; but in the Latin of Tacitus he takes the name of Galgacus. This chief, seizing the highest ground of the Grampian hills, resolved there to wait the enemy. A battle ensued ; the particulars of which we have at large in Tacitus. The event was fatal to the Britons. They had fought gallantly through the whole day ; but were at length intirely defeated, with the loss of ten thousand of their men killed upon the spot.

The next morning the Romans had a full view of the melancholy event. The field was now silent, and solitary. Heaps of dead were lying round ; but not a single body of the enemy appeared, either on the plain, or in possession of any post, while the country at a distance was seen from the heights involved in smoke, as if it had been ravaged by an enemy. The cause was soon discovered.

The



The Britons flying from the field, had themselves, with barbarian fury, set fire to their own houses, and villages; and many of them had even put to death their wives and children.\* So innate a love of liberty burned within them, that when that was lost, they thought all was lost.

The exact spot, where this great battle was fought, is not easily ascertained: but from the investigation of learned antiquarians, it is supposed to be somewhere among these hills; and I have heard there is a place, where the vale of Strathern unites with them, which is to this day called *Galgachan-moor*.

Agricola, having refreshed his troops, marched with a slow, and solemn motion, through the country; ordering his fleet to

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\* The description, which Tacitus gives of the behaviour of the Britons, after their defeat, is so animated a picture of that irresolution, and contention of various passions, which we might expect in a fierce, savage people under those circumstances, that I cannot help transcribing it.

Britanni palantes, mixtoque virorum mulierumque ploratu, trahere vulneratos; vocare integros; deferere domos, ac per iram ultro incendere; eligere latebras, et statim relinquere; miscere invicem consilia aliqua, dein sperare; aliquando frangi aspectu pignorum suorum; sæpius concitari: satisque constabat, sævisse quosdam in conjuges, ac liberos, tanquam misererentur.

tail round the island, through the Orcades, and Hebrides, and along the western coast of England. After a prosperous voyage it arrived safe at Sandwich in Kent; if that be, as it is supposed to be, the *portus Trutulensis* of Tacitus; from whence, round the eastern coast, it had joined the army of Agricola in the frith of Forth.

This is commonly supposed to be the first account we have of the insularity of Britain. Camden supposes it; and indeed Tacitus seems rather to imply it, when he tells us, that the Britons were uncommonly alarmed at the appearance of the Roman fleet, *lest if it should be found they were bounded by the sea, they must relinquish their last hope, which consisted in the ignorance of the Romans.\** It is implied too in the story he tells us (if I understand it rightly) of the Usipian cohort.†

On the other hand many writers before Tacitus speak of Britain as an island; and Cæsar gives us, with surprizing accuracy, the dimensions of it. — I can only reconcile

\* So I interpret the concise expression of Tacitus. *Britannos ipsa classis obstupesciebat, tanquam aperto maris sui secreto, ultimum victis perfugium clauderetur.*

† Vit. Agric.

this difference, by supposing that Agricola's voyage was the first *authenticated* circumnavigation of Britain; and that all the accounts the Romans had before, were founded on conjecture, and vague report; at least not on any knowledge of their own.

Before I leave this account of Galgacus, I cannot forbear a short remark on the elegant, and judicious historian, from whom we have it.

The candor of criticism commonly allows the historian to put the intentions and views of generals into the form of speeches; tho' such speeches neither were nor could be spoken. It is a graceful decoration of action; and gives life to a character. Of this the best models of history afford examples. But then manners, and customs should be well observed. A Roman should speak like a Roman; and a barbarian like a barbarian. Yet Tacitus seems in this particular to have forgotten his usual accuracy. He has put a long and laboured speech into the mouth of Galgacus, which has no kind of similitude to the manners of the Britons of that day, even as he himself describes them. Galgacus seems perfectly informed of the state, and history of mankind

mankind at that period; and reasons from a variety of topics, with so much elegance, perspicuity, and coherence of argument, that Agricola himself, who harangues his troops in the next page, does not appear to more advantage. An inadvertence of this kind is the more surprizing in Tacitus, as such admirable rules with regard to *propriety of character* had just been fixed by a celebrated writer, almost his contemporary.

Si dicentis erunt fortunæ absque dicta  
Romani tollunt equites, peditesque cæchium.

Aut famam sequere, aut sibi convenientia finge.

Respicere exemplar vitæ, morumque, jubebo  
Doctum imitatore, et vivas hinc ducere voces.

SECT.

## S E C T. XIII.

**W**E were now descending the mountains of Moncrief; and as we approached Perth, we had a beautiful view of that town, and it's invirons. Strathtay, or the vale of Tay, was spread before us. It is a level plain of considerable extent, skreened with woods, and surrounded with mountains. The Tay, forming a grand stream, winds through it; and about the middle of the vale stands the town; which with it's noble bridge, and the whole scenery around, forms a very amusing landscape.

This view, as we approach still nearer, would be extremely picturesque, were it not for one awkwardness, which totally incapacitates it for the pencil. The Tay runs in a direct line between parallel banks, from the town to the eye. — In a foreground, I think, the painter, tho copying nature, need pay little attention to such awkwardnesses; but may venture  
to

to correct them. A liberty of this kind must be taken : it is impossible to compose a picture without it. The translation must needs be bad, if the idiom of the language, into which you translate, be not observed.

Perth was once the capital of Scotland.\* Here the courts of justice sat ; the parliament assembled ; and the king resided. It was then defended by a strong castle ; and was remarkable for being the only walled town in the kingdom. It's dignity of course subjected it to many insults. Whoever prevailed in Scotland, had generally his eye first on Perth. In the English wars, it was always warmly contested. Each of the three first Edwards had possession of it ; and each of them lost it. It had it's share also in the religious wars of 1559. And in the civil wars of the succeeding century, it was besieged first by Montrose ; and afterwards by Cromwell. It's last siege is said to have been the basis of it's glory, Cromwell's soldiers being dispersed about the country, introduced a spirit of industry, unknown before.

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\* See page 62.

The bridge at Perth, which is but just finished, is equal to any bridge we find on this side of Westminster. But the bridge at Perth has undergone as many revolutions as the town. It was swept away in the year 1210 by a prodigious flood, which destroyed great part of the town itself. Many lives were lost; and the royal family escaped with difficulty in a boat. Five times since that, it hath met the same fate.

At Perth every stranger must look through the window of Gowry-house, from whence James the sixth called for help, when he feared assassination from the earl of Gowry. Among all the doubtful facts, which history hath endeavoured to develope, this is one of the most mysterious. Whether James intended to assassinate the earl of Gowry, and his brother; or, whether those noblemen intended to assassinate him, is a point equally doubtful. Circumstances the most improbable attend both suppositions. And yet the king was certainly attacked by the earl; and the earl was certainly killed by the king's attendants. These are the critical points, which chiefly exercise the judgment and penetration of the historian: and it is very amusing  
to

to observe, how admirably Dr. Robertson has developed this dark affair. He first states the facts; and shews the almost impossibility of either supposition. When he has brought his reader into this dilemma, who knows not what to think of the matter, he takes up the facts again—throws a new light upon them, on *another supposition*; and makes it very clear that the earl of Gowry intended only to get James in his power, who was in fact the property of each party, as it gained the ascendant.

Soon after we leave Perth we come in view of a place, famous in story; the ruins of Scone. Tho we cannot apply here the first lines of Virgil's noble, and very picturesque description of Latinus's palace—the grandeur of it's architecture—and the dignity of it's accompaniments——the

Tectum augustum, ingens, centum sublimè columnis,  
Horrendum sylvis, & religione parentum : &c.

we may however apply to it the following part of the description.

Hinc sceptrà accipere, & primos attollere fasces  
Regibus omen erat —————

And



And yet Scone, tho in a state of ruin, was at least so far habitable in the year 1715, that the pretender found it sufficient to receive all his court; where he affected to live with the splendor of majesty. Preparations too were making for his coronation; but they were interrupted by a body of the king's horse.

The situation of Scone on the northern banks of the Tay, as we rode along the opposite side, appeared not unpleasant. It is surrounded by distant mountains; but lying low, it has not that grandeur of situation, which a palace demands.

The celebrated stone-chair, the palladium of the Scottish empire, which formerly had it's station here, is now one of the appendages of royalty in Westminster abbey. I have heard that a silly distich, in the form of a prediction, contributed not a little to reconcile many of the bigots of the Scotch nation to the union.

*Ni fallat fatum, Scoti quocunque locatum  
Invenient lapidem, regnare tenenter ibidem.*

From Scone we proceeded to Dunkeld,  
but met with nothing worth our notice, till  
we

we came within a few miles of it. This tract of country however, tho not beautiful, is remarkable. You pass over a very high, and flat plain. As you approach Dunkeld, this wild, unshapely desert begins to separate into parts; and form itself into hills, hung with wood, and broken with rock. But, what is remarkable, from these high grounds you *descend* into the *Highlands*: for here the country begins, which takes that denomination. The road winding among the hills of this descent, discovers new beauties, as we advance. We had a hasty view of the abbey of Dunkeld—of a picturesque bridge over the Bran—of the mountains, that environ the whole—and other objects as we passed. The several scenes shifted rapidly; and we suffered them to pass; as we proposed afterwards to take a more distinct view of them. There is something very amusing even in a hasty succession of beautiful scenes. The imagination is kept in a pleasing perturbation; while these floating, unconnected ideas become a kind of waking dream; and are often wrought up by fancy into more pleasing pictures; than they in fact appear to be, when they are viewed with deliberate attention.

The

The object of our curiosity at Dunkeld, was the seat of the duke of Athol. From Inver we ferried over the Tay; and in crossing, had a grand view up the river. It was a vista of rock, and wood; which in nature's hands, was managed without any formality, and made a scene of great beauty. We landed in the duke's garden; where a green walk along the side of the river, brought us to his house. It is a villa, rather than a ducal mansion: but being a favourite spot, it has been the object of much attention, and expence.

Dunkeld was formerly both an archiepiscopal see, and an abbey: and the limits of the duke's improvements are those, which formerly confined the monks. Nature has marked them with very decisive boundaries.

This favoured spot (for it is indeed a beautiful scene) consists of a large circular valley, the diameter of which is in some parts a mile; in others two or three. Its surface is various; and some of the rising grounds *within the valley itself*, would even be esteemed lofty, if it were not for the grand skreen of mountains, which circles the whole. At the base of those, towards the south, runs the Tay, in this place broad, deep and silent. The whole valley is

interspersed with wood; both on the banks of the river, and in its internal parts; and would have been a still more beautiful scene, if art had done as much as nature. Much indeed it has done, but nothing well. Cascades, and slopes, and other puerilities deform a scene which is in itself calculated to receive all the grandeur of landscape. The walks shew some contrivance; and might with a few alterations, be made beautiful. Indeed the whole is capable of receiving any improvement; and may by this time have received it. I speak of it only as it was a dozen years ago.

The remains of the abbey, shrouded in wood, stand on the edge of the lawn; but rather too near the house. The solitude, which naturally belongs to ruins, and the embellishments which are necessary about a habitable mansion, interfere rather too much \*. These ruins consist of the nave of the great church, the two side aisles, and the tower. The architecture is a mixture of Gothic, and Saxon; yet elegant in its kind. The tower is handsome. At the west end we observed

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\* See this idea more explained; page 24.

the peculiarity of a round, ornamental window, which is not exactly in the middle; but appears, as if it had been pushed aside by the point of the large one. Part of the old cathedral is now the parish church; and is very beautiful, and very slovenly. Near it is a square room, the burying place of the dukes of Athol, adorned with a tablet, containing the arms of all their connections.

Besides the church, nothing of the abbey remains. And indeed in most of the ruined abbeys, both in England and Scotland, we find the great church is the only part left; which was owing to the piety of the times. It was merit to destroy the *habitations of the monks*; but it was profaneness to injure the *house of God*. Thus Knox would exclaim, "*Down with the nests, and the rooks will fly off:*" but his rage vented itself chiefly against the cells of the monks: the abbey-churches were generally spared. Such was the piety also of temporal spoilers. In a paper of Haynes's, to which reference hath already been made\*, when we find an instance of a

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\* See page 38.

town, or a village destroyed, we often find it specified also, that the church was left uninjured. To this piety even amidst the rage of war, and the zeal of reformation, we are indebted for most of the ruins of abbeys, that are yet left in Britain.

Round one of the rocky mountains, which screen the valley of Dunkeld, the duke has carried walks ; and has planted both that mountain, and some others. Many thousands of young pines are struggling for existence among the crannies of rocks ; and many thousands more, which have gotten hold of the soil, are flourishing greatly : for the situation seems wonderfully agreeable to them : but on so broad and lofty a base, the whole has yet the appearance only of a green moss tinting the rocks ; and it will be a century before these woods, thriving as they are, will have consequence to break the lines of the mountains ; and give a proper degree of sylvan richness to the scene.

On the top of one of the mountains behind the duke's house, are five small lakes ; which communicate : but we did not see them ; nor is their scenery probably of any value.

Opposite

Opposite to this mountain, and making a part of the same circular skreen, stands a hill celebrated in dramatic story; the hill of Birnam: but it is now totally divested of wood. Shakespear however is right in making it once a woody scene, which it certainly was. Of Dunfinane no vestiges remain; except a deep double ditch. The situation appears to have been very strong.





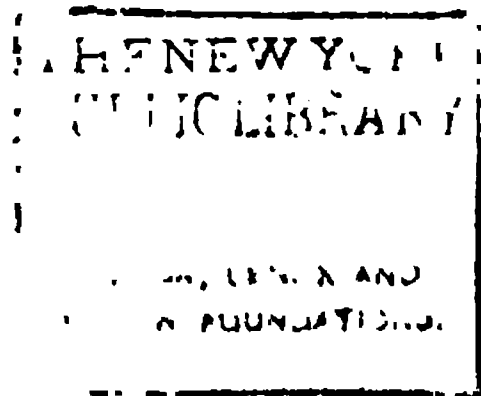


been sufficient. Instead of this, the path, which winds among fragments of rock, is decorated with knots of shrubs and flowers.

Rocks and flowers, no doubt, make a contrast : and contrast is a source of beauty. But the *pleasing* contrast should be founded either in *harmony*, or *propriety*. In Horace's human head joined to a horse's neck, there is contrast : but it is such a contrast, as the poet tells us, would make every body laugh. The contrast is just the same between *rocks*, and *cultivated flowers* — between the grandest works of nature ; and the prettiest little decorations of art. We object not to wild flowers, growing naturally among rocks. They are *nature's decoration*, and are nurtured in the soil, that suits them. We object only when we see *the hand of art laying them out in knots*. Such ideas in scenes, dedicated to grandeur and solitude, are incongruous.

And yet *propriety* may sometimes happily unite ideas, which in themselves are inharmonious. A bull, for instance, grazing with flowers tied to his horns, is absurd : but lead him in the pomp of sacrifice to the altar, and his flowers, which connect him properly with the scene, for that reason become him.

Thus



“

II

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Thus an elegant path round the environs of a house, where you would naturally expect the decorating hand of art, is pleasing: *propriety* gives it *beauty*. But in a wild, rocky scene, where you expect no human dwelling; nor any thing but the naked print of nature's foot, all appearance of *artificial ornament* offends.

Having passed through this elaborate parterre, half inclined to turn back at every step, we came unexpectedly to an astonishing scene.

The two rocky cheeks of the river almost uniting compress the stream into a very narrow compass; and the channel, which descends abruptly, taking also a sudden turn, the water suffers more than common violence through the double resistance it receives from compression, and obliquity. It's efforts to disengage itself, have in a course of ages undermined, disjointed, and fractured the rock in a thousand different forms; and have filled the whole channel of the descent with fragments of uncommon magnitude, which are the more easily established, one upon the broken edges of another; as the fall is rather *inclined*, than *perpendicular*. Down this abrupt channel the whole stream in foaming violence forcing it's way, through the peculiar  
and

and happy situation of the fragments, which oppose it's course, forms one of the grandest, and most beautiful cascades we had ever seen. At the bottom it has worn an abyfs, in which the wheeling waters suffer a new agitation, tho of a different kind. .

This whole scene, and it's accompaniments, are not only grand ; but picturesquely beautiful in the highest degree. The *composition* is perfect: but yet the parts are so intricate, so various, and so complicated, that I never found any piece of nature less obvious to imitation. It would cost the readiest pencil a summer day to bring off a good resemblance. My poor tool was so totally disheartened, that I could not bring it even to make an attempt. The broad features of a mountain, the shape of a country, or the line of a lake, are matters of easy execution. A trifling error escapes notice. But these high finished pieces of nature's more complicated workmanship, in which the beauty, in a great degree, consists in the finishing; and in which every touch is expressive; especially the spirit, activity, clearness, and variety of agitated water, are among the most difficult efforts of the pencil. When a cascade falls in a pure, unbroken sheet, it  
is

is an object of less beauty indeed, but of much easier imitation.

This grand view, which I scruple not to mention as the most interesting thing of the kind, I ever saw, is exhibited through the windows of what is called a *Hermitage*, tho the name bears no resemblance to the idea. A more exact Hermitage had been a better decoration. We can conceive a recluse to have chosen such a retreat, and to have felt tranquillity of mind perhaps the more forcibly near the roar of a cataract. Its noise might exclude every other idea, and leave the mind to itself. — But such a summer-house as this would not suit a recluse. It is too much adorned.

Among its other ornaments, the panes of the windows are in part composed of red and green glass; which to those, who have never seen deceptions of this kind, give a new and surprizing effect; turning the water into a cataract of fire, or a cascade of liquid verdigrise. But such deceptions are tricks below the dignity of scenes like this. Coloured glasses may be amusing; but I should rather wish to have them hung up in frames with handles to be used at pleasure, than fixed in a window,

window, and imposing the *necessity* of looking through them.

The only picturesque glasses are those, which the artists call Claude-Lorraine glasses. They are combined of two or three different colours; and if the hues are well sorted, they give the objects of nature a soft, mellow tinge, like the colouring of that master. The only use of these glasses, (which have little, but in sunshine,) is to give a greater depth to the shades; by which the effect is shewn with more force. How far the painter should follow his eye, or his glass, in working from nature, I am not master enough of the theory of colouring to ascertain. In general, I am apt to believe, that the merit of this kind of modified vision consists chiefly in it's novelty; and that nature has given us a better apparatus, for viewing objects in a picturesque light, than any, the optician can furnish.

From the Hermitage we continued our rout about a mile and a half farther up the river, to see another grand scene upon the Bran, at a place called the *Rumbling-brig*. Here nature had almost formed a bridge of  
rock,



rock, which is finished by art. Under it's arch the river makes a noble rush, precipitating itself near fifty feet, between the two cheeks of the rock, which support the bridge. The scenery too around it is very grand; but it is also very local: for all the ground at a little distance from the *Rumbling-brig* is a desert heath. This bridge made us some amends for having lost, through a mistake, the sight of another of the same kind, near Kinross; tho the *Rumbling-brig* there was much superior in grandeur to this, as we were informed by those who had seen both.

This scene is not among the duke's improvements: but we entered them again about a mile above the grand cascade; and were entertained with many beautiful pieces of rock scenery in our return to the Hermitage. — Almost all the Scotch rivers are rapid, and rocky as the rivers in mountainous countries commonly are; but we thought the Bran superior in these respects, to any we had seen. It's whole course is a continued scene of violence, opposition, and every species of agitation; till it's impetuous waters find peace at length in the tranquillity of the Tay.

Very

Very little advantage however is taken of the romantic banks of this river. The path might have been carried up one side of it, and down the other ; straying artlessly to those parts, where the most beautiful views are presented ; without any forced openings, formal stands, white seats, or other artificial introductions preparatory to the several scenes. But this walk, which has neither nature in it, nor art, carries you up and down in the same track. It is fortunate however that you have such a variety of beautiful scenes, that the eye is not disgusted with seeing them twice over.

In a gloomy cell, on the banks of the river, we found an inscription, which joined it's kindred ideas with those of the scene,

Ah ! see the form, which faintly gleams :  
 'Tis Oscar, come to cheer my dreams.  
 On wreaths of mist it glides away :  
 Oh ! stay, my lovely Oscar, stay.  
 Awake the harp to doleful lays,  
 And sooth my soul with Oscar's praise,  
 Wake, Offian, last of Fingal's line ;  
 And mix thy sighs, and tears with mine,  
 The shell is ceased in Oscar's hall,  
 Since gloomy Cairbar saw thee fall.  
 The roe o'er Morven playful bounds,  
 Nor fears the cry of Oscar's hounds,

Thy

Thy four grey stones the hunter spies,  
Peace to the hero's ghost he cries.

As we passed along the higher banks, we saw another inscription engraven upon a rock within the bed of the river; and as we descended to it, we expected to see an account of some life preserved, or some natural curiosity found upon that spot; but when we arrived at it, we were informed, in fair and handsome Roman characters, that a hole in the rock, near the inscription (scooped, as there were many, by the vortices of the river) was on such a day, some years ago, drunk full of punch by a set of gentlemen, whose names are inscribed at length. The achievement appears to have been great in its way; but one should have been sorry to have met the name of a friend recorded on such an occasion.

At Dunkeld we heard, in all its circumstances, the melancholy tale of the late duke of Athol's death. He had shewn no symptoms of despondency, till within a few weeks of that event; yet it was thought proper to  
give

give his servants a caution over him. His watchfulness however eluded theirs.

It was about eight o'clock in a dark November night, when he slipped out of a door, which opens upon the lawn. He was instantly missed, and lights were dispatched in all directions; but without effect. His brother was in the house. The servants privately informed him. A full hour was spent in fruitless search. It was now thought necessary to inform the duchess. Several hours passed in painful suspense. Intelligence of no kind could be obtained. Every one had his suspicions; but no one durst avow them.

Some time after midnight, a fellow brought in the duke's hat, which he had found by the side of the river. This put an end to every glimpse of hope: but the fatal event was not confirmed, till late the next morning, when the body was found in the Tay, about three miles below the house.

What it was that threw him into that dejection of spirits, which occasioned this catastrophe; or whether it was a malady of mind or body, could never be explained. No cause appeared, either from his fortunes or any other circumstance. He was one of the most  
amiable

amiable noblemen in Scotland. His life was not only innocent and domestic ; but correct, and virtuous : and what in men of his rank is more uncommon, I have heard, it was religious. No man was more beloved : nor did any man enjoy more of that serenity and cheerfulness, which generally attend a benevolent, and well regulated mind.

When we see a man who has raised a sudden and princely fortune by the iron arts of oppression, sinking, after the heyday of enjoyment is over, into melancholy ; unable to endure the horror of his own thoughts, and arming his own hand against himself, we are not surprized : it is the natural course of things : it is the serpent, that recoils upon itself. But when we see a man of virtue, and piety under these terrors of mind ; when we see the appearance of guilt in the breast of innocence ; when we see that, neither the highest fortunes, nor even the cheerfulness of religion itself can secure the mind from these inbred horrors ; human nature stands abashed in the midst of all it's precarious enjoyments : we revere the mysterious hand of heaven ; and learn a lesson of humility, which nothing else in this world can give.



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## S E C T. XV.

**F**ROM Dunkeld we continued our journey to Blair-castle, which is about twenty miles farther north. The whole road is a continuation of picturesque scenery. Through the first eight miles we accompanied the Tay; which entertained us with all the playful variety that a river can exhibit. Sometimes it came running up to the foreground. Then it would hide itself behind a woody precipice. Then again, when we knew not what was become of it, it would appear in the distance, forming it's meanders along some winding vale.

When we leave the Tay, we meet the Tummel, which, tho less wild in it's accompaniments, performs it's evolutions with as much beauty. One scene upon it's banks called aloud for the pencil. We had many, in  
 K 2 which

which were greater beauties ; but they were mixed, as is often the case, with something awkward. But this view was almost purely picturesque. A broad sand-bank stretched before the eye, as a second distance, round which the river formed an indented curve ; it's banks were well decorated ; and the view was closed, in the fashion of Scotch landscape, with beautiful mountains.

Mere *drawing*, without *colouring*, can at best, only express the forms of objects ; and by adding a little light and shade, endeavour to grace them with something of an *artificial effect*. How much the face of nature must suffer from such partial imitation, is evident ; as her colours and tints are her principal glory : but they are so local, so fugitive, so mixed, and indiscriminate, that they must often be taken on the spot, or lost. The only *true* method of transferring the tints of nature, is, with your pallet in your hand : and every painter, who wishes to form himself as a colourist after nature, must accustom himself to copy her features, and complexion, as he does those of other beauties, from the life. And in this operation, it is his best method, when it is in his power, to watch the opportunity of the  
best

1. General  
2. General  
3. General  
4. General  
5. General  
6. General  
7. General  
8. General  
9. General  
10. General

Yellow & Red.				Yellow & Blue.			Blue & Red.			Yellow, Blue & Red.		
1	2	3		13	14	15	25	26	27	37	38	39
4	5	6		16	17	18	28	29	30	40	41	42
7	8	9		19	20	21	31	32	33	43	44	45
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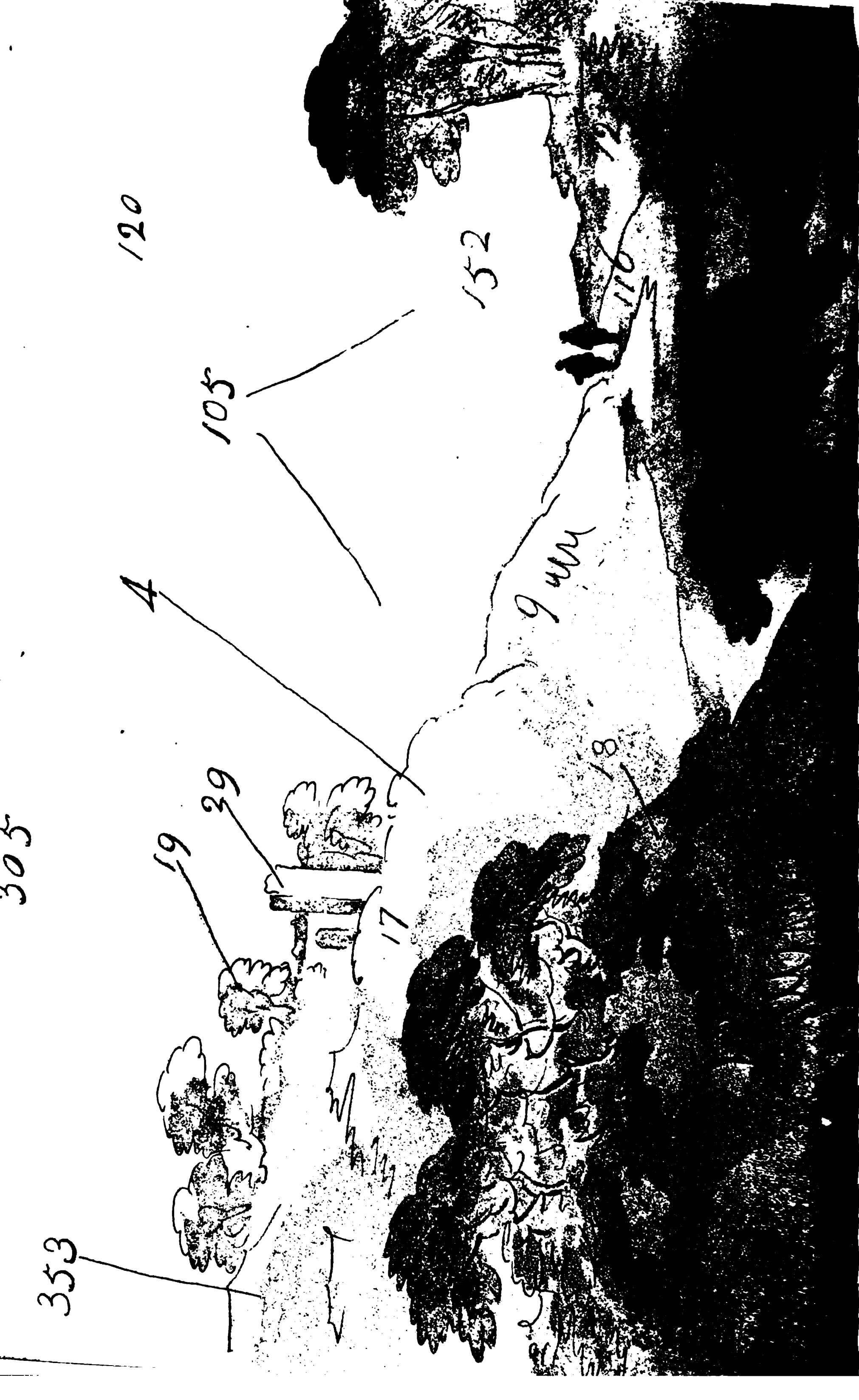
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17



best lights : for the face of nature, like other faces, has it's advantageous lights.

The next best method of catching the hues of nature, is by tinting a drawing on the spot, from which the artist may paint at his leisure. But this is a very imperfect method, as the hues of nature must greatly evaporate, and lose their spirit in a second translation.

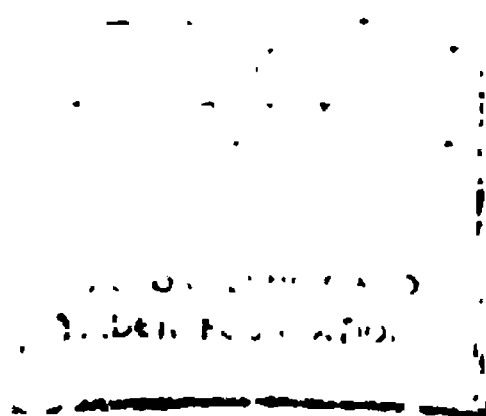
To assist however in this matter, I cannot help mentioning a method which might perhaps be of some little use in fixing at least the coarser tints of nature, where time and opportunity of doing it better, are wanting. Let the artist carry about with him a book, on the leaves of which are exhibited in squares a variety of different tints. As all the tints of nature are supposed to be mixed from three original colours, yellow, blue, and red, his tints may be classed under these colours. With these the artist may compare the hues of nature; and each square being numbered, he may fix a few characteristic tints in his drawing merely by a reference to the numbers. I call this however a mere *fuccedaneum*; as there are a thousand variegated tints in nature, which it would be impossible to fix in this way : and indeed as the whole method is mere  
K 3
theory ;

theory ; and was never, as far as I know, applied to practice, it might be found, upon trial, very inadequate. — This digression was occasioned by a view upon the Tummel, to which the colouring of a sand-bank, and it's harmonizing with the objects in it's neighbourhood, gave a beauty, that in a mere *uncoloured drawing* is entirely lost.

The banks of the Tummel are chiefly pastoral : but where it joins the Garry, or rather is received into it, we had an ample specimen of the sublime. The pass of Killicranky began now to open, which is the great entrance into the highlands in these parts ; and may be called the Caledonian Thermopyle ; tho indeed what are generally called the highlands, as I observed, begin at Dunkeld. This pass forms a very magnificent scene. The vallies, as we approach it, are beautiful. Two or three gentlemen have fixed their habitations among them, and seem to have made a good choice.

As we enter the pass, the mountains, on each side, expand in noble, irregular wings. The road takes the right, and may be said to  
traverse







traverse the *base* of the mountain, when compared with it's summit: but when compared with it's *real base*, it is raised to a giddy height. It is a great addition to the scene to look down upon the river foaming among rocks, diving into woods, and forcing it's way among the huge fragments that have tumbled into it's channel from the mountain.

Two of the scenes we met with in these wild regions, were particularly picturesque. In one the sloping corner of a mountain, with the road winding round it, forms the foreground; the middle is occupied by a bridge over the Garry; and some of the grand prominences of the pass fill the distance.

The other consists chiefly of a second distance, in which the river forms a sort of pool, and the mountains a very pleasing combination around it.

By this time we had nearly opened the pass, which continues about a mile, displaying, in one part or other of it's ample curve, every species of rough and picturesque scenery. In general, however, as it's lofty skreens are brought very near the eye, they are too large, and refractory to be moulded into composition. Innumerable parts of them may with little

trouble be hewn into good foregrounds : but they afford few materials delicate enough for a distance.

In a military light, this entrance into the highlands has, at all times, been considered as a very formidable defile. In the last rebellion a body of Hessians having been detached into these parts of Scotland, made a full pause at this strait, refusing to march farther. It appeared to them as the *ne plus ultra* of habitable country.

In king William's time, it was marked with the destruction of a royal army. The only spirited attempt, in his reign, in favour of the Jacobite cause, was made by Clavers lord viscount Dundee. This chief, who was a man of honour and enterprize, collected a body of forces, and set up the standard of the exiled prince. With great zeal he importuned all the disaffected clans to join him ; but amidst the warmest professions he found only luke-warm assistance. Mortified by repeated disappointments, and chagrined at having the whole burden of the war upon himself, he was skulking about Lockabar with a few starved, and ill-armed troops, hesitating what course to take ; when he received advice, that general Mackay, who  
was

was in quest of him, at the head of the English army, was in full march towards the pass of Killicranky. In the midst of despair a beam of hope inspired him. He harangued his men; assured them of success; roused them to action; and fell upon Mackay, as he filed out of the straits, with so much judgment, and well directed fury, that in seven minutes the English infantry was broken, and the horse in as many more.—In the article of victory Dundee was mortally wounded. An old highlander shewed us a few trees, under the shade of which he was led out of the battle; and where he breathed his last with that intrepidity, which is so nobly described by a modern Scotch poet\*, in an interview between death, and a victorious hero.

“ Nae cauld faint-hearted doubtings teaze him.  
 “ Death comes. Wi’ fearless eye he sees him;  
 “ Wi’ bloody hand a welcome gies him:  
     “ And when he fa’s,  
 “ His latest draught of breathing leaves him  
     “ In faint huzzas.”

Dundee was the life of a cause, which in this short blaze of success expired.

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\* Poems by Robert Burns, p. 38.

From the straits of Killicranky we soon arrived within the district of the Blair of Athol, as this part of the country is called. Blair-castle, which is the capital of this wide domain, makes but a mean appearance. It stands, as you approach it, under a mountain, with a wood before it: but the former is ill shaped; and the latter, which is chiefly of fir, is formal.

Mean however as this castle appears at present in the light of a fortress, it was once a place of high renown; and has many a history annexed to it. As it was the only fortress in these wild parts, it was ever thought a place of consequence; and had its share in every disturbance of the times. In many scenes of violence it was engaged, during the feuds of aristocracy: but it makes no figure in history, before the civil wars of the last century. In the year 1644 it ventured to check the career of that celebrated hero the marquis of Montrose: but it paid dear for its temerity. He laid siege to it; and took it by assault. Ten years after, it fell under the displeasure of Cromwell; and experienced the same fate.

But

But in the last rebellion it had better fortune. Sir Andrew Agnew seized it with a body of seventy horse, and held it for the king. The rebels twice attacked it, but each time without success.

The late duke of Athol seeing his family seat thus subjected to so many insults on account of its strength, took a resolution to dismantle it, that it might never again be an object of military concern. He did not perhaps sufficiently consider, that if any future trouble should arise, it is full as likely in its present state of weakness to become a prey; as in its ancient state of prowess to have been made a fortress. Be it as it will, the picturesque eye regrets the loss of its towers, and battlements; and is hurt at seeing a noble castle transformed into an ordinary house.

But tho Blair-castle appeared, on our approach, to stand under a mountain, it changed its situation, as we arrived on the spot. The mountains take a circular form around it; and it stands seated on a plain, as the word *Blair*, in the Erse language, implies. We found also, that notwithstanding its outward appearance, the apartments are noble, and furnished in grand taste,

The

The scenery about the house is inferior to that at Dunkeld ; and yet it is suitable to the grandeur of a great house, and capable of much improvement. The plain, on which the house stands, spreads about a mile in front ; and might be beautifully diversified with lawns and wood. At present it is much injured by vistas, and a kitchen-garden, which tho extraordinary in it's way, is still a nuisance.

At the end of the plain runs the Tilt, a rapid and rocky stream : but it is of no service in the view ; for it flows within such lofty banks, that it is invisible, till you arrive on the spot. There the duke has conducted walks ; but I cannot say much in praise either of the artifice with which they are conducted, or of their simplicity. In the course of them you see the cascades of two or three streams, which fall down the bank into the Tilt, and are admired more than they deserve. The bank is of lofty and broken rock ; and the streams are by no means inconsiderable ; yet the very circumstance of their falling *into the river* is a great disservice to them as capital objects. It makes them appear smaller by bringing them into comparison with what is larger.



larger. It exhibits them also in an awkward situation : for as they fall down the side of an extended bank, they do not fill the eye like a river, pouring down between rocks, and seen as a simple object in one grand point of view. One of them is called the York-cascade, in compliment to the late archbishop Drummond ; and is admired for it's broken stages. For myself, I am more pleased with a simple construction. That at Dunkeld indeed is infinitely broken ; but it is still one noble gush : whereas this is frittered, and divided into several distinct parts, each of which makes a little separate whole.

Having viewed the disposition of the ground in the front of the house, we viewed it next on the other side, where it is much more beautiful. The mountains here approach nearer the house ; and between two of them runs a valley about a mile in length ; and a quarter of a mile in breadth. The sides and bottom of this valley are wholly filled with wood, through which winds a rocky and founding stream. This beautiful piece of natural scenery is improved as it ought to be. A pleasing walk about two miles in length is conducted round it ; and is in all it's parts

parts easy, and natural; except that, here and there, a semi-circular parapet is set off from the walk, to shew some parts of the river and rocks at the bottom. They might have been shewn better by the simple, and natural curve of the walk. These preparatory stations always injure the effect, by exciting beforehand the expectation of it. The charm of novelty is so far lost.

Between this scenery and the house are a few acres, which are laid out with more embellishment; but less taste. What we chiefly admired here, were some firs of the spruce kind, which we thought the most picturesque, we had ever seen. They were indeed

————— a stately progeny of pines;  
With all their floating foliage richly robed;

If Dunkeld appeared more the retired seat of pleasure; Blair-castle, especially in it's ancient form, was more the residence of the highland chieftain. Here he was always found in the article of danger. Here his clan mustered around him; and here he fed them, and kept their courage alive, from his extensive pastures and vast ranges of forest.

These wastes we wished much to visit; and should have found great amusement in  
travelling

traversing their extensive boundaries, and examining their various inhabitants — in springing the ptarmigan, and other heath birds, that frequent them; in hearing their various cries and notes; and in seeing those herds of wild stags, which are never seen in cultivated chafes; and among them the nimble roe-buck, bounding in its native clime: but so wide are these domains, that we were informed we might have travelled twenty or thirty miles, before we could have gratified our curiosity.



## S E C T. XVI.

**F**ROM Blair to Taymouth, which we proposed next to visit, we found two roads; one to the north by Donacardoc, and the other to the south by repassing the straits of Killicranky. The latter is the better road, but we chose the former, as leading through a new country.

The first object, that called our attention, after we left Blair, were the falls of the river Freer. About two miles beyond Blair, we were directed to leave the road on our right, and to pursue the course of that river, which, as it comes tumbling down a lofty hill, would shew us several fine cascades. They were scarce worth so long and perpendicular a walk. One of them indeed is a grand fall; but it

is so naked in its accompaniments, and seen from so bad a point, that on the whole it is of little value.

In our way to Donacardoc, and beyond it, the country in general, is wild and mountainous: but the vallies are wide, and extensive; and as we passed along their sweeping sides, many of the scenes were very noble. The mountains retiring in different distances from the eye, marshalled themselves in the most beautiful forms, and expanded their vast concave bosoms to receive the most enchanting lights. The picturesque traveller indeed, if he find the lights as we found them, will be sufficiently rewarded for his trouble in traversing this rough country. The scenes on the right, are those, which will chiefly engage his attention.

And here I cannot help disclosing what appears to me a truth; tho so bold a one, that it ought only perhaps to be opened to the initiated. In the exhibition of distant mountains on paper, or canvas, unless you make them exceed their *real* or *proportional* size, they have no effect. It is inconceivable

able how objects lessen by distance. Examine any distance, closed by mountains, in a camera, and you will easily see what a poor, diminutive appearance the mountains make. By the power of perspective they are lessened to nothing. Should you represent them in your landscape in so diminutive a form, all dignity, and grandeur of idea would be lost. The case is, a scrap of canvas compared with the vastness of nature's scale; *misleads* the eye; and if the *exact proportion* of the mountain be observed, it is so trifling, that we cannot easily *persuade* ourselves, it is the *representative* of so vast, and enormous a mass.

If indeed the mountain always, and invariably appeared *under one hue*, the eye might in some degree learn to infer the distance, and of course the bulk, from the colour. But this is not the case. The colour of mountains is as various, as the colour of the sky. Light ethereal blue, which is the colour of the air, is the hue thrown upon the most removed objects. But the blue mountain can only be represented under the bright and colourless sky. You would often wish to adorn your landscape with other appearances of nature; in which the distant mountain assumes other

L 2

hues.

hues. It is brown, or it is purple, or it is grey: and all these in a variety of degrees. So that colour is by no means a criterion of bulk. — Besides, you often wish to introduce your mountain nearer than the distance, at which it assumes aerial blue. And when this is the case, it's surface is subject to a still greater variety of tints; and it's bulk, is consequently with more difficulty ascertained from it's colour.

Even *in nature* the eye is apt to make frequent mistakes; and often misjudges with regard both to bulk, and distance; notwithstanding it is able to form comparisons from the various objects that appear in the extent of landscape around, which may assist the judgment. But in painting, the eye has not this assistance. It has only the objects of a very circumscribed spot to compare by, and cannot therefore deduce the real size of the mountain, for want of objects of comparison. We must therefore enlarge the scale a little beyond nature to make nature look like herself. If indeed the picture and nature should be brought together, the deception will be apparent: otherwise the *deception* appears the *reality*.

The



The celebrated boat of Raphael, in the cartoon of the draught of fishes, is a fiction somewhat of this kind, in which the boat is represented much less than the truth, lest the real truth should offend. An object of the full size of a boat so near the eye, would have ingrossed too much of the spectator's attention; and the painter hoped the beauty of his figures would engage the eye so much as to pass over the inaccuracy. If indeed the absurdity could have been removed with a little contrivance, it would certainly have been better. As so great a master however found reason to make his object too little; another artist, by a parity of reason, may make his object too large.

The ancient columnal sculptures at Rome were accompanied, I have heard, with a degree of this artificial deception. As the figures at the top of the column, would be seen from the bottom diminished out of all proportion, if they had been of the natural size, the sculptor very properly made them larger than the life; so that the eye seeing them from the bottom, conceived them to be of the proper size.

As we left the wild country about Donacardoc, we met our old acquaintance the river Garry: and were surprized to see it, tho so much nearer it's source, in better plight than it appeared at Killicranky. Here it occupies a broad channel; and makes an ample sweep: but there, tho it had received many considerable accessions, it made no figure. The case was, it was there contracted, and limited within narrow banks, except in that part, where it spreads into a pool: so that altho it contained more water, it made a less appearance.

From the banks of the Garry we found more coarse country: but it was of no continuance. The steep sides of Glen-lion received us, and afforded us several views, which were magnificent in their kind, into the deep recesses of the dell; where the river is sometimes seen, but oftener only heard; and where it's sequestered haunts are seldom interrupted by human curiosity. The eye is often carried many fathoms below, into these depths of solitude;

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solitude; and is as often arrested in mid-way by the spreading tops of trees, from whence getting passage perhaps again through some opening among them, it is baffled a second time, by the darkness of the recess. The splendid tints of sun-shine *sleeping*, as Shakespear phrases it, upon the tops of the trees, and the deep shadows beneath them, afforded the strongest contrast, and were blended with the most perfect harmony; an effect, which nature is wonderful in producing; but which art, without great attention, will fail in atchieving. It is much easier to carry off justly a light or shade, and blend it gradually with it's opposite; than to manage with just expression the extremes of either when brought into contact. Amusing as these views were, they would have been more so, if the edge of the precipice, on which we travelled, had been better guarded. Our attention, in some degree, was engaged by our danger.

Along the side of Glen-lion we missed our road; and instead of taking the direct way to Taymouth, we went six miles round by general Wade's bridge. This we had reason to esteem good fortune. What we missed we knew not: but the country we

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gained,

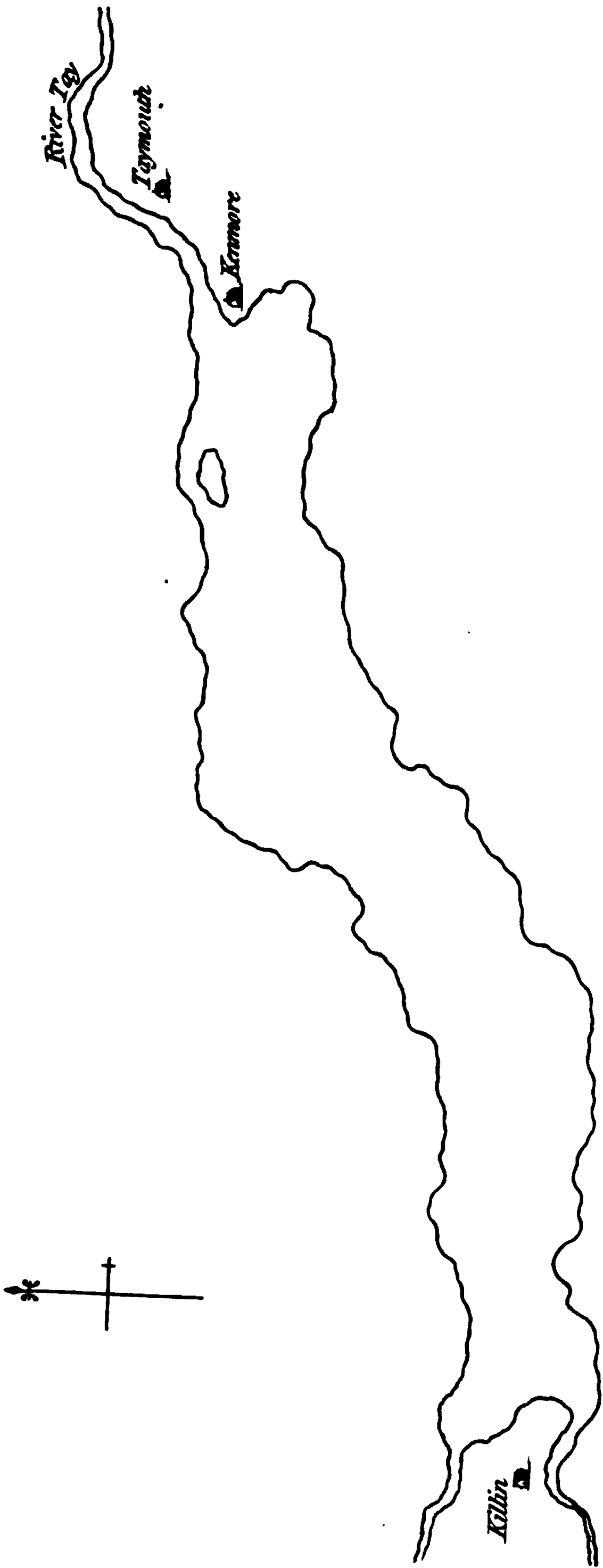
gained, was uncommonly beautiful. It is of that species, which may be technically termed *a plano-valley*. Before us stretched a champaign of four or five miles in length, and near two in breadth. Through the middle of it ran a winding road. On the right, it was skreened by a mountain wooded with clumps, and varied with objects, at such a distance, as throws that equivocal veil over them, in which the eye so much delights. The conclusion only of this mountain could be introduced in a picture: but the whole was beautiful in nature. The opposite skreen of the vale was still bolder, more rocky, and equally picturesque. The middle was occupied by a fine distance of retiring mountains.

At the bottom of the right-hand mountain ran the Tay; but it kept out of sight, till we had passed the bridge. It then took the lead among the objects, that entertained us; and presented us with two or three beautiful reaches; in one of which especially, the mountains, water, and wood combined with peculiar beauty in picturesque composition.

Soon



LOCH TAY.









Soon after, we came to Kenmore, which is a neat little town, built by lord Breadalbin, at the foot of Loch-tay. Nothing can stand more sweetly : the lake is spread on one side of it ; and on the other, are lord Breadal-

he lake from the rising hurch, is capital. On the ntain falls into the water, l promontory. It's lines nely broken by a wooded omontory projects from the d both together form the ous bay. Between the two listant mountains recede in e lake goes off in the form

We seldom meet with a ke-scenery.

his first view of the lake, we embarked upon it ; expecting, that as it's reaches opened, our entertainment would increase. But having continued our voyage near a league, we found no part equal to what we had first seen.

One

One inducement to this voyage, was a cascade on the banks of the lake, which had been represented to us as an uncommon piece of scenery. A pompous preface so often produces disappointment, that expecting a disappointment here, we were agreeably surprized. We found a very beautiful scene. It is not indeed of so sublime a kind, as that of the Hermitage at Dunkeld. It is of a tamer nature, gliding down an excavated rock; but meeting with interruption enough to give it variety. It's accompaniments are very beautiful. The rock it falls from, is lofty, and well broken: and it graces the center of a little woody theatre; which nature seems to have made on purpose for it, and where it is shewn to much advantage. Lord Breadalbin, to whom it belongs, introduces the stranger to it through a sort of subterranean passage, the necessity of which did not appear. It is an exhibition, which wants no aid to give it consequence.

In our return we had a view of the church and bridge of Kenmore, and of the mountains, and island, in it's neighbourhood: but from so low a point, they lost much of their dignity. We landed also upon the island; but found little to amuse us.

And

And yet this island, small and contemptible as it appears, has more than one history annexed to it. Here stood formerly a small, but elegant priory dedicated by Alexander the first of Scotland, to the memory of his beloved queen, who was the natural daughter of Henry the first of England. At his death it was more liberally endowed; and he entrusted the repose of his own soul, as well as his queen's, to the prayers of pious monks, whom he established for that purpose, in this religious retirement. Often in the calm still hour of evening, or before the sun had risen upon the mountains, the boatman plying his course, would rest on his oars, to listen to the chanted hymn, or early matins, as they came floating in the breeze along the surface of the lake.

In after times this island wore another face. When the bravery of Montrose carried every thing before him in defence of the royal cause, which was nearly in it's wane in England; a numerous body of Campbell's, against whom the rigour of Montrose was chiefly directed, took possession of this island, where they fortified themselves among the ruins. Montrose took, and garrisoned it; and it continued in  
the

the hands of the loyalists till 1654, when general Monk retook it. It would now however be difficult to trace the least vestige in it either of religion, or war.

**SECT.**

## S E C T. XVII.

**H**AVING finished our voyage, we took a walk to Taymouth, lord Breadalbin's seat, where we met with little to engage our curiosity. The house stands on a lawn, between two mountains, which open to the lake; tho the architect has contrived to screen it intirely from the view of the water. The lawn is about a mile in breadth, diversified with a great variety of ground. Under the southern mountain, a quarter of a mile behind the house, runs the Tay; which, tho not so grand a river, as we found it at Dunkeld, is however a noble, and rapid stream. The banks of the river, the lawn, and the mountains around, are all well cloathed with wood; and the whole scene is capable of great improvement: but when we saw it\*,

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\* In the year 1776.

nothing like taste had been exercised upon it. The house had formerly been a turreted castle, but has been formed by the addition of two wings, into a large, convenient, tho unpleasing mansion. The grounds around it were laid out with little beauty ; and the walks were formal, and ill contrived ; pacing under the paling of the park, instead of winding around, and taking such circuits as might shew the lake, and mountains to most advantage. There was a grand walk also beyond the Tay ; which had cost more than it deserved. Indeed the walks on neither side of the river seemed intended to shew the scenery ; but rather as avenues to a few tawdry, inelegant buildings, which terminated them. Nothing could shew a more thorough inattention to every idea of beauty and taste, than the whole contrivance of the place.

Perhaps no country in the world abounds more with grand situations, especially in the highland parts of it, than Scotland : and perhaps none of the Scotch nobility have a greater variety of noble situations, than the earls of Breadalbin. Whether they wished for elevated, or sheltered situations — for views of wood, of water, or of mountains — they had  
choice



choice of every kind. When therefore, we see a situation so unhappily chosen, in the neighbourhood of such a scene as Loch-Tay; we are apt to think it required some ingenuity, and contrivance to fix it. The situation indeed in itself would not be so bad, if we did not see every where around it, situations that are so much better.

Of all the views which a great house should wish to command, I think *a noble distance* is the most desirable. This was the opinion of Horace. He commends the house,

—— longos quæ prospicit agros.

And I think he is right. *Distant views*, if there is a good foreground, are generally the most pleasing; as they contain the greatest variety, both in themselves, and in their accidental variations. But if you have before your windows, a beautiful lake retiring among mountains into remote distance, as lord Breadalbin might have had, adorned with woody banks, and tufted islands; while his house might have been screened from the rough quarters of the sky; it is all one would wish for in a situation.

As

As we left lord Breadalbin's, we had, from the road near Maxwell's temple, a very picturesque view of the lake and it's environs. The water bears only a small proportion; but the promontories sweeping into it, the islands detached from the main, and a distant view of the grand mountain of Benavoir, which occupies the head of the lake, unite in forming a very noble landscape.

In this country originated the massacre of Glencoe. The fact is noted: but a detail of circumstances does not often find it's way into history\*. They who have never met with this detail, will be shocked to find at the end of the seventeenth century, an action marked with such circumstances of horrid cruelty and treachery, as are rarely found in the annals of a Roman, or an Eastern despot.

After the *act of settlement* had passed in Scotland, as well as in England, in favour of king William; and the government expected submission from all it's subjects, a number of the highland-clans bowed with

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\* I believe Dr. Smollet is the only *historian*, who enters into the *detail* of this shocking affair.

great

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great reluctance to the new yoke. Many ineffectual efforts having been made to bring them to a better mind, the *ratio ultima regum* was at length resolved on; and a proclamation was issued, which threatened them with military execution, if they did not take the oaths before the beginning of the year 1692. This measure carried strong conviction into the Highlands, and made several converts to the principles of the revolution. Many however could ill brook the idea of what they esteemed so arbitrary a proceeding; and among these, the loudest was Macdonald of Glencoe. This haughty chief, in opposition to all the persuasions of his friends, would exclaim with eager asseverations, that he would suffer any extremity rather than submit. "When I take arms against them, he would cry, let them send their military executioners: but while my opinions keep at home, they injure no man." Notwithstanding however this lofty language, as the day of grace began to expire, his fears for his wife, his children, and his dependents, got the better of his indignation; and he made his submission at Inverary, before the sheriff of the county; tho, through

an unavoidable accident, three or four days after the allotted period.

This chief it seems, in the violence of the times, a little before the revolution, had plundered the lands of the earl of Breadalbin. For this, and some other acts of animosity, that nobleman, it is thought, had devoted him to destruction; and is accused of persuading king William to put him, and all his clan under military execution, as a terror to other disaffected parts of the Highlands. No inquiry therefore was made, whether Macdonald had submitted, or would submit; but a warrant for putting to death near two hundred innocent people, was dispatched with as little ceremony, as if it had been an order to apprehend a smuggler. This horrid warrant having passed through all the usual forms, was brought to the king, who signed it, it is said, without scruple; tho it is probable, Macdonald's *submission* had been concealed from him. Bishop Burnet indeed\* endeavours to make the king intirely ignorant of the whole affair. He was rather dilatory, the bishop says, in business; and used to put

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\* See his history of his own times.

off signing papers, till they began to multiply; when he would sign them in a lump with too little examination. In this precipitate manner, he gives us to understand, the king signed the fatal warrant against the inhabitants of Glencoe..

From the king it was directed to the secretary of state in Scotland; who sent it, in the course of business, to the commanding officer of Argyle's regiment, then in garrison at Fort William.

Early in February, 1691, a detachment from that corps took possession of the valley of Glencoe; and when Macdonald inquired into their intention, he was told it was friendly; and had in view only to levy the arrears of some ill-paid taxes. Upon this Macdonald and his dependents, laid aside all apprehensions (as indeed having submitted to government, they had no grounds to harbour any) and entertained the troops hospitably, during the space of fifteen days.

On the evening of the sixteenth day, young Macdonald observed the guards were doubled; and thought he saw something among the troops, which he did not well understand. He brought his suspicions to his father: but

the old man endeavoured with jocularity to disperse them. The youth however at the close of day, drew his brother aside, and carried him out privately among the soldiers, to make observations. Approaching a guard under the cover of the night, they overheard a centinel tell his fellow, that " It was a " brutal work, but their officers must answer " for it." Upon this the two young men in terror made instantly to their father's house : — but the bloody deed was begun. As they approached, they heard the report of fire-arms — they heard the shrieks of despair ; and saw the house surrounded by armed men. Old Macdonald was shot through the head, as he slept by his wife : and, at the same time, a Highland gentleman, who was then upon a visit to him ; tho he had the king's protection in his pocket. The houses of the tenants, and dependents of the family, were surrounded also, and every man butchered, who was found. A pillage ensued ; and all the wanton cruelty was practised, which is customary at the sacking of a town.

The women and children indeed were spared : but such of them, as had neither died of the fright, nor had been butchered by mistake,



take, were turned out naked, at the dead of night — a keen, freezing night — with all their calamities about them, into a waste covered with snow.

When the morning rose, the horrid deed appeared in all its guilt. Thirty-eight slaughtered bodies were drawn out; and the women, who had never attempted to fly, were in general found either starved to death; or expiring with their children under hedges. It was thought, that about a hundred of those destined to slaughter, had escaped through the intelligence given them by their friends among the troops.

This horrid affair was never sufficiently examined. King William endeavoured to repel the odium from himself, by throwing it upon the Scotch secretary: who had exceeded, he said, his orders. But various circumstances, and especially the lenity shewn to all concerned in this business, rendered such an apology very defective. “ The king  
 “ sent orders, says Burnet, to inquire into  
 “ the matter; but when the letters writ  
 “ upon this business, were all examined,  
 “ which I myself read, it appeared, that so  
 “ many were involved in the matter, that

“ the king’s gentleness prevailed on him to  
 “ a fault; and he contented himself with  
 “ dismissing only the master of Stair from  
 “ his service. Indeed the not punishing  
 “ this with due rigour, was the greatest  
 “ blot in this whole reign.”

We did not see the valley of Glencoe; as it  
 would have carried us too far out of our road:  
 but it is described as one of the most inter-  
 resting scenes in the whole country; hung  
 with rock, and wood; and abounding with  
 beauties of the most romantic kind. This  
 valley is famous also for being the birth-place  
 of Ossian. In its wild scenes that bard is  
 said to have caught his first poetic raptures.  
 Near it lies the country of Morven; which  
 Fingal hath turned into classic ground by his  
 huntings, and his wars.

## S E C T. XVIII.

FROM Kenmore we proposed great pleasure in our ride to Killin, which was our next stage. It lies at the head of the lake, which is about fifteen miles long; and as the road kept almost entirely by the water side, we expected many beautiful scenes. But we were disappointed. We had seen the lake in it's greatest glory from Kenmore. It never spreads into any considerable expanse of water; but has the appearance rather of a river of unequal dimensions. Where it is widest, it seldom exceeds a mile: but in general it is much narrower. Nor are it's boundaries pleasing. They exhibit no bold shores, broken promontories, nor other forms of beauty; but are rather tame hills, than picturesque mountains. Nor are they furnished with wood, or other pleasing appendages. — Upon the whole however, as the evening was cold,

four, and unpleasant, it is probable, that it tinged the landscape with similar ideas. The effect is common. A clear evening might have dispelled these gloomy visions, which we attributed to the landscape; and might have opened new beauties. I have heard indeed judicious travellers, who have seen it under a more favourable aspect, speak of many grand views from advantageous stands along the shores of the lake. Of this I have not the least doubt; and am only unhappy in not being able to add my own testimony to what I have heard.

As we approached Killin, the country began to amend, and pleased us in spite of the untoward medium of a drizzling rain, through which we viewed it. Many of the hills were cloathed with wood; and some of them finely disposed, skreening little irriguous vallies, which played among them. But as the evening grew worse, and set in wet, we could not examine the landscape as it deserved. In general, however, the two ends of Loch-Tay are certainly the most beautiful parts of it.

The town of Killin is celebrated for being the receptacle of the bones of Fingal. We  
were

were shewn the place, where tradition says, they were buried: but the traveller must view his tomb with the eye of faith. Not the least monumental fragment remains.

At Killin we heard the little history of a Highland migration. Several expeditions of this kind to America, from different parts of Scotland (which were supposed to have been attended with success) began to make a noise in the country; and a discontented spirit got abroad, even in those parts, where no oppression could be complained of; particularly in the domains of the earl of Breadalbin; the happiness of whose tenants seems to have been among the principal sources of the happiness of their lord. The *word was given*, as it was phrased, in the beginning of March 1775; and a rendezvous was appointed at Killin, on the first of the ensuing May. Here convened about thirty families, making in all above three hundred people. The first night they spent at Killin, in barns, and other out-houses, which they had previously engaged. Early the next morning the whole company was called together by the sound of bag-pipes, and the order of their march was settled. Men, women, and children, had all their  
proper

proper stations assigned. They were all dressed in their best attire; and the men were armed in the Highland fashion. They who were able, hired carts for their baggage: the rest distributed it in proper proportions, among the several members of their little families; each of them, in the patriarchal style, *carrying provisions for the way*. Then taking a long adieu of their friends, and relations, who gathered round them, the music began to play, and in the midst of a thousand good wishes mutually distributed, the whole train moved on.

Goldsmith, in his deserted village, gives a melancholy picture of a body of emigrants, taking a last farewell of their country.

Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,  
 I see the rural virtues leave the land:  
 Down, where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,  
 That idly waiting, flaps in every gale,  
 Downward they move, a melancholy band,  
 Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.

But these emigrants were of a different kind. Many of them were possessed of two or three hundred pounds, and few of less than thirty or forty; which at least shewed, they had not starved upon their farms. They were  
 a jocund

a jocund crew; and set out, not like people flying from the face of poverty; but like men, who were about to carry their health, their strength, and little property, to a better market. The first day's march brought them to Loch-Lomond, which is about twenty-five or thirty miles from Killin. At the head of this lake they had provided vessels, in which the greater part of them embarked; and were carried by water twenty-four miles farther, into the neighbourhood of Dunbarton; where they cantoned themselves, till their transport vessel was ready at Greenock.

We proposed also to visit Loch-Lomond, and Dunbarton; but not by the rout of these emigrants; which would have abridged our tour. We chose a wider circuit by Tindrum and Inverary.

From the pleasing environs of Killin we launched out into a wild country, which nature had barely produced; but had done little to adorn. Neither had art ever deigned to visit it, except in the shape of a foldier working on a military road. Even the cottage smoking among a few trees, which almost every heath presents, was not here to be found. All was wide, waste and rude; totally

tally naked; and yet in it's simplicity often sublime; the ground heaving, like the ocean into ample swells, and subsiding into vallies equally magnificent. The ideas were grand, rather than pleasing. The imagination was interested, but not the eye. Here and there indeed a mountain-scene fell within the rules of composition. But in general, we had few forms of picturesque beauty, at least in the larger parts. In the smaller, we often found them; in the winding of rivulets, in their rocky beds, and in their little bustling cascades, of which we had great variety.

The ground-plot, if I may so call it, of this rude landscape, was a wild valley, *ascending* through the space of twenty miles from Killin to Tindrum. It could not be called steep; yet was generally steep enough to give rapidity to the rocky rivulet which adorned it. This rivulet is one of the chief sources of Loch-Tay: but it does not assume the name of the Tay, till it leave the lake. About the middle of this ascent, the country becoming flat, we found the torrent arrested by a valley; and formed into a small lake, called Loch-Dochart; the shores of which afforded us some fine scenery, both when we  
saw







saw it in extent (for tho it was small, it had dimensions sufficient for any landscape) and when we saw only a portion of it. In the former situation, the distant hills made an agreeable boundary to the water. In the latter we had a huge promontory hanging over a castle, which stood upon an island at it's feet.

The great picturesque use of islands, in these situations, is to break the tedious lines of such promontories, and mountains, as fall into the water. But this island, besides it's use in composition, is itself an object of beauty. It is decorated with wood ; and adorned with a castle.

Castles in the middle of lakes, tho not proper for regal fortresses, were commonly chosen as seats of security by those chiefs, who had the advantage of such situations. The island-castle could only be attacked by water. In summer the lake could not afford navigation to carry over a body of men ; and in winter the ice formed so exposed an approach, that troops would hardly attempt it. There was no covering above ground ; and the mattock could make none beneath. This castle however was once stormed by the M'Greggors, in the midst of a frosty winter, by a well-contrived project. They brought  
a vast

a vast quantity of fascines to the edge of the lake, with which they made a stout breast-work. This they pushed before them along the smooth surface of the ice; and being sufficiently defended by it from the shot of the castle, they made good their landing, if I may so speak; and quickly overpowered the place, which trusted more in it's situation, than in the strength of it's garrison.

About Tindrum we had attained the summit of our ascent. This place is supposed to be one of the highest inhabited parts of Scotland — some say of Great-Britain. The word Breadalbin, in which country we now travelled, has that signification.

Among the mountains, which compose these wild scenes, the mountains of Bendoran are the most conspicuous. The country-people consider them as enchanted mountains. Before the storm begins to rage, they emit a hollow sound, which forebodes it. The shepherd knows it well, and instantly shelters his flock. Sounds however of this kind are not peculiar to mount Bendoran. They are often mentioned among the signs of bad weather. They were prognostics of ancient times.

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Altis

Montibus audiri fragor 

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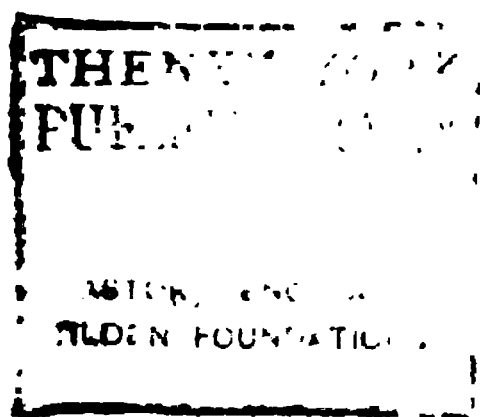
At Tindrum the ground which had been rising from Loch-Tay begins *immediately* to fall. The Tay which takes it's source at the summit of this elevation, runs due east; and a little lake within a quarter of a mile of the fountains of the Tay, discharges it's waters due west. Along the banks of this little bustling stream we descended through a valley, wild like that we had left behind, and nearly in the same style of landscape; but of quicker descent.

Near Dalmaly the view opened upon a rich cultivated country, at least such it appeared — a sight we had not met with for many days. We thought it could hardly be composed of the plains of Lorn, tho that is the richest part of Argyleshire; and lay directly before the eye; but our maps seemed to place Lorn at too great a distance; and we had no opportunity of inquiring. The remote distance however was dubious; and tho it appeared to us a cultivated scene, it might have been through some deception in the light. The  
nearer

nearer grounds were varied by a part of Loch-Awe; towards which we approached.

Loch-Awe is one of the grandest lakes in Scotland. It extends thirty miles; and contains near a dozen islands. We skirted only its northern shores; but were much amused with what we saw. On the opposite shore arises, in appearance almost perpendicular to the lake, the vast mountain of Crouachan, near enough for the eye to distinguish its woods and rocks. Beneath it, on an island, stands the castle of Kilchurn, which is a grand object under the impending gloom of the mountains. This castle was built originally by the lady of one of the Campbells, who went to the holy wars. Here in solitary retirement, she mourned his absence, and waited his return. In after ages the castle of Kilchurn taking a more dignified form, became the seat of the earls of Breadalbin, and was admired chiefly for the view it commanded over the lake, and over a rich vale, bounded by lofty mountains. It afterwards became a fortress; and when the rebellion broke out in the year 1745, was hastily fortified by lord Breadalbin for the government, and garrisoned to defend this pass into the Highlands; which intention, I believe, it fully answered.

Besides







Besides this island, we had two others in view, both woody, and both very ornamental. On one of them stood formerly a convent. We had also a long extent of water before us. The lake winds slowly, and falls off in good perspective, exhibiting a great variety of bays, promontories, and large peninsulas. In many parts also the scenery around it was woody; but yet on the whole, it had rather an unpicturesque appearance. The islands are formally stationed; and many of the mountain-screens, which are unadorned with wood, are tame, and unbroken.

We took two drawings however upon this lake. In one of them, two of the islands appeared with great advantage; and the mountain-screens behind them, consisting only of simple parts, were magnificent.

The other view was more contracted, and exhibited a large promontory, under which stood the island, with the ruins of Kilchurn-castle. The constituent parts of this latter view are the same as those we had observed upon Loch-Dochart: but it is one of nature's samenesses: it is *alter et idem*. There the island appeared connected with the promontory, under which it stood; here it appeared

detached from the lake, and connected with the foreground. In each situation the islands broke the lines of the promontories, and had a good effect. But the island on Loch-Awe afforded the better picture.

Both these lakes deserved more attention, than we were able to pay them. We wished to make a circuit round them, and view them in various points. The islands upon Loch-Awe, however formal they might appear in some views, would unquestionably have a fine effect in many other situations: and promontories, which, on one side, appeared smooth, tame and unadorned, might appear broken, animated, and rich on another: but our time was limited; and we were obliged to satisfy our curiosity with little more than a view of such parts, as the road presented,

From the neighbourhood of Loch-Awe we pursued our rout to Inverary-castle, the principal seat of the duke of Argyle. A very long and dreary ride had made us languish for the contrast of a little woody scenery: when the forests arose, as if by enchantment; vast, rich, and luxuriant. Whole mountains  
in

in a great degree, were covered with woods of ancient standing; which sinking into their deep shadowy recesses, or standing out boldly upon their knolls in broad masses enlightened by the sun, wonderfully charmed the eye, both with the greatness, and novelty of the scene. They seem planted to exemplify the poet's precept,

Does then the song forbid the planter's hand  
To clothe the distant hills, and veil with woods  
Their barren summits? No; but it forbids  
All poverty of cloathing. Rich the robe,  
And amply let it flow, that nature wears  
On her throned eminence. Where'er she takes  
Her horizontal march, pursue her step  
With sweeping train of forest; hill to hill  
Unite with prodigality of shade.

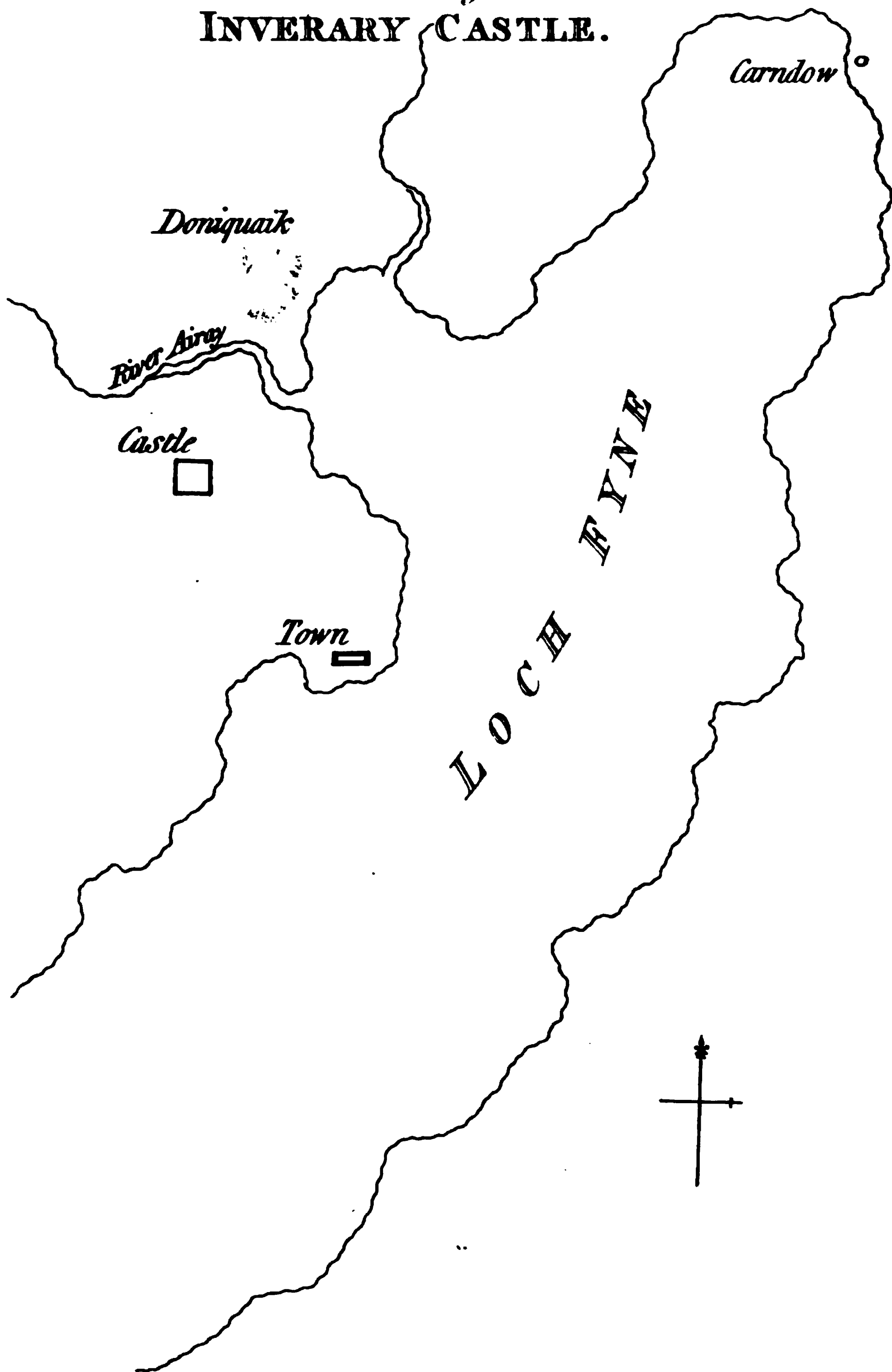
Some powerful hand, it was evident, had been at work in cloathing the naked sides of all these vast ridges; and we might have known, by the noble decorations of each scene, that we were in the dominions of some potent chieftain, tho we had not known it, by the geography of the country. Every moment we looked, when the castle would open to our view. But we travelled at least four miles among these Alpine plantations, before we arrived at it.



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*Situation of*  
**INVERARY CASTLE.**



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## S E C T. XIX.

**I**NVERARY-CASTLE fully answered the grandeur of the approach. It seems equally adapted to all the purposes of greatness, beauty, and accommodation. It stands upon a gentle rise, the ground gradually sloping from it in various directions. The area, which surrounds it, is spacious, containing two or three miles in circumference; and is bounded, behind the castle, by a semicircular skreen of mountains, rising in different forms, some of them broken, and others adorned with wood; so that the castle stands in a kind of mountain-recess, open in front; where it commands a spacious view over Loch-Fyne. One of these mountains, called Doniquaick, is a noble, spirited object. Its sides are shaggy, and broken; and the interstices of soil are filled with wood. On its summit stands a lonely watch-tower, which

N 3

like

like every thing characteristic has a good effect. Had it been an ornamental building of any kind, thus loftily seated, it had been absurd.

At the foot of this mountain, runs the Aray, a considerable stream. It issues through a narrow valley, behind the house; and taking a semicircular sweep around it, at the bottom of the lawn enters Loch-Fyne.

This lake, which is the glory of the scene, spreads into a noble bay before the front of the castle; forming an irregular circle of about twelve or fourteen miles in circumference, beautifully indented with a variety of peninsulas, and surrounded by mountains. It is an object, not only beautiful in itself; but it makes a fine contrast with the woods, and mountains around it.

Loch-Fyne is a salt lake, communicating with the sea, at the distance of about twenty-five miles from Inverary-castle; but as the tide has no very great effect upon it here, it has almost all the beauties of an inland-lake; and some, which an inland-lake cannot have; particularly that of a crowded navigation. It is one of the favourite haunts of herring; and at certain seasons of the year is frequented by innumerable shoals. The country-people  
express

express the quantities of this fish in strong language. At those seasons, they say, the lake contains one part water, and two parts fish. In this single bay of the lake, we were told that above six hundred boats are sometimes employed in taking them. The groups of these little fishing vessels with their circling nets make a beautiful moving picture; which is frequently varied by vessels of a larger size, shooting athwart; threading the several little knots of anchoring barks; and making their *tacks* in every direction.

The herring-boats commonly take their station on the lake, as the evening comes on; and if all this moving picture should happen to be enlightened with a splendid sun-set, the effect is very fine. The crews of these boats seem generally to be a cheerful, happy race. Among the implements of each boat, the bagpipe is rarely forgotten; the shrill melody of which you hear resounding from every part; unless all hands are at work. On Sunday, the mirth of the several crews is changed into devotion: as you walk by the side of the lake, if the evening be still, you hear them singing psalms, instead of playing on the bagpipe.

The mountain of Doniquaick, and the lake, are two very harmonious neighbours, in every point, in which they are brought together. We saw them contrasted in several forms ; and always beautifully. One of the grandest views of the whole may be taken somewhere about the new-inn. The mountain of Doniquaick — a bridge over the Aray — the lake, and the mountains, which screen it, all unite in very pleasing composition.

From the bay, which Loch-Fyne forms before the castle of Inverary, run two grand openings ; one to the north-east into the country ; and the other to the south-west towards the sea : but all appearance of these outlets is excluded from the castle by the folding of the mountains. I mean not by this remark, to express any peculiar excellence in the circular form of a bay. This particular one indeed contains great variety, and is very beautiful in it's kind : but still there is in general more variety, and more beauty, in the fading distance of a lake going off in perspective.

The castle of Inverary is new, but constructed in the old castle-form. The ground plot is square ; and each corner is adorned  
with





with a round tower. In the middle rises a square one, which is higher than the rest, and gives a picturesque apex to the building. The whole is grand, and makes an appearance suitable to the scene. Yet there are two very disgusting parts about it. These are the square appendages, which are tacked to each side of the middle tower, for the purpose of furnishing the interior apartments of the castle with light. The contrivance is awkward; and greatly injures a noble pile. The inside seems to be admirably divided into grand and convenient rooms; but it is yet unfinished. At the entrance is a guard-chamber; which in most private houses would be ridiculous; but in a Highland castle is characteristic, and gives an uncommon dignity.

In one of the apartments we were struck with a number of small paintings in a fine old mellow style; but all of them evidently by the same hand. Upon examining them more attentively, we found them all copies from pictures we knew; some of which were very modern. Enquiring farther into the mystery, we were informed, they were all the work of the present duchess of Argyle; and were in fact mezzotinto-prints, varnished  
with

with gum-copal; and painted on the back, in a manner lately invented. I have seen no invention of the kind that has so much merit. Coloured prints are in general miserable daubings. \*

This noble castle was built by Archibald, duke of Argyle, who finished little more than the shell: but his ideas seem to have been so grand; that it is probable he would have struck out something beyond the taste of the times, in the improvements around it, if he had lived to complete his designs. One great work he had in view, was to remove the whole town of Inverary, which was indeed a great nuisance to him. Part of it had even straggled between the castle and the lake; and the whole, a dirty, ill-built hamlet, was a disgrace to the scene. With a grandeur of conception equal to his other designs, the duke resolved to transport the whole town to a peninsula on the lake, about half a mile from his castle. The situation was admirably chosen, at least for the benefit of the town;

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\* The method here mentioned, of colouring mezzotinto prints, was at this time, just invented; and was sold, under promise of secrecy, to many ladies.



tho it may still perhaps a little interfere with the views of the castle; particularly of that down the lake towards the south. The duke proceeded so far in his plan, as to build a noble row of houses; one of which is an inn, and another a custom-house: but his death prevented the completion of this grand design.

In his successor's time, all operations were at a stand; but the present duke has called his workmen again together. He has already removed as much of the old town, as was a nuisance to himself: but whether he means to carry his predecessor's full intention into execution does not yet appear.\* About the castle however he is making great improvements; and, as far as he has yet done, in a very good taste. A grand walk is conducted over a noble bridge, at the foot of Doniquaick, and along the banks of the river; from which an offset carries you in a spiral up the mountain. From the watch-tower, at the summit, we were informed, one of the grandest views in Scotland is exhibited, over Loch-Fyne, and the neighbouring mountains.—But a wet morning prevented our seeing it.

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\* I am informed that all the old town is now removed.

In a word, as Inverary-castle has one of the noblest situations that can be conceived, it will probably, in a few years, be as well worth visiting, as any place in Britain; if the improvements continue in the same style of simplicity and grandeur, in which they are begun. No place we had yet seen in Scotland, if we except Hopeton-house, can bear the least comparison with it. If we found fault with any thing, it was with some little decorations, and cascade-work upon the river; but as these things might have been executed before, and may easily be altered, all censure should cease, till the whole be finished.

We had now almost completed our tour through the Highlands of Scotland, Inverary being the last town of any consequence we visited in that district; and through our whole journey were greatly pleased both with the face of the country, and with the manners of the inhabitants. The former may probably have some effect upon the latter. The extremes of heat and cold produce nearly perhaps the same effect. The savage, under a southern clime, is languid, and inert; under  
a northern

a northern one, benumbed, and torpid. It is in the middle regions, that we find the boldest, and most spirited exertions. I speak of men in a barbarous state. Civilization brings all to a level. The early and uncivilized native of this country seems to have had great vigour of mind and body; but it was the vigour of a wild beast. Indolence and activity took their turns in his breast. Every passion had its course, and when its rage was spent, he sunk into sloth. He was easily offended: fierce in his anger, and implacable in his revenge, he shed blood without remorse.

Some years ago, an old manuscript was printed at Glasgow, under the title of *Feuds and conflicts among the Scottish Clans*. It contains many anecdotes, very descriptive of the ancient manners of the country. One little history I shall present to the reader from the materials \* which it furnishes, and the coincident circumstances of the times. It is an account of the petty wars between Angus Macdonald of Kintire, and sir Laughlan Maclean of the Isle of Mull; and is both cu-

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\* See page 39, &c. and page 95, &c.

rious in itself, and will give a better idea of the ancient state of the Highlands, than any systematic inquiry. It is likewise nearly connected with the scenes we are now surveying. The characters too are drawn from the life, and well marked.

SECT.

## S E C T. XX.

**A**BOUT two centuries ago, it happened, that Donald Gorme, a gentleman of the isle of Sky, proposing to visit his relation Angus Macdonald of Kintire, was driven by adverse winds into Invernook-bay in the isle of Jura. This place belonged to sir Laughlan Maclean; who happened to be there himself at that time, tho his principal residence was in Mull.

In Jura also, by an unusual concurrence of circumstances, happened, at the same time, to lurk some out-laws; whom Donald Gorme for certain offences, had lately driven from their country. These fugitives, understanding to whom the vessel in the bay belonged; and not  
having

having it in their power to injure Gorme themselves, contrived a very malicious scheme to draw upon him the resentment of Maclean. In the silence of the night, they drove some of Maclean's cattle towards the bay; and carried them off; not doubting but the suspicion would rest on Gorme.

Suspicion is the evidence of barbarians. Maclean, a young, fiery chief, without farther inquiry, collected his clan the next night, fell upon Gorme, and killed sixteen of his people. Gorme himself, and a few of his followers, with difficulty escaped.

When Angus Macdonald of Kintire, to whom Gorme's visit had been intended, heard of this disaster, he was much distressed; and the more, as he was nearly related to both parties. He was first cousin to Gorme; and had married the sister of Maclean. Fearing therefore the consequences of the affair, he resolved to employ his good offices in making it up.

His first efforts were in the isle of Sky, where he found Gorme not untractable. From thence he sailed to Mull; proposing an interview with Maclean at Castle-Duart, the  
place

place of his residence. — But his friends advised him to be cautious.

As the Scottish government inclined to aristocracy, it had ever been the regal policy to divide the clans: and to this end the crown, on feudal principles, would often take the occasion of very slight pretences, to grant some favoured chief a claim on the lands of his more obnoxious neighbour. These grants being commonly obtained, when families were at variance, gave a kind of sanction to their quarrels.

A claim of this kind had formerly been granted to the Macleans, upon some lands in Ilay, which belonged to the Macdonalds: and tho the claim had long lain dormant, and the families were now united by marriage; yet the friends of Macdonald advised him not to put himself in the hands of a youth, whose character was little known; and whom, for that reason, it was imprudent to trust. But Macdonald naturally frank, and generous, and unacquainted with fear, could not conceive; that a man, whom he had never offended, and whose sister he had married, could possibly intend him ill. He went therefore with all

confidence to Castle-Duart: and even left the greatest part of his retinue behind.

Macleane received him courteously; and gave him hopes that Gorme's conditions might be the basis of an agreement; and put an end to the unhappy affair between them. But in the hour of retirement other thoughts possessed him. The secret whispers of interest and ambition intervened; and all scruples of integrity, and honour were thrown aside. Before the morning he had settled the whole affair in his own mind; and with a confident air informed his astonished guest, that he must expect to spend his future life in captivity, unless he gave up all title to the disputed lands in Ilay. The unfortunate Macdonald had no choice. He was obliged to submit; and to leave his son, and brother, as pledges of his faith.

This act of perfidy roused all the spirit of Macdonald. The affair of Invernook-bay was forgotten. The quarrel was now his own. But being as cool, as he was determined, not the slightest whisper of discontent passed his lips. All appearance of resentment was stifled, till he could shew it with effect.

It was necessary, it seems, for Maclean in person to take possession of those lands, which had thus been ceded to him. He  
went



went therefore to Ilay, and encamped his little company upon the ruins of a fort, near the Kinnes, which was the name of the lands, he was going to possess.

It was a custom among the highland chiefs to invite all strangers to their houses; and make them welcome, as long as their provision lasted. When this was consumed, the master of the family accompanied them to his next neighbour's, where their visit was limited by the same necessity. This chief also joined the procession; and thus they went on, increasing their company, and devouring the provisions of a whole district.

Of this jovial custom, and the inconvenient situation of the camp of Kinnes, Macdonald took the advantage. He offered Maclean the use of his own habitation at Mullintrea; and describing his neighbours, as disposed to mirth and jollity, wished him to pay a friendly visit among them: observing, that his retinue, which was numerous, and especially his hostages, would effectually secure him from any affront.

Credulity is as much the characteristic of a state of barbarism, as suspicion. Maclean with little hesitation complied; and scrupled

not to accept an invitation from a man, with whom he had just before broken every rite of hospitality.

But other thoughts than those of merriment possessed the mind of Macdonald. He had privately sent orders to his clan to rendezvous in arms, at an appointed place; and at midnight to surround a house, which he had appropriated for the reception of Maclean.— The habitation of a highland chief was a little town, consisting of various appendages; many of which were detached.

The carousal, which had purposely been prolonged to a late hour was now over; all were retired to rest; and the highland-clan had taken their appointed stand around the lodgings of Maclean, when Macdonald in a peremptory tone calling loud at the window of his guest, ordered him to come down. The alarmed chief started from his bed; and seeing through the lattice, the house surrounded by armed men, he cursed his own imprudence, gave up all for lost, and opened the door, holding the young son of Macdonald, his hostage, before his breast, to prevent any sudden attack. But Macdonald assured him, that nothing against his life was intended.

The

The possession of his person was all he desired, and having obtained this, he proclaimed liberty to all the rest of Maclean's followers. Two of them only were excepted, who were thought to have been their chief's principal advisers. With these Macdonald made short work, ordering fire to the out-house in which they lodged, and leaving them to perish in the flames.

Maclean had scarce taken possession of his dungeon, when a plot nearer home was contrived to compleat his ruin. One of his near relations, Allen Maclean, thinking this a favourable opportunity to serve his own interest, spread a report that Maclean had sent secret orders to put Macdonald's brother to death, who had been left as an hostage in Mull. In consequence of this he hoped, that Macdonald would retaliate upon his prisoner; while he himself, being prepared, might seize the estate. His contrivance miscarried in it's principal aim; tho it had horrid consequences. Macdonald believing the report, massacred in his rage all the retinue of Maclean, above eighty men, who had not yet left the island. Maclean himself

he spared, reserving him probably for a more exemplary punishment.

The superiority of Macdonald in this contest, and his own personal abilities, began now to raise the jealousy of the little court of Inverary. The territories of Kintire, which lay upon the shores of Loch-Fyne, were contiguous to those of Argyle; and the large island of Ilay, which belonged also to Macdonald, was immediately upon the coast. These insular possessions gave him the consequence of a maritime power: he had a navy in his ports, and could have carried a sudden war up Loch-Fyne to the very walls of Inverary. So potent a neighbour therefore became matter of just alarm. Many councils were called, and it was at length, resolved to raise a body of forces, ostensibly to adjust the quarrel between these contending chiefs, but really to check the power of Macdonald.

The earl of Argyle however soon found he had embarked in a matter above his strength. Macdonald had address in council, and abilities in the field, beyond the barbarism of the times, in which he lived; and put on so resolute a countenance, that Argyle thought it prudent to draw back. His attempts took  
a safer

a safer channel. He made an application to the king, whom by certain arguments he induced to come forward in the affair. James the sixth, who was then king of Scotland, menaced in his usual tone of magnificence: but a highland chief, tho of a secondary order, would not easily at that day, submit to a royal mandate, when issued from such a prince as James.

It happened however that Macdonald was himself at this time disposed to settle his difference with Maclean. He had just engaged to assist the quarrel of a neighbouring chief upon the coast of Ireland; and wished to transport himself into that country, as soon as he could. On some rigid conditions therefore; and the delivery of several hostages; Maclean was set at liberty.

Neither prudence, foresight, nor contrivance, mark the events of savage war: every man seizes his prey, like a wild beast, either by open force, or by a sudden spring, when it is off it's guard. He considers not, whether he is able to maintain the quarrel. He begins it with temerity, and thinks not beyond the first attack. Thus Macdonald had no sooner embarked for Ireland, than Maclean incited probably by the counsel, and assistance of

Argyle, entered Ilay with fire and sword. He had every reason to believe, that Macdonald would put his hostages to instant death ; but he gave up every motive to the gratification of revenge.

Macdonald however with unusual generosity, scorned to revenge a public quarrel upon a few unfortunate individuals. The innocent blood he had shed at Mullintrea, had probably taught him this lesson of humanity. But he was rapid in taking open vengeance. He instantly transported his troops from Ireland into the isle of Mull, which he burned, ravaged, and destroyed from one end to the other. The clan Lean could make no resistance, flying before him like sheep ; whom the raging chief sometimes slaughtered in a scattered pursuit ; and sometimes driving them in bodies into corners of the island, butchered in a promiscuous heap. Cattle and every thing of value he carried off ; and left the place smoking under the effects of his vengeance. *Nullum in barbaris sævitiae genus omittit ira, et victoria.\**

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\* Tacitus.

Maclean, in the mean time, was not backward in retaliating; but finding himself unable to cope with the prowess of Macdonald, he had, as usual, recourse to perfidy.

John Macean, of the kindred of Macdonald, had, in peaceable times, expressed a great attachment to Maclean's mother, who was then a blooming widow. The disposal of a mother in marriage, was, it seems, among the privileges of a highland-chief; and Maclean was eager to bring on this match, in expectation, that it might be the mean of alluring his new father-in-law into a confederacy against Macdonald. Macean heard with pleasure, that his proposals would be accepted; and came to Mull with great joy, where the marriage was solemnized. But after the nuptials, when Maclean sounded him about a league against Macdonald, the proposal was received with disdain. Macean would not hear of acting so perfidious a part against his friend, his patron, and his near relation.

In revenge for this disappointment, Maclean, with a brutality almost unparalleled, broke at midnight into Macean's chamber, tore him from his bride, put him to death  
and

and killed eighteen of his men, who ran to assist their chief.

Barbarous as the country was, an act like this was received with horror. The massacre at Mullintrea had thrown no odium on Macdonald. He was pitied for a mistake. But *Macean's nuptials* became a proverb to express every thing that was vile, and shocking in human nature.

This horrid deed seemed the expiring act of despair. The credit, which Maclean had lost, accrued of course to Macdonald; and all Scotland acknowledged the inequality of the contest between them. The king saw it with concern; and considered the chief who pressed before his peers, as disturbing the balance of the aristocracy, and trespassing on the royal authority.

In this light Macdonald appeared at court; where James, incited by suspicion, and jealousy, determined to curb his influence. That prince, ever inclined to an oblique path, instead of boldly calling the man to account (as he might legally have done) who in the open defiance of law, durst presume to revenge his own quarrel; had recourse to an act of perfidy. He pretended great zeal to serve  
two



two kinsmen, who ought to be so dear to each other: he cajoled them with the kindest expressions, and gave each of them a safe conduct to Edinburgh, where he promised to make up the matter to the satisfaction of both. The method he took to settle their differences, if we except the perfidy of it, was sensible enough. He shut them both up together in Edinburgh-castle; and left them to manage the dispute by themselves. This conference brought affairs to a speedy issue. The two chiefs tired of their company, and confinement, made the king every promise he desired; and to recover their liberty, left their sons as hostages for their future behaviour.

A peace during several years ensued. But the highland quarrel of those days was never sworn out. Macdonald growing old, and leaving the management of his affairs to his son, who was a mere youth, the revenge and ambition of Maclean again took fire. He got his old claims on Ilay confirmed, and enlarged, by a new grant from the crown; and at the head of his clan entered the island.

Young

Young Macdonald, hearing of his preparations, raised forces likewise ; and appeared in Ilay at the same time. Great endeavours were made by their common friends to prevent blood-shed ; and young Macdonald offered to give up half the disputed lands, rather than have his father's age disturbed : but Maclean rejected the offer, and proudly bad him prepare for battle.

At the head of a small lake, called Groinart, these two little highland-bodies were drawn up ; and began one of those desperate conflicts, which is seldom seen among regular troops. Maclean's party were more numerous ; but Macdonald's were better soldiers, having been trained in the Irish wars, and long inured to discipline.

The event of the battle was favourable to Macdonald. By a feigned retreat, that young chief disordered the enemy, and wheeling suddenly round, charged them with such unexpected fury, that after a brave, tho ineffectual defence, they gave way. A great slaughter ensued. Three hundred were left dead upon the field ; near eighty of whom were of the kindred of Maclean ; and the dead body  
of

of that restless, and perfidious chief himself was found amidst the carnage.

Before Maclean engaged in this enterprize he consulted one of the weird sisters of those uninlightened times; and was answered, that if he landed in Ilay on a thursday; or drank of a well near Groinart, he waged a war with fate. Both these injunctions he transgressed. A storm drove him upon the coast on a thursday; and he drank of the well before he had inquired the name of the place.

Thus ended this long dispute between the Macdonalds, and the Macleans; and it ended as the disputes of those times commonly did, in the death of one of the contending parties.

Victory however did not secure repose to the brave Macdonald. Other contests ensued. The death of Maclean had thrown so much power into his hands, that it excited anew the jealousy and ambition of the earl of Argyle. That potent chief got a grant from the crown, as was usual in those days, of the disputed lands both in Kintire, and in Ilay, which Macdonald now possessed. This produced a new series of wars, which lasted many years, between the Campbells, and the Macdonalds. Old Angus Macdonald  
was

was dead : but tho his son inherited his virtues, the power of the house of Inverary at length prevailed ; and the lands in dispute were finally annexed to it's vast domains.

This narrative places in a strong light, the character of those barbarous times — the spirit of aristocratic chiefs — and the extensive mischief of their quarrels, which were continually raging in some part of Scotland. In the mean time the lower members of each little community were as frequently making depredations on their neighbours in a lower style ; and often indeed under the influence of their chiefs, who enriched themselves at the hazard of their vassals ; or made them the instruments of some act of vengeance, in which they did not care to appear openly themselves. When the chief did not want the services of his clan, he allowed them to pillage for themselves. It was no uncommon thing, we are told, for a father to give as a dowry with his daughter, what he could plunder in three Michaelmas moons.

The arts of rapine generated the arts of defence. Cattle were the great objects of plunder ;

plunder ; and many ingenious modes of securing them were practised. Among these arts we are told wonderful stories of the sagacity of the highlanders in tracing their cattle. They could distinguish the track of their own beasts from any other — either by their number — or by their different ages — or by some other signs we are ignorant of ; and would pursue it through the territories of different clans, with the certainty of hounds following their game. Wherever the track was lost, the owner of the land was obliged to recover it : and if he could not, he was sued for the damage. This plea had by long custom obtained the force of law.



## S E C T. XXI.

**H**AVING thus shewn the unfavourable side of the highland character, let us consider it next in a more pleasing light. The whole system of manners indeed which belongs to it, is now wholly changed. You may travel through any part of Scotland; and rarely hear of an atrocious deed. Contention among the chiefs is subsided; and theft, and rapine among the inferior orders are at an end.

There are very few instances, in the annals of human nature of a country so suddenly reclaimed. After the battle of Culloden, when the sovereignty of the highland chiefs was abolished by act of parliament, this happy change immediately took place.

But yet, wise as this measure was, it would have answered no end in reclaiming the manners of the people, if they had not been naturally of a virtuous cast. They thieved not so much from principle, as through the force of clanship. When this was abolished, the honest principles of nature revived. And yet it is very certain, that the prohibition of theft, and rapine among barbarous nations makes no part of their moral code. From the times of the ancient Greeks, to the present Arabs, the invasion of another's property, was never considered as having any criminality in it; tho one would obviously be apt to suppose, that justice should be among the first principles of nature. At this very day, the young Circassian prince is taught by his preceptor to ride, to use his arms, to steal, and to conceal his thefts. The word *thief* is a term of the utmost reproach; but only as it implies detection. He is afterwards led to more considerable, and dangerous robberies; till his cunning, his address, and strength are supposed to be perfect\*.

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\* See Ellis's account of the Caucasian nations.



The Scotch highlander was greatly addicted also to revenge: and carried his quarrels, (as we have just seen), to the last extremity. But for this we can easily account: it was chiefly through a desire to do himself justice; and to repair wrongs, for which the law, but weakly executed, gave him no redress. This we see verified in the narrative I have just given. But one of the strongest illustrations of this remark, is a story told of James Hamilton, who assassinated the regent Murray\*. After the assassination, Hamilton fled into France; where party then raged high. A person there, who knew him, and who wished to assassinate the admiral Coligny; but had not resolution to perpetrate the deed himself; thought he could not apply to a properer man, than Hamilton, who had just committed an act of the same kind in his own country. Hamilton shocked at the proposal, cried out; "What! Villain, do you suppose me an assassin?" and challenged him on the spot.

But notwithstanding the proneness of the Scotch highlander to acts of revenge, and

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\* See page 74.

rapine, he was, in other respects, in the worst of times, a virtuous character. He was faithful, hospitable, temperate, and brave; and if he did not easily forget an injury; he was always esteemed grateful for a benefit. How strict he was where confidence was reposed, appears in a very strong light from that universal protection and fidelity, which the pretender experienced after the battle of Culloden. Tho the penalty for concealing him was so great; and the reward for giving him up so tempting; there was not a single man found among such numbers whom he was obliged to trust, who did not contribute all he could to conceal, and succour him. A fellow of the name of Kennedy, to whom he was particularly obliged, is often mentioned. This man had virtue enough to resist the temptation of £.30,000, tho he was afterwards hanged, I have heard, for stealing a cow. We are told also of a very celebrated robber of the name of Roy M'Greggor, who even formed thieving into a science; and yet was one of the most benevolent men in the country; and remarkable for his many acts of kindness, and friendship. — There appears to be therefore in the Scotch highlander, notwithstanding the blemishes

blemishes in his national character, a good foundation of moral virtue. A spurious kind of religion he always had; but it disturbed the career of none of his passions. It struck no root in his heart: but appeared only in a few wild shoots of superstition. He was a religious observer, for instance, of his oath: but it was only when he had sworn by something, which for some whimsical reason he deemed sacred; his dagger perhaps, or his father's soul: but he would break an oath, taken on a bible, without scruple.

A better direction hath now been given to minds thus in a degree prepared by superstition. King George the second gave, out of the forfeited estates, £.1000 a year, which is still continued, to erect schools — to translate the bible into Erse — and to maintain ministers, and catechists. The good effects of this bounty are very visible \*. Through the whole country we found not only a pleasing simplicity, and civility of manners; but a serious, and religious

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\* It hath done a great deal; but Mr. Knox, in his *Tour through the Highlands, and Hebride Isles*, tells us, that much remains yet to be done; and that the difficulties, which he enumerates, of the missionary preachers, are exceedingly great.

deportment among the common people, which can hardly be conceived by those, who are acquainted with the prophaneness and profligacy of the lower ranks near the capital. A small Erse bible is the highlander's usual companion; and it is common to see him reading it, as he tends his cattle, or rests upon the road. We had frequently this pleasing sight. It is common also, when you enter his little cottage, to see the mother spinning, or knitting, and the children standing round, either reading in the bible; or repeating their catechism.

To this virtuous disposition of the highlander may be added, what commonly accompanies a virtuous disposition, an independent spirit. There are no poor-rates in Scotland; and indeed a relief of that kind would be but ill-relished in the country. While the English peasant will often forge pretences to live on the labour of others; the Scotch highlander, even in his real distresses, will make his last effort, and submit to any inconvenience, before he will complain.

To these remarks on the present character of the Scotch highlander I shall subjoin a pleasing picture of domestic life, both as an  
illustration

illustration of what hath been said ; and as a contrast to the bloody scene, presented a little above. It is taken from a book of poems, by Robert Burns, a bard, as he calls himself, from the plough : but the images being caught from nature, are such as must give pleasure to every feeling heart. The whole indeed is equal to any praise.

*The Cotter's Saturday Night.*

November chill blaws loud with angry sugh<sup>1</sup> ;  
 The short'ning winter-day is near a close ;  
 The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh ;  
 The black'ning trains of Crows<sup>2</sup> to their repose ;  
 The toil-worn Cotter<sup>3</sup> frae<sup>4</sup> his labor goes,  
 (This night his weekly moil is at an end,)  
 Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,  
 Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,  
 And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend,

At length his lonely cot appears in view,  
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree ;  
 Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin, stacher through<sup>5</sup>  
 To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin<sup>6</sup> noise and glee.

<sup>1</sup> *Sugh* is a very expressive word, which we want in English, signifying the sound, which the wind makes, when it is resisted ; as when you strike a stick through it ; or when it blows against trees.

<sup>2</sup> *Crows*, rooks.      <sup>3</sup> *Cotter*, cottager.      <sup>4</sup> *Frae*, from.

<sup>5</sup> *Wee-things toddlin, stacher through* — Children walking unsteadily, stagger along.

<sup>6</sup> *Flichterin*, fluttering like young birds.

His wee-bit <sup>1</sup> ingle, blinkin bonilie,  
 His clean hearth stane, his thrifty wife's smile,  
 The lisping infant, prattling on his knee,  
 Does a' his weary kiaugh <sup>2</sup> and care beguile,  
 And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.

Belyve the elder bairns <sup>3</sup> come drapping in,  
 At service out, amang the farmers roun' ;  
 Some ca' the pleugh <sup>4</sup>, some herd, some tentie rin <sup>5</sup>  
 A cannie <sup>6</sup> errand to a neebor town :  
 Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,  
 In youthful bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,  
 Comes hame perhaps, to show a braw <sup>7</sup> new gown,  
 Or deposite her fair-won penny-fee,  
 To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

With joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet,  
 And each for other's weelfare kindly spiers <sup>8</sup> ;  
 The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet ;  
 Each tells the uncos <sup>9</sup> that he sees or hears.  
 The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years ;  
 Anticipation forward points the view ;  
 The mother, wi' her needle and her sheers,  
 Gars auld claes look amaisht as weel's the new <sup>10</sup> ;  
 The father mixes a wi' <sup>11</sup> admonition due.

<sup>1</sup> *His wee-bit ingle blinkin* — his little fire blazing with unsteady light.

<sup>2</sup> *Kiaugh*, distress of mind.

<sup>3</sup> *Belyve the elder bairns*. Soon the elder children.

<sup>4</sup> *Ca'*, drive. <sup>5</sup> *Tentie rin* — carefully run.

<sup>6</sup> *Cannie*, dextrous. <sup>7</sup> *Braw*, fine. <sup>8</sup> *Spiers*, inquires.

<sup>9</sup> *Uncos*, news.

<sup>10</sup> *Gars auld claes look amaisht as weel's the new*.

Makes old clothes look almost as well as new.

<sup>11</sup> *A wi'* — all with.

Their master's and their mistresses's command,  
 The youngkers a' are warned to obey ;  
 And mind their labors wi' an eydent hand <sup>1</sup>,  
 And ne'er, tho' out o' fight, to jauk <sup>2</sup> or play :  
 ' And O ! be sure to fear the Lord alway !  
 ' And mind your duty <sup>3</sup>, duly, morn and night !  
 ' Left in temptation's path ye gang astray,  
 ' Implore his counsel and assisting might :  
 ' They never fought in vain that fought the Lord aright !'

But hark ! a rap comes gently to the door ;  
 Jenny, wha kens <sup>4</sup> the meaning o' the same,  
 Tells how a neebor lad cam <sup>5</sup> o'er the moor,  
 To do some errands, and convoy her hame.  
 The wily mother sees the conscious flame  
 Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek,  
 With heart-struck anxious care enquires his name,  
 While Jenny haffins <sup>6</sup> is afraid to speak ;  
 Weel pleas'd the mother hears, it's nae wild worthless rake.

With kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben <sup>7</sup> ;  
 A strappan youth ; he takes the mother's eye ;  
 Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en <sup>8</sup> ;  
 The father cracks <sup>9</sup> of horses, pleughs, and kye <sup>10</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> *Eydent*, diligent.      <sup>2</sup> *To jauk*, to loiter.

<sup>3</sup> *Mind your duty*. Say your prayers.

<sup>4</sup> *Wha kens*. Who knows.

<sup>5</sup> *A neebor lad cam*. A neighbour lad came.

<sup>6</sup> *Haffins*, hesitatingly.

<sup>7</sup> *Ben*. The Scotch cottage consists commonly of two apartments, the *but*, and the *ben*. The latter is the inner part, where the family sit.

<sup>8</sup> *No ill ta'en*. Not ill taken.

<sup>9</sup> *Cracks*, talks with pleasure.      <sup>10</sup> *Kye*, cows.

The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,  
 But blate an ' laithfu', scarce can weel behave;  
 The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy  
 What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave;  
 Weel pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like the lave'.

O happy love! where love like this is found!  
 O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!  
 I've paced much this weary, mortal round,  
 And sage experience bids me this declare—  
 ' If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,  
 ' One cordial in this melancholy vale,  
 ' 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,  
 ' In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale,  
 ' Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale.'

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—  
 A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!  
 That can with studied, sly, ensnaring art,  
 Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?  
 Curse on his perjur'd art! dissembling smooth!  
 Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exil'd?  
 Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,  
 Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?  
 Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild!

But now the supper crowns their simple board,  
 The healsome parritch<sup>3</sup>, chief of Scotia's food:

<sup>1</sup> *Blate an laithfu'* — modest, and bashful.

<sup>2</sup> *The lave*, like other young women.

<sup>3</sup> *Healsome parritch*. Wholesome porridge. It is a mess made of oatmeal and water boiled thick together; which is eaten with milk. In the next line we are told their *bauckie* (their cow) affords the soupe; or the milk, with which it is eaten. This is the common food for breakfast, and supper among the low people.

The



The soupe their only hawkie does afford.

That 'yont the hallan<sup>1</sup> snugly chews her cood,  
The Dame brings forth in complimental mood,  
To grace the lad, her weel hain'd kebbuck, fell<sup>2</sup>,  
And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it guid:  
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,  
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell<sup>3</sup>,

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,  
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;  
The Sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,  
The big ha' bible<sup>4</sup>, ance his father's pride:  
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,  
His lyart haffets<sup>5</sup> shewing thin and bare:  
From strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,  
He wales<sup>6</sup> a portion with judicious care;  
And, "let us worship God!" he says with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;  
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:  
Perhap's *Dundee's*<sup>7</sup> wild-warbling measures rise,  
Or plaintive *Martyrs*<sup>8</sup> worthy of the name;

<sup>1</sup> *Hallan*, a separation in the house, beyond which the cow is housed in winter.

<sup>2</sup> *Weel-bained kebbuck, fell* — well-preserved cheese of strong taste.

<sup>3</sup> *How 'twas a towmond auld sin lint was i' the bell.* That it was a year old, when flax was in bloom. The vegetation of different plants makes the common calendar among the low people in Scotland.

<sup>4</sup> *Big ha' bible.* Large hall bible.

<sup>5</sup> *His lyart haffets.* His grey temples.

<sup>6</sup> *Wales.* Seeks out, selects.      ? <sup>7</sup> Names of psalm-tunes.

Or noble *Elgin*<sup>1</sup> beets<sup>2</sup> the heavenward flame,  
 The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays ;  
 Compar'd with these Italian trills are tame ;  
 The tickl'd ears no heartfelt raptures raise ;  
 Nae unison hae they, with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,  
 How Abram was the friend of God on high ;  
 Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage  
 With Amalek's ungracious progeny ;  
 Or how the royal bard did groaning lie,  
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire ;  
 Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry ;  
 Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire ;  
 Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,  
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ;  
 How He, who bore in heaven the second name,  
 Had not on earth whereon to lay His head :  
 How His first followers and servants sped ;  
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a land ;  
 How he, who 'lone in Patmos banished,  
 Saw in the sun a mighty Angel stand ;  
 And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounc'd by Heav'n's  
 command.

Then kneeling down to heaven's eternal King,  
 The saint, the father, and the husband prays ;  
 Hope ' springs exulting on triumphant wing \*,'  
 That thus they all shall meet in future days .

<sup>1</sup> A psalm tune.      <sup>2</sup> *Beets*, adds fewel to.

\* Pope's Windsor forest.

There ever bask in uncreated rays,  
 No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,  
 Together hymning their Creator's praise,  
 In such society, yet still more dear ;  
 While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor religion's pride,  
 In all the pomp of method, and of art,  
 When men display to congregations wide,  
 Devotion's every grace, except the heart !  
 The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert,  
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ;  
 But haply, in some cottage far apart,  
 May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the soul ;  
 And in his *book of life*, the inmates poor enroll. \*

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way ;  
 The younglin cottagers retire to rest :  
 The parent pair their secret homage pay,  
 And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,  
 That He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,  
 And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,  
 Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,  
 For them, and for their little ones provide ;  
 But chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

\* This pleasing picture of a family supper, I am told, is drawn from the life. After their meal it is a common practice to unite in worship. A psalm is first sung, Then the father of the family reads a chapter in the bible ; and they all afterwards join in prayer.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



**OBSERVATIONS**  
**ON**  
**SEVERAL PARTS OF GREAT BRITAIN,**  
  
**PARTICULARLY**  
***THE HIGH-LANDS***  
**OF**  
**Scotland,**  
  
**RELATIVE CHIEFLY TO**  
**PICTURESQUE BEAUTY,**  
  
**MADE IN THE YEAR 1776.**

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**By WILLIAM GILPIN, A.M.**  
**PREBENDARY OF SALISBURY; AND VICAR OF BOLDRE IN**  
**NEW-FOREST, NEAR LYMINGTON.**

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**C O N T E N T S**  
**O F**  
**THE SECOND VOLUME.**

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**S E C T. XXI.**

**L O C H - F Y N E.** 1 — Remarks on the height of mountains.  
2 — Uncharacterised scenery. 3 — Passage in Tacitus  
illustrated. 4 — Carndow. 6 — Valley of Kinlas. 6 —  
Remarks on skies. 7 — Glen-Crocy. 10 — Loch-Loung.  
12 — Tarbet. 13.

**S E C T. XXII.**

**Loch-Lomond.** 15 — Road from Tarbet to Lufs. 15  
— Remarks on a passage of Joel. 17.

**S E C T. XXIII.**

**View of the several islands of Loch-Lomond from De-  
vannoc.** 23.

**SECT.**

## S E C T. XXIV.

A reverie. 34 — Salmon passing through the lake. 37 — Agitation in Loch-Lomond. 37 — Agitation in Loch-Tay. — 38.

## S E C T. XXV.

Dumbarton-rock, and castle. 43 — Lychen geographicus. 47 — Views from the batteries. 48 — Account of similar fortresses. 49 — Seized in queen Mary's time. 51.

## S E C T. XXVI.

Dunglass-castle. 55 — Glasgow. 55 — Chapel at Paisley. 56 — Bothwell-castle. 56 — Hamilton-house, and grounds. 57 — earl of Denbigh, by Vandyck. 58 — Criticism on Ruben's picture of Daniel in the lions den. 59 — Chatelherault. 65.

## S E C T. XXVII.

Account of the admirable Crichton. 68 — Falls of the Clyde. 71 — Lead-mines. 73 — Story of Mr. Lothian. 74 — Taylor, a miner. 76 — Approach to Drumlanrig. 77.

## S E C T. XXVIII.

Queensberry-house. 79 — Sir James Douglas. 80 — Garden of Queensberry-house. 83.

SECT.



**S E C T. XXIX.**

Grounds around Queensberry-house. 87 — The Scottish buffalo. 88 — Remarks on disguises. 90 — On the natural colour of cattle. 92 — Queensberry-hill. 95 — Tieber's castle. 95 — Entrekin. 96.

**S E C T. XXX.**

Linclouden college. 97 — Dumfries. 98 — Account of a wonderful recovery from a lethargy. 100 — Shores of Solway-frith. 101 — St. Mary's isle. 103 — Story of Paul Jones. 104 — Gretna-green. 107 — Approach to England. 109.

**S E C T. XXXI.**

General remarks on Scotch landscape. First, on it's being in a state of nature. 111.

**S E C T. XXXII.**

Poverty of Scotch landscape from want of objects; particularly of wood. 117.

**S E C T. XXXIII.**

General remarks on the mountains, lakes, and rivers of Scotland. 127.

**S E C T. XXXIV.**

The cattle, and inhabitants of the highlands considered in a picturesque light. 135.

**SECT.**

## S E C T. XXXV.

Improvements of taste in Scotland. 141 — Variety which different circumstances introduce in landscape. 144.

## S E C T. XXXVI.

Cockbridge. 147 — Whitehall. 147 — Retrospect of the borders of Scotland. 148 — Approach to Cockermouth. — Vale of Cockermouth. 149 — Castle of Cockermouth. 149 — Description of the road from Cockermouth to Kefwick, by Armithwaite bridge. 151.

## S E C T. XXXVII.

Tour round the lake of Kefwick. 159 — How such a scene might be improved. 161.

## S E C T. XXXVIII.

View from Lancaster-castle in a storm. 173.

## S E C T. XXXIX.

Country through Lancashire. 179 — Trentham. 182. — Enville. 185 — Bulstrode. 187 — Witton. 192 — Mr. Pope's garden at Twickenham. 192 — View of the Thames. 193. — Strawberry-hill. 194.

# OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

## *HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.*

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### S E C T. XXII.

**W**E left the scenes of Inverary with regret; those scenes, in which the grand and beautiful are as harmoniously combined as we almost in any place remembered to have seen them. We approached it through magnificent woods; and we left it through a succession of lake-scenery, still more magnificent. Ten miles we travelled along the confines of Loch-Fyne, skirting that grand opening, which it forms to the north east.

It's skreens are every where equal to the expanse of it's waters. They are indeed chiefly  
VOL. II. B naked,

naked, and want some such munificent hand as we had just left, to spread a little sylvan drape upon their bare, enormous sides. But what they lose in beauty, they gain in grandeur.

Their situation also upon the lake operated as another cause, to impress the idea of grandeur. Nothing exalts the dignity of a mountain so much, as it's rising from the water's edge. In measuring it, as it appears connected with the ground, the eye knows not where to begin, but continues creeping up in quest of a base, till half the mountain is lost. But a water-line prevents this ambiguity; and to the height of the mountain even adds the edging at the bottom, which naturally belongs not to it. Thus the mountain of Doniquaick, seen from the new inn at Inverary, appears as if it rose from the water's edge, tho in fact the duke of Argyle's lawn intervenes, all which the mountain appropriates: and tho it measures only eight hundred and thirty-five feet, it has a more respectable appearance, than many mountains of twice it's height unconnected with water.

But these skreens, tho the *grand* idea is principally impressed upon them, are not totally devoid of *beauty*. Two circumstances  
in

1944  
FEB 10

1944  
FEB 10



in a lake-screen produce this quality; the line, which it's *summits* form; and the *water-line*, which is formed by projections into the lake.\*

Of these modes of beauty we had great profusion; and might have filled volumes with sketches: but unless there is something in a scene besides these beautiful lines, something which is striking, and characteristic, it we have seen, in artificial

scenery is still less adapted to  
g, the beauty of which de-  
composition, and the distri-  
In *painting* indeed, colour-  
me value; but in this kind  
something more interesting  
the eye; some consequential  
; other parts of the compo-  
ges.

de round this extensive bay  
of Loch-Fyne, we met only one object of  
any consequence to mark the scenery. It was  
a ruined castle upon a low peninsula. The

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\* See this subject treated at large in *Observations on the lakes and mountains of Cumberland, &c.* p. 82 and 95.

lake spread in a bay before it, and behind it hung a grand curtain of distant mountains ; one of which is marked with a peculiar feature — that of a vast ridge sloping towards the eye.

We now approached the end of the lake, where, in the seaman's phrase, we *raked* a long reach of it. When we view it in this direction, and conceive ourselves at the head of a bay of salt water, sixty or seventy fathoms deep, four miles in breadth, and at least fifty from the sea, we have a grand idea of the immense cavern, which is scooped out between these ranges of mountains, as the receptacle of this bed of waters. If we could have seen it immediately after the diluvian crash, or whatever convulsion of nature occasioned it, before the waters gushed in, what a horrid chasm must it have appeared !

So high as heaved the tumid hills, so low  
Down sunk a hollow bottom, broad, and deep,  
Capacious bed of waters —————

Ideas of this kind seem to explain a difficult passage in Tacitus. In describing the Caledonian coast, he observes that, *Nusquam latius dominari mare ; multum fluminum huc, atque illuc*



*illuc ferre ; nec litore tenuis accrescere, aut refo-  
beri ; sed influere penitus, atque ambire, etiam  
jugis atque montibus inseri, velut in suo.\**

Some explain this passage, as if the sea would sometimes cover even the tops of the mountains. Others, among whom is the learned Gronovius, † laying the stress upon the word *ambire*, and arbitrarily changing *velut in suo* into *velut insulis*, make the sea, instead of covering the mountains in it's rage, only to surround them, and form them into islands.

Neither of these interpretations can well be the historian's meaning, as they both imply the sea to be in an agitated state : whereas he had just before told us, that these seas were scarce ever known to be agitated. *Pigrum et grave remigantibus perhibent ; ne ventis quidem proinde attolli :* and this information he seems himself to have believed ; giving physical reasons, such as they are, to ascertain it's probability. We are constrained therefore to illustrate this passage in some sense exclusive of that dominion of the sea, which it exercises in a storm.

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\* In vita Agric.

† In a note in his edition of Tacitus, which he seems to approve.

Two other species of it's dominion over the land, seem to be alluded to; the dominion of tides, and that dominion, which it seems to assert, by running up in creeks into the country. I should therefore translate the passage thus: *Over no country the sea asserts more dominion. In various parts it meets the mouths of rivers; and not only washes the shores with the flux, and reflux of it's tides; but flows boldly up the country, winds round vast stretches of hills, and mountains; and makes deep inroads into the land, as if it were it's natural channel.* — There cannot be a better comment upon this passage, than the western coast of Scotland; which may in some degree therefore ascertain the truth of the translation.

Having doubled the northern point of Loch-Fyne, we came to Carndow, which consists only of a few inconsiderable houses; and turning to the left, we pursued our rout in quest of the scenes of Loch-Lomond. Our road led through the valley of Kinlas, which is one of the wildest, and most sublime vallies we had yet met with. The two ranges of mountains, which form it's skreens, approach within two or three hundred yards.

We

We were immured between them.\* Mountains brought near the eye, like objects in a microscope, appear monstrous. They require distance to give them softness; and remove deformities. But these mountains had few deformities to remove. They were magnificent; and yet well proportioned: bare of wood indeed, but rich from a varied and broken surface.

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                    Their contrasts broad,  
And careless lines, and undulating forms  
Played through the varied scene.

Through the valley ran a stream, tumbling violently over the rocky fragments, that opposed it's course: and to compleat the grandeur of the whole, the sky happened to harmonize with the mountains, shaping the clouds into those grand forms, which Virgil calls the *cava nubila cæli*; and Shakespear, still more expressively, *the cloudy cheeks of heaven*—those swelling forms, which present so strongly the idea of puffed cheeks. Shakespear's idea may be inelegant: but it is exact; and the forms themselves are very picturesque.

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\* See a scene of this kind described, in *Observations on lakes, and mountains*, &c. vol. i. p. 209.

It is a happy circumstance, when we find a sky thus suited to a landscape. In point of *harmony of colouring* the sky and landscape seldom vary. The former generally impresses it's ruling tint on the latter. But the *harmony of composition* is another point; and is not always so exactly found. Tho the general tint of the sky may be harmonious; the clouds may still be ill-formed, and unpicturesque. And it cannot be otherwise: for among all the appearances of nature, nothing assumes such variety of shapes, as these floating bodies. Amidst this variety there must often be bad forms. The painter therefore takes care not only to impress the ruling tint of the sky on his landscape; but also to get a good modulation of the sky, in that key, if I may so speak, which he hath chosen.

No precise rules in the choice of a sky can be given: nor in the adapting of skies to landscape. This latter especially is matter of taste, rather than of rule. In general, clouds in large masses, like those, which gave occasion to these remarks, are more beautiful, than when they are frittered. Large swelling fleecy clouds on a blue sky are often beautiful. A few light floating clouds (yet rather contiguous,)

tiguous,) in one part of the sky; when the other part is of a uniform tint, has the effect of contrast. It is a beautiful species of sky also, when the dark part melts gradually into the lighter: and this may be carried to the highest degree of contrast in a storm. Breaks also in the sky, when you see a light part through the disparting of dark clouds, are pleasing. And one or other of these species may be suited to all landscape. The full meridian sun, and clear etherial sky, are seldom chosen. The painter commonly chooses his skies in a morning, or evening; which he thinks will inlighten his picture to the best advantage, and give it the most brilliancy. Of one thing he should be very careful; and that is to avoid all shapes of animals, or other objects, into which clouds are sometimes apt to form themselves. I have seen a good picture spoiled from having the clouds formed in the shape of a swan. From this mischief Shakespear may guard us.

Sometimes you see a cloud, that's dragonish:  
 A vapour sometimes like a bear, or lion;  
 A tow'ring citadel, a pendent rock;  
 A forked mountain; or blue promontory  
 With trees upon't, that nod, and mock the eye  
 With empty air. —————

Having

Having travelled two or three miles in the valley of Kinlas, we found the end of it closed by the skirts of a mountain, which the road ascends. Here the river, (which in the valley, was only a violent stream) descends in a rougher manner, through the several stages of the mountain; and sweetened the toil of our ascent, which was made on foot, by exhibiting cataracts, and water-falls in great variety. At the summit, we found a small lake, which was the reservoir of all these beautiful exhibitions. The road we travelled, is a military one; and has been made at great expence of labour. The toil it cost in making; and the toil it cost in ascending, are expressed in an inscription on a stone-seat at the top, *Rest, and be thankful!*

The descent, on the other side, is a direct precipice: but a zig-zag road is contrived, which is passable enough. This road brought us into Glen-Croey; which is a scene of peculiar construction.

Glen-Croey is a valley, which seemed about two miles in length, tho it may be longer, well proportioned in it's dimensions; and screened, on each side by mountains as  
magnificent,

magnificent, and as finely formed, as those we had passed: but it's peculiarity is this, that altho in the neighbourhood of the wildest, and most rugged scenes, yet (contrary to the usual mode in which nature unites contiguous landscapes) it is totally smooth, and almost polished. The bottom of the valley consists chiefly of fine pasturage, which cloaths also the sides of the mountains. The softness of the herbage upon their distant sides, appeared like a rich, spreading, velvet mantle. Here and there the broken channel of a torrent had formed gutters in the declivities; but in general, all was quiet, and unbroken. Had this valley, and it's lofty skreens been planted, the scene would have been delightful. The grandeur of the valley of Kinlas could support itself independent of wood: but the valley of Croey, inclining rather to the beautiful, than to the sublime, is not complete without that accompaniment.

In the middle of the valley stands a lonely cottage, sheltered with a few trees, and adorned with it's little orchard, and other appendages. We might call it a seat of empire. Here resides the hind, who manages, and overlooks the cattle, which in numerous herds, graze

graze this fertile valley : and if peace, and quietness inhabit not his humble mansion, it does not harmonize with the scene, to which it belongs.

From the valley of Croey we soon reached the banks of *Loch-Loung*, or *the lake of ships*, another salt-water lake ; in which, according to the geography of Tacitus, the sea is wont *influere penitus, atque ambire, etiam jugis, atque montibus inferi, velut in suo.*

In the account I have given of the two vallies, which lie between Loch-Fyne, and Loch-Loung, I have described the first as rough ; and the latter, which is the valley of Croey, as smooth. I should not however conceal, that I have seen the journal of a late traveller, which inverts this order. It makes the valley of Kinlas pasturage ; and Croey, it describes as rocky. I dare not take upon me to say, I have made no mistake. I can only say, that my minutes were taken on the spot.

Loch-Loung opposed our farther passage by it's extremity, which formed the point of a bay. This bay we skirted with so much







much pleasure, that we could have wished the interruption had been greater. As we approached the vertical point, it rose in value, exhibiting a simple, and very sublime piece of lake-scenery. Upon it's shores and rocks lie sea-weed, shells, and other marks of a tide; which alone shew it to be salt-water; for it's banks have all the verdure, and vegetation of an inland-lake.

From the confines of Loch-Loung, we had a short ride to Tarbet, which stands upon Loch-Lomond; the scene we had so long expected. *Tarbet* is a common name in Scotland for a town seated on an isthmus between two lakes; which is the situation of this place; a mere neck of land dividing Loch-Loung from Loch-Lomond. Some suppose the word *Tarbet*, to signify the same as a *Carrying-place* in America. Here the scenes of Loch-Lomond opened before us.



## S E C T. XXIII.

**L** OCH-LOMOND is a fresh water lake ; about twenty-four miles in length. It's northern end is narrow, running up a considerable way, among lofty mountains : but it widens towards the south by degrees ; and attains a great breadth. Some say it's surface is observed gradually to increase ; and pretend to shew the ruins of buildings far in the waters, when they are in a transparent state. But we saw nothing of the kind. — As this lake has ever been esteemed one of the most celebrated scenes in Scotland, it will be proper to dwell a little upon it.

Tarbet lies upon the narrower part of the lake, from whence we took our rout to Lufs, which commands the broader. The road accompanies the lake ; and is exceedingly grand, and generally every where lofty.

Water,

Water, and mountains are the removed part of the scene: rocks and hanging woods adorn the foreground, among which, at every turn of the road, the lake appears to much advantage. The whole road is exactly that path upon the grand scale of nature, which is prescribed in the improvements of art:

——— that path, from whence, the sight is led  
 Gradual to view the whole. Where'er thou windst  
 That line, take heed between the scene, and eye,  
 To vary, and to mix thy chosen greens.  
 Here for a while with cedar, or with larch,  
 (That from the ground spread their close texture,) hide  
 The view entire. Then o'er some lowly tuft,  
 Where rose and woodbine bloom, permit it's charms  
 To burst upon the sight. Now through a copse  
 Of beech, that rear their smooth, and stately trunks,  
 Admit it partially; and half exclude,  
 And half reveal it's graces. In this path,  
 How long soe'er the wanderer roves, each step  
 Shall wake fresh beauties; each short point present  
 A different picture, new, and yet the same.

This road is one of the grand entrances into the highlands; and a very formidable one it is. It runs along the side of a mountain, and is in many parts a mere precipice hanging over the lake; and tho secured sufficiently for travellers, is still a dangerous defile for an army. The difficulty of making  
 it

it has been great. In several parts it is cut through the solid rock, which is left as a pavement; and the grateful traveller finds himself indebted (as an inscription with Roman brevity informs him) to the labours of Colonel Lascelles's regiment.

About three miles from Tarbet, where the road rises, we have a grand retrospect of the narrow part of the lake. A mountain, on the left, near the eye, runs boldly into the water; beyond which the lake retires, bay after bay, in perspective, among distant mountains into its deep recesses.

The colouring of these mountains was very beautiful. It was an early hour: the sun just rising had not strength to dissipate the blue mists, which hung upon them; but yet its faint radiance, here and there, tinged their broken points, and shed an effusion of the softest, and most delicate light. The effect too was assisted by the waters of the lake, which in some parts were scarce distinguishable from the base of the mountains.

There is a passage in the prophet Joel, which I think nobly descriptive of such a scene as this. He is describing the day, in which the Lord cometh to execute judgment.

*It is a day, says he, of darkness, and gloominess — a day of clouds, and thick darkness — as the morning spread upon the mountains.*

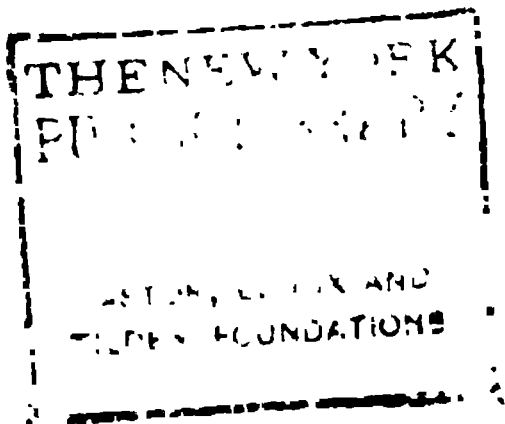
Having been always pleased with this passage, particularly the last clause of it, as a piece of sublime, and picturesque imagery, I was not a little disappointed in finding it animadverted on by so able a critic, as the bishop of London, in his excellent translation of *Isaiah*.\* He allows the *morning* to be the *usual* sense of the Hebrew word in this place: but as the same word also signifies *gloom*, he rather prefers that word here, because the *morning*, he thinks, is an *incongruous idea*.

If the bishop had ever paid any attention to the effects of morning-lights in a mountainous country (which the prophet, who had always lived in such a country, probably did,) he would not perhaps have taxed the vulgar translation of this passage with *incongruity*. By a very easy, and elegant metonymy, the morning, which is the *cause*, may stand for that *brightened gloom*, which is the *effect*. — If, on the other hand, we understand by

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\* See his note on *Is. viii. 20*.







the *morning* only a *gloom*, the sentiment gains nothing. It is a mere repetition.

I would not be supposed to dispute a point of criticism with so great a master as the bishop of London; but I may without vanity, suppose myself better acquainted with the effects of morning-lights in a mountainous country; and may therefore be allowed to say, that *the morning spread upon the mountains*, is, at least not an incongruous expression.

At Lufs we got into a boat, and rowed to the middle of the lake, where we lay upon our oars to take a view of the scenery around us.

To the north we looked far up the narrow channel of the lake, which we had just seen from the shore. We were now more in the center of the view. But the scene was now shifted. It was more a vista. The mountains shelved beautifully into the water, on both sides; and the bottom of the lake was occupied by Ben-vorlie, which filled it's station with great distinction. On the right, Ben-lomond, the second hill in Scotland, raised it's respectable head. While the waters at their base, were

c 2

dark,

dark, like a black, transparent mirror. But in this point of view the form of Ben-lomond was rather injured by the regularity of it's line, which consists of three stages of ascent. In general however, this mountain appears finely sloped ; and it's surface beautifully broken.

Ben-lomond measures in height between three and four thousand feet from the surface of the lake, extending it's skirts far, and wide into the country. It's lofty fides are subject to various climates ; and maintain various inhabitants. The ptarmigan, and other heath-fowls frequent it's upper regions : it's lower are sought, as a favourite haunt, by the roe-buck : while the many irriguous valleys, and sheltered pastures at it's base, tempt the peasants of the country to settle among them.

By this time the early hour of sun-rise had passed away. The *morning spread upon the mountains* — those velvet lights, which we had seen from the Tarbet-road, had now taken a more vivid hue ; and the vapours forming a more transparent medium, began to discover through their thinner veil a fine purple tint ;  
which

which had overspread the tops of the mountains; and is one of the most beautiful of all the hues, that invest those lofty stations. Poussin is so fond of it, that in general, I think, he throws too much purple into his distances: and the imagination of Virgil could conceive nothing beyond it in the Elysian fields, where he tells us that a brighter sun spreads it's radiance upon the mountains;

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et lumine vestit

Purpureo \* 

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The view to the south has less value in *a picturesque light*. The surface of the lake is broken by a number of islands, which are scattered about it, and prevent all *unity of composition*. It's banks also, in that direction, are tame scenes of pasturage, and cultivation; and the mountains, which screened it's northern regions, are here removed. As we could not therefore admire the southern part of the

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\* Purpureus often signifies, *shining*, or *glowing*; but it is often descriptive of colour also, and signifies *purple*. Thus Horace speaks of *purpurei tyranni*; and Ovid of *purpureus pudor*. And where the term is applied to the colouring of a mountain, I cannot conceive it can mean any thing but *purple*.

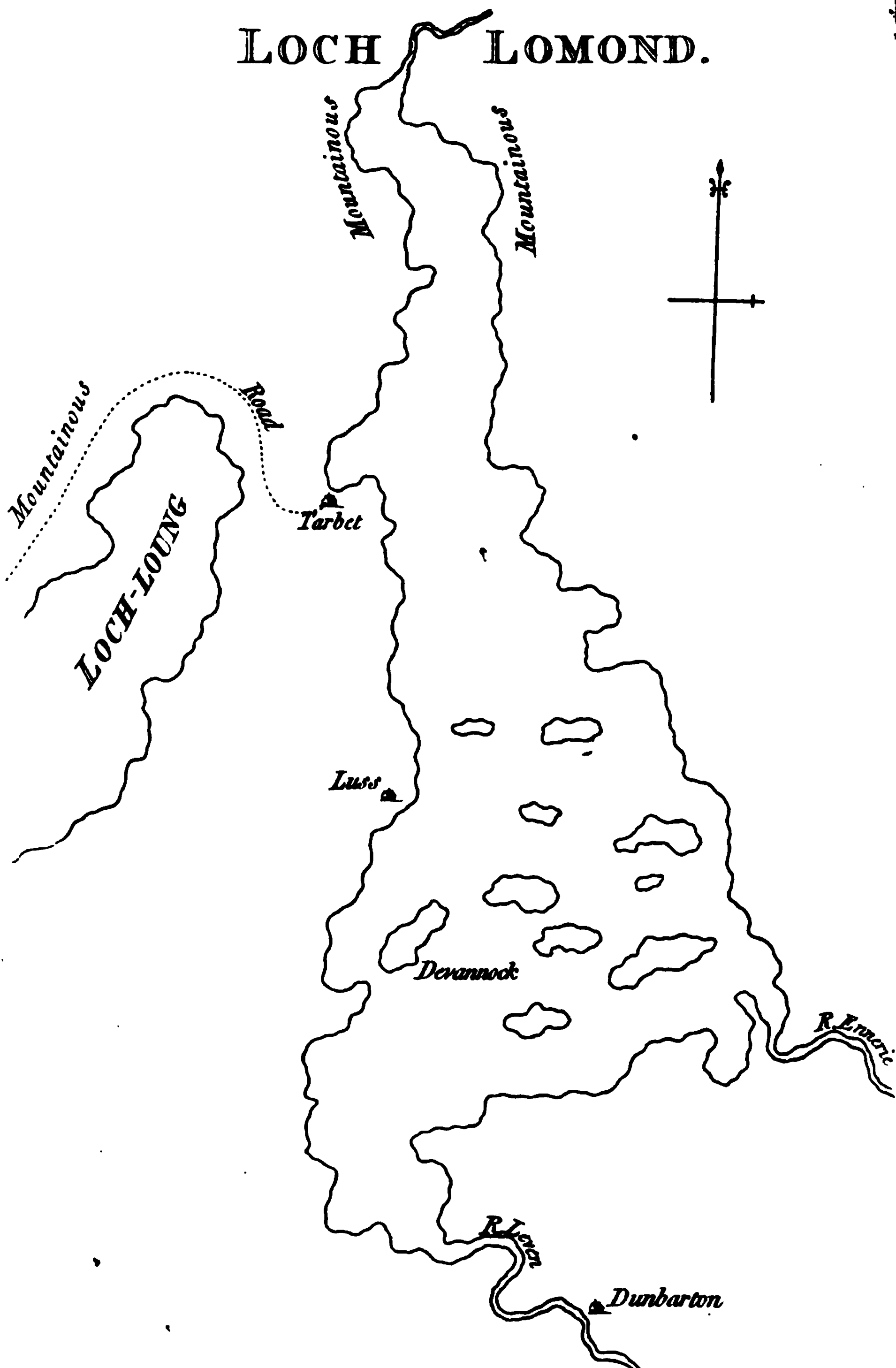
lake, as a *picture*, we wished to examine it as a *map*: and for this purpose we looked round for an advantageous point, that might command a fair view of the whole.

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# LOCH LOMOND.





## S E C T. XXIV.

**O**N the western side of the lake, is an island, called Devannoc; which rises at one end into a lofty hill. To this island we steered; and mooring our bark in a creek, we ascended the hill under the conduct of our boatman, who was a very intelligent guide. The ascent cost us a full half-hour; and we thought it somewhat extraordinary to find a hill of such dimensions upon an island in a lake. When we gained the summit we seated ourselves on a rock cushioned with moss, and heath; and as the day 'was fine, we had indeed a most amusing view over all the southern division of the lake.

A vast expanse of water, at least ten miles in diameter, lay before the eye, interspersed with various islands of different forms, and dimensions. Among these the little barks, which

which navigated the lake, and plied among the several channels, appeared and disappeared by turns ; dividing portions of land into islands, which to the eye seemed united.

The island (or *incb* according to the Erse) which lay nearest to us is Ghenaghan. It is an island of considerable extent ; being not less than a mile in length. It consists of great variety of high ground ; and is every where woody. On the hither side it is indented by a large semicircular bay ; which gives it a peculiar appearance.

Beyond Ghenaghan lies Inch-Crune, about half a mile in length ; flat, unwooded, and covered chiefly with pasturage.

Inch-Fad lies in the same direction, beyond Crune ; and is nearly of the same dimensions ; flat also, and unwooded.

To the south, between Crune, and Ghenaghan, lies Moin, one of the largest islands in the lake. It is flat ; its shores are much indented ; one half of it consists of pasturage, and the other of a peat-moss.

Beyond Inch-Fad, verging towards the eastern side of the lake, lies Inch-Calloch, or the *Isle of Nuns* ; which is about a mile in length. It consists of high ground, and is  
very

very woody ; but the eye, at so great a distance, could not distinguish the indenting of it's shores. This island, which is regularly inhabited, is in this respect of greater dignity than any other upon the lake. It is remarkable also on another account. The clan of M'greggors, who occupied the mountainous limits on the north of the lake, and were proscribed by an act of parliament, for their thefts and rapine, had among them one very egregious superstition, which was to lay their bones in this island, where still appear the remains of a holy-house. Accordingly they have all been buried here from time immemorial ; presuming, no doubt, (as men, in all ages, seem from sacrifices, or other rites, to have had some idea of atonement) that the sanctity of the ground would deprecate the guilt of their lives.

There is another reason however given for burying in islands ; which is practised also in other parts of Scotland. When the country abounded with wolves, it is said, these animals would often attack church-yards ; against which the people guarded by insular graves. Thus a practice founded in necessity, might have been continued through superstition.

To

To the southward of M'greggor's isle, lie Grange, and Torremach, each of which islands is about half a mile in length: both are woody, but Torremach consists of higher ground.

In the same direction, lies the island of Merin, the largest upon the lake; being two Scotch miles in length, which are nearly equal to three of English measure. It's breadth also is proportionable, measuring above a mile from one side to the other. This island, which is very woody, and consists of high, irregular ground, is converted into a park, by the duke of Montrose. The keeper, and his family, are the only inhabitants, which it contains. Formerly this island was a place of more note, and was dignified with a noble mansion, built by the duke of Lenox.

On the other side of M'greggor's island, towards the north, lies Inch-Lonac, formed in the shape of a crescent; with some wood upon it, but more heath. This also is a considerable island; being near two miles in length. It is the property of sir James Colquhoun, who has turned it into a deer-park. — Commodious as these situations seem for deer, a good paling is a better fence than a lake,

lake, however deep. Often a herd, landing together, will venture through this vast expanse of waters, in quest of better pasturage: and it is one of the most laborious parts of the keeper's employment, to pursue the emigrants, and drive them home.

In an opposite direction lies Inch-Galbrith. This island the osprey-eagle inhabits, in preference to any other on the lake: but for what particular advantages, the naturalist is ignorant. From his residence here he sends out his rapacious colonies. Fish is his prey: but nature hath neither given him the power to swim, nor the art to dive. She has furnished him however with powers, equally destructive. With a keen eye he hovers over the lake; and seeing from a great height, some inadvertent fish near the surface, he darts rapidly upon it; and plunging his talons, and breast, if need be, into the water, keeps his pinions aloof in the air, undipped; on the strength of which he springs upwards with his prey, tho it is sometimes bulky. The osprey differs little from the sea-eagle; only he is more, what is commonly termed, a *fresh-water pirate*.

Besides these larger islands, there are others of smaller dimensions; which are too numerous  
for

for particular notice. In any other place they would make a figure; but here we consider them only as garnish to the rest. We counted eighteen islands distinctly lying before us; but we were told there are not fewer than thirty scattered over the lake; three of which have churches upon them, tho, I believe, now in ruins.

One of these islands is observed alternately to sink, and rise. This is a common story among lakes; and the mystery of it generally is, that the water, tho it's apparent form is rarely altered, is yet sometimes so high, as to cover an island, which happens to be very flat. I have heard however well attested stories of islands, in some lakes, that really rise and sink. This may possibly be owing to fungous earth dilated by vegetation, and detaching itself by it's lightness from the bottom. As it's vegetation ceases, and it becomes of course more compressed, and more saturated with water, it loses it's buoyancy, and sinks. The fact I believe is unquestioned; but I will not pretend to say, that this solution accounts sufficiently for it.

Besides this, there is another kind of floating island, which hath been sometimes seen  
upon

upon this lake, and hath confounded the eye of travellers ; and that is a sort of raft, which the inhabitants used to make of a considerable size, fastening the shafts of several pines together, and covering them with earth, and clods. These rafts were useful on many occasions. I believe they are not now in use ; as boats are much more manageable, and commodious. But in elder times, the raft was the first species of lake-navigation. On it the inhabitants used to transport their cattle, hay, or any other bulky commodity, from one part of the lake to another. But the raft was principally of use in times of alarm. When an adverse clan was laying waste the country, some poor highlander would ship his family, and moveables on board a raft ; and running under the lee of an island, would attach himself to it. His raft at a distance would appear a part of the island itself, and lie concealed. In the mean time he would rear a low hut of boughs, and heath, against the oak, to which he was moored ; and would eat his oaten bread, the only provision he carried with him, and drink of the lake, till a time of security gave him liberty to return.

We

We were assured however, that in a part of the country, where we had lately been, in the road between Killin and Tindrum, there is a lake, where a real floating island, which never sinks, continues always shifting about the lake. We did not see it; but we were told, it is formed of the matted roots of a particular kind of weed. It's surface, which is now about forty-five yards in circumference, is supposed rather to increase. If you bore it, in three or four feet you come at water. Sometimes, as it rests near the shore, the wild cattle are tempted into it by a little fresh grass. But it is a dangerous bait. If the wind shift, they may be carried off into unknown regions, from all their kindred and acquaintance; or as their provision is scanty, if the voyage prove long, they may suffer greatly by hunger.

Islands of this kind were perhaps more common in ancient times. The younger Pliny at least gives us an account of several, which he had seen dancing about the Vadimonian lake, in a very extraordinary manner. *Interdum junctæ, copulatæque, et continenti similes sunt. Interdum discordantibus ventis digeruntur. Nonnunquam destitutæ tranquillitate singulæ fluitant.*



*tant. Sæpe minores majoribus, velut cymbolæ onerariæ, adberescunt. Sæpe inter se majores, minoresque quasi cursum, certamenque desumunt. Rursus omnes in eundem locum appulsæ.\**

Besides the islands in Loch-Lomond, there are many peninsulas, which run into it, and add greatly to the variety of the scene. Of these, the most remarkable is that, on which sir James Colquhoun has his residence. His seat, and plantations were a great ornament to our view.

The country immediately beyond the islands, appeared flat, and the mountains were too far removed to be of any picturesque use from the hill of Devannoc, where we stood. Among other objects of distance, a strange form attracted our notice. It was something like a house, only greatly bigger, than any house, at that distance could possibly appear. Upon enquiry we found it was the rock, on which the castle of Dunbarton stands. Our expectation was of course greatly raised, to see an object on the spot, which had excited our curiosity so much at a distance.

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\* Plin. Epist. lib. viii. ep. 20.



## S E C T. XXV.

**H**IGH places, and extended views have ever been propitious to the excursions of imagination. As we surveyed the scene before us, which was an amusing, but unpeopled surface, it was natural to consider it under the idea of population.

If commerce and wealth are the great means of improving the human mind, by communicating knowledge — freeing it from prejudice — giving it a more liberal turn — encouraging letters — and introducing arts; they as certainly at a riper period, introduce corruption, and become the handmaids of vice. How happy then would it be to drop them at this critical period; to arrest the precise time, when they have done their utmost to enlighten mankind, and then discard them. But it would be as

easy to arrest the course of the river. Human affairs, like the plants of the field, flourish only to decay: they are longer lived indeed; but the hope of preserving them in a state of perfection, would be the futile hope of immortalizing mortality.

In a reverie however we may conceive the happiness of a few philosophical friends, retiring from the follies of life to such a scene as this; and settling themselves in the several islands, that lay scattered about the lake before us. Their happiness would consist in the refined pleasures of intercourse, and solitude. The visionary does not consider the many economical difficulties and inconveniences of a plan. All these things are below his notice. He enjoys only the fair idea — the pleasure of a refined, and virtuous society. He feasts on the agreeable expectation that would arise at the sight of a sail making to his little retreat, which he would know was fraught with wit — or classic elegance — or the refinements of taste — or philosophy — or the charms of an unaffected piety. The contents of the cargo would be known at a distance from the direction, in which the vessel came. — Nor would the hours of solitude pass with less  
delight.

delight. However pleasing the charms of converse, each member of this virtuous, and happy society, would still be his own best companion. He who wants resources within himself, can never find happiness abroad.

Among the amusements of this happy people, it would not be the least to improve their little territories into scenes of simplicity, and beauty—academic groves, Elysian fields;

Where they, whom wisdom, and whom nature charm,  
Stealing themselves from the degenerate croud,  
May soothe the throbbing passions into peace,  
And woo lone quiet in her silent walks.

Even the dreariness of winter would not want its enjoyments. Winter is the reign of domestic pleasures; and if the storms of the lake forbid the adventitious intercourse of agreeable society, they would at least remove the impertinent interruptions of what was not so. The intrusions of a tattling world would be totally excluded: while books, and elegant amusements, would be a sovereign antidote against the howling of winds, and the beating of waves. — But enough of these idle reveries, which belong not to terrestrial things.

When we descended the rocky hill, from which we had these amusing views, we surveyed the whole island of Devannoc. It seems to be one of the most beautiful on the lake; and admirably adapted to be the seat of some capital mansion in such a scene, as we have just imagined. It cannot be less than two English miles in length; and tho at the northern end it is woody, rough, and even mountainous, as we have seen; its southern end affords both corn and pasturage. We observed however but one solitary farm upon the whole place.

Embarking again we spent some hours in rowing among that clump of islands, which lie nearest the eye; and in looking into their little creeks, and bays; tho we did not land on any of them. Standing then for the shore, we met our horses about five miles below the place, where we at first embarked.

Loch-Lomond was never known to freeze. Partially indeed it has been sometimes frozen at the southern end; but never in any degree, since the memory of man, except in the year 1740. But the northern part, which runs up  
among

among the mountains, was never known at any time to receive even the slightest impression from the frost.

The southern part of Loch-Lomond is much frequented by salmon; tho in general this fish is not fond of lakes. But the case is this. The river Leven forms the chief exit of the lake; and communicates with the sea. In a direction nearly opposite to the Leven, the river Ennery enters the lake. Of this river the salmon is particularly fond; and entering by the Leven, he traverses the lake on purpose to proceed up the Ennery. By what instinct he knows that he shall find the stream he delights in, across so vast an expanse of waters, let the naturalist say. Do the waters of the Ennery run pure through the lake to the Leven? Or does the old salmon, which hath once found the way, discover it to the shoal? Or, shall we confess our ignorance; and suppose them guided by some instinct, which we cannot comprehend?

It is remarkable, that at the beginning of November, 1755, when the city of Lisbon

was destroyed by an earthquake, this lake was exceedingly agitated. The day was perfectly calm, and it's surface still, when it's waters arose suddenly many feet in large swells, and overflowed a considerable district. Then in a moment or two retiring, they sank as much below their usual level. Their next flow and ebb were less than the former; but still very great: and thus they continued rising, and sinking for several hours; till the fluctuation gradually subsiding, the waters at length settled within their common bounds. A boat was thrown upon dry land, forty yards from it's station in the lake: and in some places, where the land was low, the waters rushed away, and overflowed the country for a considerable extent. Similar remarks were made at that time on other lakes.

Since the year in which these observations were written, an agitation in Loch-Tay was still more remarkable than this in Loch-Lomond; because no earthquake, nor any other probable cause could be assigned for it. It happened on Sunday the 12th of September 1784. That day, and the preceding day, as in the former case, were calm; and the waters of the lake of course perfectly still; when, about  
nine



nine o'clock in the morning, a strange agitation was observed in that part of the lake, which spreads into a bay, before the village of Kenmore.\* Great part of it is shallow: but a little before it unites with the body of the lake, it becomes very deep. In this bay the agitation was first observed: the water retired several yards within its usual boundary; and, as it did in Loch-Lomond, immediately flowed back again; continuing to ebb, and flow in the same manner, three or four times, during the space of a quarter of an hour — when suddenly the waters rushed from the east, and west with great violence, and meeting in the place, where the shallow waters and the deep unite, arose in the form of a great wave, in appearance at least five feet high; leaving all the shores of the bay dry for the space of an hundred yards, as nearly as could be conjectured. The meeting of the two currents made a clashing sound: but the force of that from the Kenmore-side overpowering the other, carried the wave westward. It continued decreasing, as it proceeded; and in about five minutes disappeared. How

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\* See a description of Loch-Tay, vol. i. p. 153.

great the force of the water was on the Kenmore-side, tho collected only from the shallow part, appeared from it's overflowing it's natural boundary, as the waves subsided, several yards, notwithstanding the chief part of the current went the other way. After this violent agitation, the water did not recover it's tranquillity for some time. It continued ebbing and flowing, but with less and less force, at the interval of seven or eight minutes, during the space of at least two hours, after the subsiding of the great wave.

While the waters of the lake were thus agitated, the river Tay, which issues from the lake at Kenmore, ran backwards into it with so much force, as to leave it's shores, and in some parts, it's channel, quite dry. It was curious to see the weeds, which grow at the bottom, and are smoothed by the stream, flowing over them; all bristling up, and pointing in a contrary direction.

On the day after this violent agitation of Loch-Tay, and on the four following days, the waters were disturbed again in the same manner, and about the same time; but in a much less degree: nor did those commotions intirely cease: for a full month afterwards; but

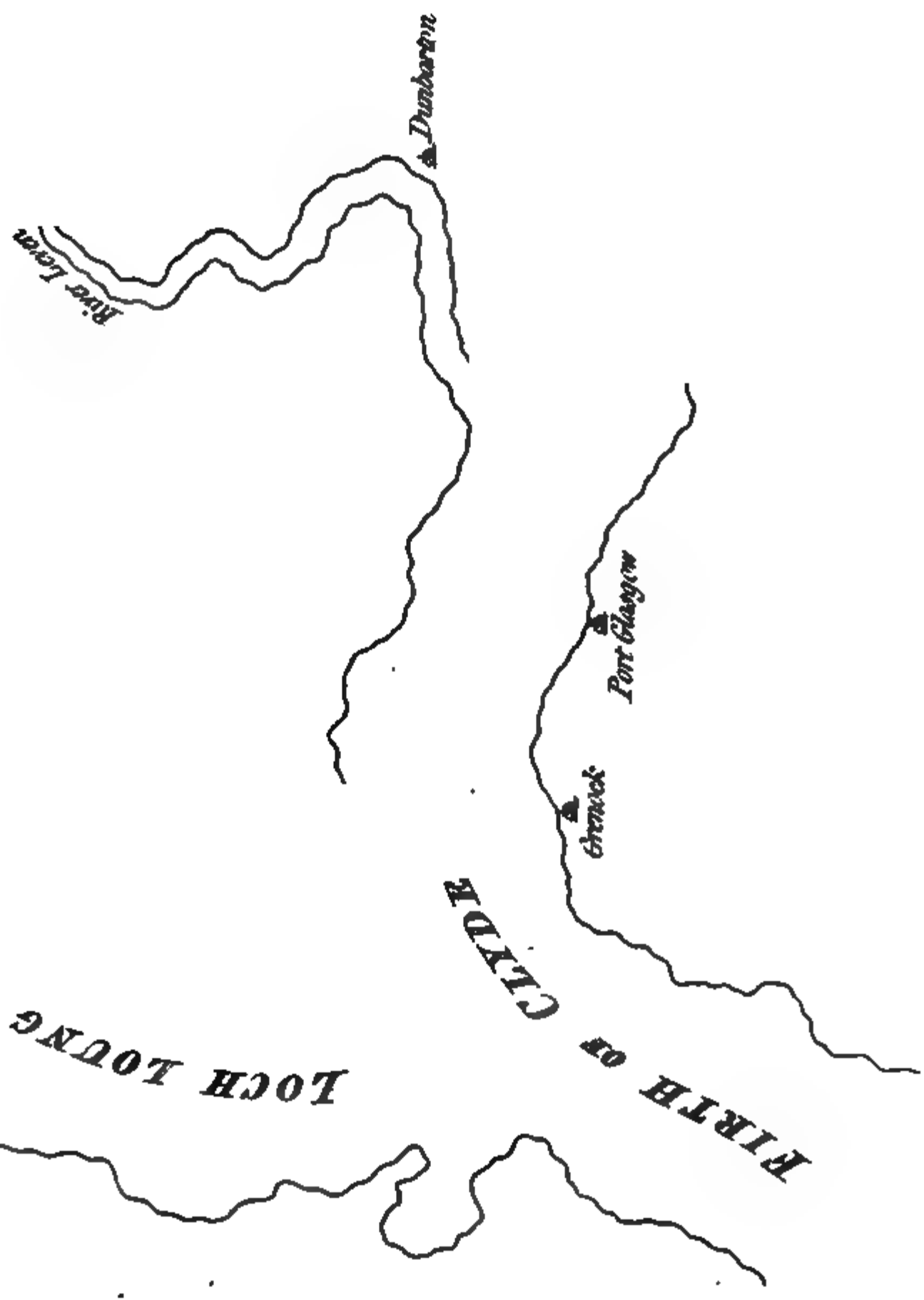
but they became very irregular, sometimes appearing in the morning, and sometimes in the evening. The 15th of October was the last day, on which any disturbance was observed on the lake.\*

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\* These circumstances are extracted from a letter written by the Rev. Mr. Fleming, minister of Kenmore, to the Rev. Mr. Playfair, and by him communicated to the royal society at Edinburgh, December 6th, 1784, in whose journals it is published.



*Loch-Lomond*



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ALFRED H. TILDEN AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATION

## S E C T. XXVI.

**F**ROM the scenes of Loch-Lomond we made the best of our way to Dunbarton. The lake bore us company on the left, during most of the road, appearing and disappearing, by turns, among the woods, which shade it's banks. The country is level, cultivated, and adorned with gentlemen's seats. Near the road stands a pillar erected to the memory of the late Dr. Smollet.

The principal object, during our ride along the banks of Loch-Lomond, is Dunbarton-castle, which still maintains that uncommon form, which it first exhibited. We began now to distinguish it plainly into two parts, one of which appeared like a vast tent. This appearance continued some time; but as we approached nearer, certain prominences, which have a castle-like form, indicated the whole to be a mass of fortified rock.

A still

A still nearer approach gave more distinctness of course to it's enormous features. One of it's summits appeared now higher, and more pointed than the other; and adorned with a solitary watch-tower. The broader summit is occupied by the principal part of the castle; and a wall, flanked with towers, fortifies the cleft between them. This whole grand object comes in as a second distance; and the Clyde, screened by mountains, completes the picture, by forming a third.

When we arrive upon the spot, the situation of Dunbarton-castle appears indeed surprizing. A vast rock, steep on every side, rising out of a plain, and unconnected with any high ground for the space of a mile, is one of those exhibitions, which nature rarely presents. It is almost surrounded on the north, the west, and the south, by the Leven, and the Clyde; which latter is here a grand estuary. On the east lies a morass.

Such a rock as this, is as uncommon at land, as it is common at sea. When the tides of the ocean, gaining upon some continent, force their way through a promontory, and wash away the soil from the insulated part; if it consist only of soil, it presently disappears.

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But if there be any solid stratum of stone within, that stratum, when the soil is washed away, becomes a rock. It is covered with sea-weed, the only herbage the ocean produces, which is the sport of the waves. Virgil has given us the idea with great strength of expression.

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Spumea circum  
Saxa fremunt; laterique illisa refunditur alga.

The pencil could not give the idea so precisely. The pencil gives only *form* and *colour*: Virgil's description gives *motion*.

Numberless are the natural ruins of this kind, which the tides of the ocean are continually forming in every part of the globe. But such a land-rock as this before us, bare and insulated like the rocks of the shore, is a wonderful appearance. It is contrary to nature's whole process in forming rocks, as far as we are acquainted with her works. Her rocks are generally in some degree similar to the country, in which they are found. The rock, on which the castle and city of Edinburgh stand, it is true, is of very peculiar construction: yet it does not there so much surprize us. Nature has been in that spot busily employed in making rocks. She has raised

raised them all round the town in various forms; and if she threw one out of her hands, amidst the variety of her operations, rather uncommonly shaped, it is not much to be wondered at. But an immense rock starting up on the level banks of the Clyde, and on the edge of a morass, where there is not only nothing similar to it, but a face of country highly dissimilar, is among those productions of which the globe of the earth does not afford frequent instances.

The form of this grand fortress, on a near inspection, is very picturesque. Such also is the contrast between the two summits. The craggy sides of the rock are finely broken; and the buildings upon it, tho not in themselves beautiful, have at least a good effect, and give it consequence.

We were curious to see the contents of this uncommon fortress: and entering a gate at the bottom, we ascended through a cleft of the rock. Two hundred and eighty steps, hewn out of the solid stone, landed us upon the first story. From hence we clambered the rock to view the works upon the broader summit: to the other we never attempted to ascend: the path is frightful.

The

The square tower, which we see at the division between the summits, was once the residence of Wallace, whose patriotic actions we have seen recorded in so many parts of the country.

The texture of this rock, we were told, is of so impenetrable a nature; as to baffle the effects of gunpowder. Boring has often been attempted: but the keenest instrument of the auger-kind cannot touch it. Buchanan indeed tells us, that *Saxum illud est prædurum, ut vix ullis ferramentis superabile; e quo si quid vel vi effringitur, vel ruinis collabatur, sulfureum late odorem expirat.* This shews the labour of hewing two hundred and eighty steps out of it.

The upper regions of the rock are profusely covered with the *lychen geographicus*; which is one of the most beautiful of all vegetable incrustations. I doubt not, but these plants of the lichen kind, tho they do not in appearance rise above the surface of the stone, have their peculiar foils, barren as we may esteem them, as well as oaks, or elms. One loves a free-stone — another a purbeck — and the species before us, I am persuaded from many situations in which I have seen it, flourishes

flourishes best on the hardest rock. So beautiful are the incrustations of the geographic species, that if we had had time to trifle, we could have amused ourselves with endeavouring to trace the several countries of Europe among their various forms. We found a strong resemblance of the outlines of Great Britain.

In the body of the rock is a reservoir of water, collected from springs, which affords a sufficient supply for any garrison, which the castle can admit.

From the batteries we had many very amusing views. We had one up the Clyde, towards Glasgow; in which that river, now a grand estuary, forms two or three ample sweeps. Dun-glas-castle is seated on a neck of land, shooting into it. Beyond the Clyde appears a rich distant country; adorned with several seats, among which Lord Semple's is conspicuous. The town of Glasgow, we were told, might be seen in a clear day: but when we were at Dunbarton, the weather was hazy.

From an opposite part we looked down the Clyde, where it expands into a vast sheet of water, occupying almost the whole of the distance. Its opening into the sea is intercepted  
by

by a double range of mountains, which mark the channel of Loch-Loung. Into this lake the Clyde enters nearly at right angles. Between the hither-mountains, you see the strait, through which it passes : and under those on the left, lie the towns of Grenoc, and Port-Glasgow ; both of which are distinctly seen.

Between these two grand views upon the Clyde, we had a third towards the mountains of Loch-Lomond, which appeared clustering around Ben-lomond, in formidable array. The intervening country is varied by the windings of the Leven.

All these views would receive additional beauty from the peculiar circumstances of tides, storms, shipping, haziness, and lights. We should have wished also to have seen the castle opposed to a setting sun. The fractured sides of this noble rock, would have received uncommon beauty from such a light. But we had not the pleasure of seeing it under this, or any other circumstance of peculiar grandeur. It was an object however, which was able to support its dignity, without any adventitious aids.

Sallust gives us a picture very like Dunbarton-castle, in the following description of

a Numidian fortrefs: *Haud longè a flumine Molucha; erat inter cæteram planitiem mons saxeus, mediocri castello, immensum editus, uno perangusto aditu relicto: nam omnia natura, velut opere, atque consulto, præceps.*

Buchanan's description of Dunbarton, runs thus: *A confluente Glottæ, et Levini fluminum, planicies, circiter mille passuum, ad proximorum montium radices extenditur. In ipso autem angulo, ubi amnes commiscentur, rupes biceps attollitur. Inter duo cornua, quod in septemtriones versum est latus gradus habet, per obliquam rupem, hominum industria, et magno labore excisos, per quos vix singulis est aditus.*

So exact a similitude appears between these two descriptions, that if we only reciprocally change the names of Numidia and Scotland, Molucha and Clyde, either description will serve for either scene.

To these two descriptions I could add a third, which Cæsar gives us of Alicia in Gaul. *Oppidum erat in colle summo, admodum edito loco; ut, nisi obsidione, expugnari non posse videretur: cujus collis radices duo, duabus ex partibus flumina subleebant. Ante oppidum planities circiter millia passuum tria in longitudinem patebat.*

Fortresses



Fortresses of this kind are always highly esteemed in the momentous periods of enterprize. Sallust's fortrefs had a great event annexed to it in the time of Marius; and Dunbarton, as remarkable a one in the times of Mary.

It was at that period of disorder, when Mary was imprifoned in England, and all her kingdom was rent from her, that Dunbarton-castle alone acknowledged her dominion. But tho single in her cause, it's consequence was fuch, that Fleming, the governor, would boast, "He held the fetters of Scotland." A trifling accident humbled his pride. Having punished the wife of a common foldier in the garrison for theft, the husband, an uxorious man, perfuaded of her innocence, and burning with revenge, deserted to the regent, and promised to make him master of the fortrefs. The man appeared confident, sensible, and refolute; his story fimple, confiftent, and plaufible. In fhort, the military men about the regent, thinking the attempt worth hazarding, provided ladders and other neceffaries, and began their march from Glasgou on the evening of the laft day of March.

Buchanan indulging the imagination of a poet, tells the story with many embellishments. A simple narrative tells it best.

It was about midnight when the troops arrived at the bottom of the rock. The moon was just setting, and a mist from the water, had overspread the upper regions of the castle; which the officers considered as a fortunate circumstance; the men, as a lucky omen.

The attempt was made at a part of the rock, where their guide assured them they should find two good landings. Their first operation was unsuccessful. A ladder, which had been placed in confusion, gave way; and tho nobody was hurt, yet they feared an alarm. Listening a moment; and finding all still, they proceeded again; and placing their ladders with more caution, many of the troops attained the first landing. Here the stump of an ash tree, firmly interwoven with the rock, was of great service to them. They tied cords around it; and while some were employed in drawing up their companions to the first landing, others made use of the ladders in scaling the second.

On one of the ladders happened an odd circumstance. A man, in the middle of the ascent,

ascent, was seized with convulsions. To stop was dangerous; to throw him down, inhuman. Necessity quickens invention. They bound him tight to the ladder; and turning it round, ascended over his breast. The whole party arriving thus by degrees at the second landing, they found the only obstruction now left, was a wall; which was yet of such height as to require a third application of the ladders. The day was dawning—they had not a moment to lose—with redoubled dispatch they made this last push.

Then first three drowsy centinels took the alarm: but many of the assailants being now upon the wall, which was lower within, they leapt down at once, followed by the rest. The centinels were dispatched: “God” and “the King,” was echoed, with loud shouts on all sides: the security of the garrison was instantly changed into confusion; and the castle was taken without striking a blow.

The town of Dunbarton lies about a mile from the rock. It is an inconsiderable place; and delayed us only for refreshment. From hence we proceeded to Glasgow.



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## S E C T. XXVII.

**A**S we leave Dunbarton the castle-rock in retrospect loses its double-top; and takes rather a heavy form.

Dunglas-castle is the next object we meet. It appears to stand upon a peninsula, which runs into the Clyde; and, being adorned with a back ground of mountains, makes a good picture.

The road to Glasgow continues, for many miles, along the banks of the Clyde; which is still a grand estuary, and covered with shipping of various forms. The country is well cultivated; but tho woody, it is not picturesque. The Clyde seldom forms a winding bay. Its banks are generally parallel.

Glasgow is a beautiful town; consisting of elegant houses. If they were a little more connected, the high street, which is ample in its dimensions, would in all respects be noble.

The separation of the houses, no doubt, hath it's conveniences: but so many breaks injure the perspective. The great church is a vast pile; but we saw nothing very pleasing in it's structure; and it accords ill with the modern splendor of the city.

Here we were told of a small Gothic chapel at Paisley, within a few miles of Glasgow, remarkable for a very surprising echo: but we had not time to visit it. The flap of a door is converted into a peal of thunder; and a melodious air losing all idea of earthly music, becomes an enchanted strain.

From Glasgow to Hamilton, the road is bare of objects. The only one of consequence is Bothwell-castle; of which we had a very ordinary view on the right. It appears to stand on a flat; and is discovered only by two or three detached parts, which scarce appear above the trees, that surround it: whereas in fact it is seated on an eminence, and overlooks the Clyde. From this side I have seen two or three good drawings of it's ruined towers. Bothwell-castle, in the time of Edward the first, was the residence of the  
English



English governor. It afterwards belonged to a man the most notoriously marked of any, in the annals of Scotland, for the audacity, and splendor of his crimes.

Hamilton-house, which we soon approached, disappointed us, both in prospect, and on the spot. It had the appearance of one of the most disagreeable places we had seen in Scotland — heavy, awkward, and gloomy. From its form indeed, nothing beautiful could result. It is a centre, with two very deep wings tacked to it, at right angles. Nor did we see any thing in the situation that was pleasing.

The awkwardness of the house indeed was an original error, which could not be corrected, without rebuilding: but I am informed, the park, the approach to the house, and the whole scenery around it, are intirely altered, and improved, since these observations were made. Two winding rivers, the Clyde, and the Avon, flow through the park; of which proper advantage is taken. There is also much greater variety of ground about it, than could have been supposed, before the incumbrances were removed. Advantage also  
has

has been taken of some clumps of very fine old oaks, which grow in the park; and which greatly adorn the banks of the Avon. To these, many new plantations have been added, which are in a thriving condition. In short, tho Hamilton does not enjoy that grandeur of situation, which we admire at Hopetoun-house, and Inverary; yet as a park-scene, I am informed, it is now become superior in richness, and picturesque beauty, to any thing of the kind in Scotland. The internal part of the house too has been greatly improved. The hall particularly, which was a gloomy, and disagreeable entrance; is now, I am told, an elegant room, decorated in a grand, yet simple style.

The dukes of Hamilton seem to have been copious collectors of pictures; of which there is great profusion in every room. In general, one should not say much for the taste, with which these collections have been made. A few are very good. In the gallery hang two or three excellent portraits by Vandyck, among which the earl of Denbigh is a master-piece. He is dressed in a red-silk jacket, and holds a gun in his hand. His hair is short, and grey; and he looks up with a countenance

so full of nature, and character, that you are amazed the power of colours can express life so strongly. This picture is by some attributed to Rubens.—In a closet hangs a small female profile by Vandyck, which is equal to any picture I have seen, by that pleasing master.

But the glory of Hamilton, is Daniel in the lion's den, by Rubens. It would perhaps be doing more than justice to it's merit, to rank it above the most capital pictures by this master in England; two or three of those especially in the possession of the duke of Marlborough; and that celebrated one of Simon's supper, at Houghton-hall:\* but without entering into any invidious comparison, it is certainly a noble work.

The prophet is represented sitting naked in the middle of a cave, surrounded by lions. An opening at the top, through which he had been let down, affords light to the picture. In his face appears ineffable expression. Often do we hear the parading critic, in a gallery of pictures, displaying the mixed passions, where they never existed. For myself

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\* Now sent to Russia.

indeed,

indeed, I cannot see how two passions can exist together in the same face.\* When one takes possession of the features, the other is expelled — But if the mixed passions ever did exist any where, they exist here. At least from the justness of the representation, you are so intirely interested in the action, that the imagination is apt to run before the eye ; and fancy a thousand emotions, both of hope, and fear, which may not really exist. The former appears the ruling passion ; but a cold damp sweat hangs evidently on the cheek, the effect of conflict. The whole head indeed is a matchless piece of art. Nor is the figure inferior. The hands are clasped : agony appears in every muscle, and in the whole contracted form. And indeed so far, I think, we may admit the mixt passions : one passion may take possession of the face ; while another may actuate the limbs. We may allow, for instance, a mother to clasp her infant in her arms, with all the tenderness of love ; while

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\* Since this was written, I met with the following remark in Sir J. Reynolds's lectures. — “ They are fond of describing with great exactness the expression of a mixed passion, which appears to me beyond the reach of art.” Vol. i. p. 118.

her features are marked with terror at the soldier, who strikes it with his sword. In the same way, we may here allow the hands to be clasped in agony; while hope alone is seated in the face. In a word, nothing can be more strongly conceived, more thoroughly understood, more delightfully coloured, or more delicately touched, than this whole figure. I should not indeed scruple to call it the noblest specimen I have ever seen, of the art of Rubens. It is all over glowing with beauties, without one defect. At least, it had no defect, which I was able to discover.

But altho the principal figure (on which I dwell, because it is so very capital) exceeded my expectation; yet the whole of the picture, I must own, fell beneath it.

The composition is good. The lions, of which there are six, with two lionesses, are well disposed; and stand round the prophet with that indifference, which seems to have arisen from a satiety of food. One is yawning, another stretching, and a third lying down. An artist of inferior judgment, would have made them baying at the prophet, and withheld by the Almighty from devouring him,  
as

as a butcher restrains his dog by a cord. The only fault I observed in the composition arises from the shape of the picture. The painter should have allowed himself more height; which would have removed the opening at the top to a greater distance; and have given a more dismal aspect to the inside of the den. At present the opening is rather paltry. This has induced some judges to suppose, what does not seem improbable, that the picture was not originally painted on one great plan; but that the painter having pleased himself with the figure of Daniel, added the appendages afterwards.

But the great deficiency of this picture is in the distribution of light. No design could possibly be adapted to receive a better effect of it. As the light enters through a confined channel at the top, it naturally forms a *mass* in one part of the cave, which might *gradually fade away*. This is the very idea of *effect*. The shape of the mass will be formed by the objects that receive it; and if bad, they must be assisted by the artist's judgment. Of all this Rubens was aware; but he has not taken the full advantage, which the circumstances of his design allowed. A  
grand

grand light falls beautifully upon his principal figure, but it does not graduate sufficiently into the distant parts of the cave. The lions partake of it too much. Whereas, had it been more sparingly thrown upon them; and only in some prominent parts, the effect would have been better; and the grandeur, and horror of the scene, more striking. Terrible heads standing out of the canvas, their bodies in obscurity, would have been noble imagery; and have left the imagination room to fancy unpictured horrors. That painter does the most, who gives the greatest scope to the imagination; and those are the most sublime objects, which are seen in glimpses, as it were—mere coruscations—half viewless forms—and terrific tendencies to shape, which mock investigation. The mind startled into attention, summons all her powers, dilates her capacity, and from a baffled effort to comprehend what exceeds the limits of her embrace, shrinks back on herself with a kind of wild astonishment, and severe delight.

— *A spirit, says Job (iv. 15) passed before my face. The hair of my flesh stood up. It stood still; but I could not discern the form thereof.*— With the same grandeur of obscurity

scurity Virgil describing the Gods, who, enveloped in smoke, and darkness, beat down the foundations of Troy, gives us in three words, *apparent diræ facies*, more horrid imagery, than if he had described Jupiter, Juno, and Pallas, in a laboured detail, with all their celestial panoply. And thus Milton guarding the entrance of paradise, describes, with the same judgment, it's gate

*With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms.*

A legion of angels, in flame-coloured vests, and brandishing fiery swords, could not have guarded it so awfully. For when the mind can so far master an image, as to reduce it within a distinct outline ; it may remain grand, but it ceases to be sublime, if I may venture to suggest a distinction.\* It then comes within the cognizance of judgment, an austere, cold faculty ; whose analytic process carrying light into every part, leaves no dark recesses for the terror of *things without a name*.

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\* This distinction, I think, is just ; but for want of a sufficient variety of terms, we are obliged often to use the words—*grand*, and *sublime*, as synonymous.

Rubens



Rubens in managing his lions, has erred against these precepts. He has injudiciously shewn too much. Besides, a little more shadow would have concealed his ignorance in leonine anatomy: for it must be confessed, the lions are not only very slovenly painted,\* (which, capital as they are, should not have been the case,) but in many parts they are very ill drawn. The lioness in particular, on the right, instead of the gaunt, leonine form, has the roundness of a coach-horse. Some of the heads, at the same time, are admirable. — I have dwelt the longer on this picture, not only as it is in itself a very noble one; but as it is esteemed the first picture in Scotland.

About a mile from Hamilton-house stands an appendage of it, called Chatelherault, the name of certain ancient possessions, which the Hamilton family enjoyed formerly in France.

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\* I have been informed, that this appearance of a *slovenly manner*, is owing only to the bad light, in which the picture hangs; but that in fact the lions are painted in a very high-finished style. I can speak only as the picture appeared to me. It certainly hangs in a bad light

It is a sumptuous pile ; but contains the odd assemblage of a banquetting-house, and a dog-kennel. It stands on a rising ground near the Avon ; the banks of which river form a deep, woody dell behind it ; open in many parts, and in general wider, and of larger dimensions, than these recesses are commonly found. Frequent as they are in mountainous countries, and rarely as they are marked with any *striking, or peculiar* features ; yet they are always varied, and always pleasing. Their sequestered paths ; the ideas of solitude, which they convey ; the rivulets, which either sound, or murmur through them ; their interwoven woods ; and frequent openings, either to the country, or to some little pleasing spot within themselves, form together such an assemblage of soothing ingredients ; that they have always a wonderful effect on the imagination. I must add, that I do not remember ever meeting with a scene of the kind, which pleased me more than the wild river-views about Chatelherault.

SECT.

## S E C T. XXVIII.

**I**N our way to Drumlanrig, which was the next place we proposed to visit, we passed over vast wastes, and barren tracts; the same kind of country we had met with on our entrance into Scotland. But the beauty of the scene was greatly altered. We had then grand mountains, which, tho void of furniture, formed pleasing lines, and contrasts. Here every picturesque idea was blotted out: and yet the countries were nearly the same. A mere accident made all the difference. We saw one in sunshine, and the other in rain. A dismal hue was not only thrown over the country; but the eye that surveyed it, was put out of humour; and in a habit, if I may so speak, of taking offence at every thing.

From the rising grounds, a little to the right from the road, was pointed out to us Eliock-house. We saw it through the rain, or at least were made to believe we saw it, seated on an eminence, and bosomed in wood.

The most remarkable circumstance of this house, is, that it was formerly in the possession of Robert Crichton, the father of the celebrated James Crichton, who is represented as one of the most singular characters of his own, or of any other times.

His history is thus told. He was bred at the university of St. Andrew's, where his improvements ran before his instructors. By the time he had attained his twentieth year, he could speak, and write, correctly, either in prose, or in verse, ten different languages. Hebrew and Arabic were two of them. He was perfectly acquainted also with the whole circle of the sciences, as far as they were then taught.

His accomplishments were equal to his acquirements. Nobody danced so well as Mr. Crichton. Nobody sung so agreeably. He could join the concert with any instrument,  
that

that happened to be vacant. Exercises of every kind he performed with superior excellency. In the field he rode with uncommon grace; and he handled arms of every kind with surprising skill. So that it was difficult to say, whether in the active or sedentary line, he was the more wonderful man.

Thus furnished at home, he travelled abroad for farther improvement. He went to Paris — to Rome — to Venice — to Mantua. But in none of these universities he received any acquisition of knowledge. He had already made every thing his own. Admiration at his skill in arts, in sciences, and arms was all he acquired. In the mean time, he was a companion for all sorts of people. He could be serious, or he could be gay. He could reason with the philosopher; talk with the man of business; or trifle with the ladies: and they who were no judges of his parts, and learning, admired the qualities of his heart, the elegance of his manners; and the beauty of his person. In a word, he acquired in all places the title of the *admirable Crichton*, and under this name he is handed down to posterity.

To say the truth, a relation of this kind calls for strong vouchers. In the history of mankind, no other such instance occurs. The accounts of Alcibiades, sir Phillip Sydney, and the chevalier Baynard, follow far behind, In versatility of genius, in learning, acquirements, and accomplishments, Crichton far outstripped them all. We should require strong proof to believe, that the human figure, in any instance, ever attained the height of eighteen, or twenty feet. We require equal proof to believe so enormous a growth of the human mind. A paper, which Mr. Pen-  
nant has given us in his Scotch journal, bears the only appearance I know of any authentic evidence for the wonderful accounts we have of this singular man. From that paper this slight sketch of him is taken. The reader may there see his life, and actions at large; and the authority on which the account rests.

The sequel of the story of Crichton, is, that as he was walking, at the time of a carnival, in the streets of Mantua, singing, and playing carelessly on his guitar, he was attacked by six people in masks, and treacherously slain; after he had gallantly defended himself against them all, and beaten off the attack.

In

In the dreary regions, in which we now travelled, we met the Clyde wandering about in a very low condition. It is here much nearer it's fountain-head; and carries no prognostics about it of that glory, which it afterwards assumes at Dunbarton.

But tho it cannot produce here that expanse of water, which it displays on it's approach to the ocean; yet it has water enough to assume a character of magnificence in another style. Near this place it happens to meet a variety of grand accompaniments — rocks — woods — and hilly grounds; which it turns to great advantage in forming among them many noble falls. But from our not being apprized of this scenery, we were not so fortunate as to see it: tho it would have carried us very little out of the common road. I had an opportunity however of asking several questions about it; and received very intelligent answers; from which, and my acquaintance with the subject in general, I am enabled to give such an idea of it, as may excite the curiosity of others to profit more from the intelligence, than we were able to do.

These falls are to be found at a place called Cory-Lin, near Lanerk. From a lofty seat in a gentleman's garden, we were informed, the first of them is seen to most advantage. You look over the tufted tops of trees ; and see the river beyond them precipitating itself from rock to rock, a considerable way, rather pouring along (as we understood) through an abrupt slope, than down a perpendicular descent. The two cheeks are rugged precipices ; adorned with broken rocks. On the edge of one of these cheeks stands a solitary tower. A path, if you choose to follow it, leads to the top of the fall : where from a projecting rock (which in high floods is severed from the continent,) you have a tremendous view down the furious cataract, as it pours below the eye. You may carry your curiosity yet farther ; and by walking half a mile, may see the still more celebrated fall of Boniton, and two or three more, I believe, beyond it. In idea, all this scenery is grand, and picturesque. The imagination with such materials may make noble pictures. And indeed I suppose the whole is in itself admirable. It is *art* commonly, and not *nature*, that disappoints us.

In



In our travels through Scotland I have mentioned many scenes, which were ennobled by being called the retreats of Wallace. This was one. Among these wild rocks, and in the tower, that adorns them, we were told, he lurked, during a period of distress. These traditional anecdotes, whether true or fabled, add grandeur to a scene : and the variety of these hiding places, which the Scotts have every where provided for Wallace in his misfortunes, shew at least their gratitude and affection for one of the noblest heroes, which their own, or any other country hath produced.

The hills, among which we now travelled, are supposed to abound with lead ; tho many projectors have suffered by seeking it. A celebrated schemer\* purchased lately a large estate in this country, at an advanced price, with a view to work it ; but his enterprize either miscarried, or was never executed.

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\* Sir George Colebrooke, who made this purchase of the earl of Selkirk.

It fared better, a few years ago, with another projector, at Lead-hill, a little to the right. This gentleman, whose name was Lothian, had long fought ore in vain. Many a time in despair he resolved to desist: but his workmen raised his spirits with fresh hopes. The rock was just cut through, which had occasioned so much delay; or the soil was manifestly marked with the signs of ore; or springs were found, which had the undoubted mineral tinge. Thus deluded by false hopes, he went on, till ruin stared him in the face.

At this crisis of his fortunes, a boy, who wrought in the mine, came secretly to him, and told him, he was deceived by his workmen; and that a vein of ore had been discovered, and secreted. Tho the boy was unacquainted with the depth of the roguery, Lothian easily guessed it. These knaves were first to ruin him, and then to take the works themselves, at an under-rate. — The difficulty was, how to profit by the information, without discovering the informer: for the boy declared with tears, that he should be murdered, if the thing were known. Lothian bade him fear nothing; and ordered him to saunter about the place, where the vein was discovered, at such an hour  
the

the next morning. " At that time, said he, I shall enter the mine ; and seeing you idle, shall pretend to be very angry ; when you in a passion may throw down your tool as near as possible to the place, where the vein was found." The scheme was as well executed, as contrived. Lothian finding the boy in a place where he seemed to have no business, rated him roundly for his idleness ; and receiving an insolent answer (which, among ill-paid workmen, was not uncommon) struck him two or three times : upon which the boy with great address counterfeiting a passion, threw his tool out of his hand, and said, he would work for him no longer. Lothian marked the spot with unobserved attention ; and giving him two or three more blows for his insolence, and bidding him go about his business, went on himself among the other workmen ; asking his usual string of questions, and receiving his usual string of answers. At length, he took up a tool ; and beginning carelessly to pick about the chambers of the mine, in various places, came by degrees to the spot he had marked, where picking a little about the surface, he seemed surprized ; and calling some of the men, he asked them,  
if

if they did not think there were plain indications of ore? The men were of a different opinion, and assured him, that such appearances were very common; and not in any degree to be trusted. Lothian however still continued picking about, and told the men, he could not be satisfied, unless they took their tools, and went a little deeper. With some reluctance, as being taken from work of more importance, the men complied. But they had no occasion to go deep. A very few strokes convinced all who were present, not only that there was ore; but that the vein was uncommonly rich. The honest workmen, joining in the farce, asked each other with astonishment, How they could possibly work so near the place, without discovering it? In short, there was a universal joy, on all sides, on having found at length, what they had so long sought in vain.

The mines here, as in all mineral countries, are destructive of health. You see an infirm frame, and squalid looks in most of the inhabitants. And yet among the miners of Lead-hill, within these six years, a man of the name of Taylor, attained the age of one hundred

hundred and thirty-two years, and as we were informed, with the perfect use of all his faculties. He wrought at his profession, as a miner, till he was one hundred and twelve. In the mean time as if, with patriarchal precision, he had foreseen the extent of his days, he did not marry till he was sixty years of age, and left behind him nine children ; whom he lived to see provided for.

In the midst of this wild country, night came upon us. But it's shades were unaccompanied with any picturesque ideas. Often, when mountains, forests, and other grand objects, float before the eye, their sweeping forms, clad in the shades of evening, have a wonderful effect upon the imagination. But here the objects were neither grand, nor amusing. All was one general blot.

As we approached Drumlanrig, the country appeared greatly to improve in beauty. The forms of trees swept past us ; and we were often carried along the sides of dells, and heard the sound of waters, through the stillness of the night. Such objects beguiled the hours, which began now to verge on midnight.

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## S E C T. XXIX.

**O**UR inn was about a mile from Queenf-berry-house, which we visited early the next morning. Its appearance, as we approach it, is magnificent. It is a turritied square; seated among woods, and skreened by woody hills.

When we arrived on the spot, it still maintained its magnificence, tho there is little beauty in the architecture. It was begun immediately after the civil wars of Charles the first, and partakes of the unsettled condition of the times. Arts were beginning to flourish: but the animosity of chiefs still subsisted; and the laws were yet too feeble to repress it. The house seems therefore to have been formed on a plan neither of civil, nor of military architecture; but between both; tho beauty (such as it is) seems to have been more attended to, than defence. It occupies

occupies the four sides of a square ; and it's turrit walls being very lofty, the area within, excluded from sun and wind, becomes a mere reservoir for unwholesome damps ; which it communicates abundantly to the whole house.

—— The chambers have no magnificence ; and we observed scarce a single picture to engage the eye ; tho there is a gallery, above an hundred feet long, which is full of pictures.

But if there are few ornaments of this kind, there is no deficiency of other ornaments both within the house, and without ; among which the *Heart*, the ensign armorial of the house of Douglas, appears every where in great profusion. In England perhaps the history of the *Heart* is little known ; but in Scotland every body has heraldry enough to know, that it was given to the Douglas family, in honour of sir James Douglas, who was employed to carry the heart of Robert Bruce into Palestine, there to be interred under the altar of the holy chapel at Jerusalem. But it is generally imagined, this precious deposit never got there. It was inclosed in a golden urn ; and hung round sir James's neck, who took shipping, accompanied by two hundred knights. As the vessel was  
failing

sailing near the coast of Spain, sir James had intelligence, that king Alphonso was just on the eve of a battle with the Moors. The Douglasses always loved fighting; and sir James could not forego his inclination to this favourite amusement. He landed therefore with his companions — went to the royal pavilion, and offered his services to the king; which were graciously accepted. The battle began; and among all the heroes, that engaged, none distinguished himself like the knight with the golden urn. It unfortunately however happened, that as he ventured too far, he was slain, and despoiled of king Robert's heart. But before the battle ended, both it, and the dead body of Douglas were recovered by the bravery of the Spanish troops, and sent back into Scotland. The body was buried in the burying-place of the family near Douglas-castle, where sir James's effigy still remains; and the heart is said to have been deposited in the abbey of Melros.

But if the house at Drumlanrig afforded us little amusement, the situation of it made amends. It stands on a rising ground, on

the side of a vast sweeping hill, surrounded by mountains, at the distance of two or three miles. This is one of the grand situations, which a mountainous country affords; and it is often as beautiful, as it is grand: but it's beauty depends on the elegant lines, which the surrounding mountains form; on their recesses; their ornaments; their rugged surface; their variety, and contrast. It depends also upon the contents of the area within the mountains; it's hills; it's broken grounds; it's woods; rivers; and lakes. — *Here* the mountain-screens, in themselves, have no peculiar beauty: but the circular vale, which they environ, and in which the house stands, is so broken, by intervening hills; so adorned with rivers, and varied with wood, that many of it's scenes are beautiful, and the whole greatly diversified.

A situation however of this kind, circumscribed by hills, which keep the eye within bounds, must always want one of the greatest beauties of nature — an *extensive distance*. Nor will any species of landscape fully compensate the deficiency. We may have the tinted hill, the middle distance, and the rough foreground, where the sun

Turns

Turns, with the splendor of his precious ray,  
The meagre, cloddy earth to glittering gold.

But still we want

————the charms of laughing vales,  
Rocks, streams, and sweeping woods, and antique fanes,  
Loft in a wild horizon.————

The more confined landscape would suit very well a mansion less than superb: but such a mansion, as Queensberry-house, tho its situation is good, would stand yet to more advantage, if it commanded a country.

The garden front of Queensberry-house opens on a very delightful piece of scenery. The ground falls from it, near a quarter of a mile, in a steep, sloping lawn; which at the bottom is received by a river; and beyond that rises a lofty, woody bank. All these objects are in the grandest style, except the river; which, tho not large, is by no means inconsiderable.

It is amazing what contrivance hath been used to deform all this beauty. The descent from the house has a substratum of solid rock; which has been cut into three or four terraces at an immense expence. The art of blasting rocks by gunpowder was not in use; when

this great work was undertaken. It was all performed by manual labour; and men now alive remember hearing their fathers say, that a workman, after employing a whole summer-day with his pick-ax, could carry off in his apron all the stone he had chipped from the rock. — How much less expensive is it, in general, to *improve* the face of nature, than to *deform* it! In improving we *gently follow*: in deforming, we *violently oppose*. The duke of Queensberry of that day, who carried on these works, seems himself to have been aware of his own folly. He bundled up all the accounts together; and inscribed them, as I have been informed, with a grievous curse on any of his posterity, who should ever look into them.

The rough hand employed in these scenes, having dispatched the slope, proceeded next to the river. All its winding simplicity, its rocky channel, its woody furniture, and fringed banks, were destroyed at once; and formed, by making a *bead*, into an oblong canal.

The grand wooded bank beyond the river still remained an object for improvement. At a great expence a little stream was conducted

ducted from the neighbouring hills to its summit. There a most magnificent cascade, constructed of hewn stone, and consisting of innumerable steps, received it; and conducted it in state into the canal. — So vile a waste of expence, as this whole scene exhibits, we rarely meet with. Deformity is spread so wide through every part of it, that it now exceeds the art of man to restore it again to nature. The indignation of the poet seems to have been levelled at this very place; where after various instances of false taste, he at length speaks of

—————deformities of hardest cure.

The terrace mound uplifted; the long line  
Deep delved of flat canal; and all that toil,  
Mised by tasteless fashion, could atchieve  
To mar fair Nature's lineaments divine.





## S E C T. XXX.

ALL the environs however of Queensberry-house, are not of this formal cast. Very near it runs the rapid river Nith, winding between high, sloping, woody banks. It's channel is a continued bed of rock; and the water, in passing through, suffers a thousand obstructions. The scene is of that kind we found at Chatelherault; which tho frequent in mountainous countries, is always varied, and always pleasing. — Along one of the woody sides of this sweet dell the duchess of Queensberry's taste has conducted a simple walk, which winds beautifully, and at every turn commands some part of the rocky river below. There is a great profusion of wood all round the duke of Queensberry's house;

and in these scenes particularly it flourishes both in abundance and in perfection. \*

In one of his parks, we were informed, the duke had preserved a breed of the old Scottish buffalo, which we were very desirous to see. Our conductor told us, they might probably be in some distant part of the park; and might with difficulty be found. We determined however to go in quest of them. It was high noon; and the day was sultry: the cattle, it was therefore supposed, might be at that time in a valley, which is spread with a large piece of water. Thither we directed our course; and beneath the shelter of a thick wood we walked at ease.

In less than a mile we came in sight of the water. The banks of the pool (for it had not the dimensions of a lake) were adorned with clumps, and single trees: and on the opposite side, a hanging grove swept down to the water. It was an open grove; and the ground was covered with herbage, as far as the eye could penetrate it's recesses.

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\* The present duke, I am told, has not been so attentive to the preservation of his timber, as his predecessor. Many of the woody scenes here mentioned, have now lost much of their ornament.

This

This delicious scene the luxurious herd had chosen for their noon-tide retreat ; where we discovered them at a distance, reposing on the other side of the water. Our guide informed us they were rather shy ; and instructed us to walk on without stopping, or paying them any particular attention. We had the pool to walk round ; so that we had them long in view, before we came near them. As we approached, they rose and retired gently into the wood ; but gave us sufficient opportunity to examine them. There were two bulls, several cows, and some calves. They were milk-white, except their noses, ears, and the orbits of their eyes, which were black. Boethius speaks of this breed of cattle, as *boves candidissimos ; in formâ leonis jubam habentes ; cætera mansuetis simillimos* : and Polidore Virgil mentions them nearly in the same language. *Gignit sylva Calydonia boves candidos, instar leonum jubatos ; qui adeo feri sunt, ut domari non possint. Sed quia caro grata palato humano est, ferunt omne penè eorum genus extinctum.*

As to their lion-manes we saw no such appearance ; but indeed we saw them in dishabille, as all cattle are, in their sleek, summer attire.

attire. In winter, their shaggy fur is more picturesque; and it is probable their manes may then be luxuriant. We see a great profusion of mane often in our domestic cattle, at that season; especially when they winter abroad in mountainous countries. I have often observed the remains of it even in the month of June. It is possible also that the degree of domestication, in which these cattle are now placed, may have deprived them gradually of this ornament. But in all other respects, except the mane, the cattle we saw in the duke of Queensberry's park answered very exactly to Boethius's description of the Scottish buffalo — that is, *they very much resembled common cattle*. Their form indeed is somewhat more elegant. They have not that bulk of carcass, nor heaviness, which characterizes the common cow. There is a spirited wildness also in their looks; and when they run, instead of the clumsy cow-gallop, they bound like deer. A herd of them rushing at once over a lawn, makes the forest tremble.

One of the bulls (for the other had not yet attained his growth) was a noble animal. He seemed to be a beast of prodigious strength, but it was an active, rather than a sluggish strength.

strength. His colour was not so white, as the rest of the group. His shoulders and sides had a yellowish tinge; which we thought became him; till our guide informed us, that it was not his natural hue; but that he had been rubbing himself upon some okery ground in the park. This intelligence immediately turned the beauty into a defect. Such is our love for nature, that when we find any thing artificial, which we supposed was natural, we are disgusted; and cannot bring the eye to it again with pleasure. For tho the object in it's artificial disguise, may be *in itself* more beautiful; yet we cannot persuade ourselves, but that nature *undisguised* would be more *uniform*, and of course more pleasing. Thus in the object before us, tho the tinted shoulders of the bull were beautiful; yet when we knew the tint was artificial, the eye immediately revolted; and we conceived, that if it had been removed, we should have seen still greater beauty — the beauty at least of uniformity. Thus too, tho the cheek of a lady, when skilfully painted, may appear more beautiful, while we are ignorant of the artifice; yet when we are assured it is painted, we take offence — either because on closer inspection we

con-

conceive a cheek so glowing, not perfectly in unison with the other features, on which time may have made an impression; or because we conceive the bloom to be a disguise to some defect, which the prying imagination endeavours to see through.

The wild cattle we were examining, are as much in a state of nature, as the boundaries of an extensive park will admit. They are at least subject to no controul. Domestic use of no kind is made of them; and when killed, they are shot, like wild beasts, from trees. For if they should happen only to be wounded, they are dangerous. Otherwise, they molest nobody, who does not molest them: but the cows, if you offer to touch their calves, are very fierce.

Naturalists give a uniform colour to all animals in a state of nature; and inform us that domestication induces variety. In cows we may suppose therefore the original colour to be white, or a tint so near it as to be called white. Æneas found white cattle in Italy; and admiral Anson, in Tinian. Buffon in-

indeed supposes the yellowish dun to be the original colour. But whether white, or yellow be the original colour, it is certain, that white has ever been most in esteem. When a bull, or a heifer, was led up to the altar of the Gods, it was generally white: and when described by the poets as peculiarly beautiful, this hue is always given it. The venerable Apis himself was white.

For myself, with regard to the *picturesque beauty* of white cattle, I should make a distinction. As the *ornament of a scene*, I think no cattle so beautiful. No sight of the kind ever exceeded that of the herd, which gave occasion to these remarks. At the same time, when we consider the bull as a *single object*, a dark colour melting into a lighter, is more picturesque; and of all colours, Buffon's yellowish dun, if the head and shoulders be dark, is the most beautiful.

Among the pleasing scenes of Drumlanrig, one is of so peculiar a nature, that it should never be forgotten. It consists in the uncommon appearance of comfort and happiness, which reigns every where among the  
duke's

duke's tenants. Contrary to the usual practice of the Scotch nobility, the duke of Queensberry\* grants leases of his farms; and has built comfortable houses for his tenants, through his whole estate. Many of them are ranged within sight of his castle, at proper distances along the sides of the hills. If they are not picturesque, they have a much higher species of beauty; and adorn a country more than the most admired monuments of taste. Mr. Maxwell, the duke's steward, who presides over all these improvements, seems to have the interest of the lord, and tenant equally at heart. He talks of the munificence of the one, and of the happiness of the other, with the same pleasure. The Queensberry-estate, he told us, had in nine years, yielded about seventy thousand pounds; out of which sum the duke had only drawn, for his own private use, as he was attached to his seat at Amesbury, about thirty thousand pounds. All the rest was spent in the country, on works of charity, generosity, improvement, or of public utility.

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\* The duke of Queensberry, here spoken of, was the last duke.

Among



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Among the latter he had lately expended a large sum upon a noble road; which winds some miles down the side of a mountain, not far from his castle. We had reason to bless his bounty on this occasion. We travelled it with great ease in the night, tho in many parts it is very steep. We saw the old road, the next day, full of cataracts, like the bed of a mountain torrent.

Near Drumlanrig stands Queensberry-hill, which probably took its name from some ancient tradition. From this hill the dukes of Queensberry take their title: and from the sides of it arise those springs, which are the principal sources of the river Clyde.

On another hill, in sight of the house, remain still the vestiges of Tieber's castle; originally a Roman station; and long afterwards a fortress of considerable strength. In the history of the wars between England and Scotland, it is said to have been one of Edward's strong holds; and to have been taken from him by Wallace. We have seen  
several

several of that hero's retreats in the times of distress: but here he appeared in force; and kept in awe, by the terror of his sudden incursions, the neighbouring chiefs, who were inclined to Edward.

A little to the left of Tieber's castle, arises Entrekin, a hill chiefly famous for a frightful road, passing over it, called by way of eminence, the *path of Entrekin*.

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## S E C T. XXXI.

FROM Drumlanrig to Dumfries, the road was rather pleasant, than picturesque. The *grand style* of landscape was now gone; the blue mountains of the highlands were sunk below the horizon; and the country in general became flat, and uniform.

A little before we reached Dumfries, we met with an object, which detained us some time—the ruins of Lincluden-college. It appears to have been formerly a foundation of some consequence. The habitable part may still be traced; contiguous to which are a chapel, a hall, and other appendages of a college. The remains of the chapel, and hall are of elegant Gothic; and the whole is so combined, as to afford two or three

VOL. II. H good

good views. The roof of the chapel is vaulted ; and still remains entire.

Lincluden-college was once a house of Benedictine nuns ; but those ladies growing licentious, Archibald the Grim, earl of Douglas, disfranchised them, and endowed a collegiate house in their room. When the house of Douglas was in the plenitude of it's power, the kings of Scotland were little considered in these parts. At Douglas-castle, conventions were called ; troops were raised ; and every act of regal authority was exercised. The earl of Douglas therefore by his own arbitrary power altered the form of this religious house. Archibald the Grim conveys to us the idea of a savage despot. But his character was very different. *Grim* in the Scotch language signifies *black*. And Archibald was in fact, an upright, religious man, with black hair, and eye-brows. — In Lincluden-college is a rich tomb erected to the memory of Margaret daughter of Robert the third of Scotland, who married the son of Archibald the Grim.

Dumfries stands pleasantly upon the Nith. The water, and scenery about the bridge, are amusing. Upon Corbelly-hill, which is just beyond the river, we have a pleasing  
view



view of its winding course towards Solway-frith.

On the confines of England, and Scotland, the antiquarian easily collects vestiges enough of border-feuds to fill his volume. There is scarce a bridge, or a pass, that has not been gallantly attacked, and defended — nor a house of any antiquity, that has not been plundered, or besieged. But there is one work, of which considerable traces remain, of more than ordinary consequence; that great fosse, thrown up formerly at this place, to prevent the incursions of the English, known at this day by the name of *Warder's dyke*. Here a watch being constantly placed; signals were given by beacons on the approach of an enemy; and the whole country was instantly alarmed. The alarm-cry was *a Loreburn, a Loreburn*; which words, tho' not now understood, are inscribed as a motto on the provost's staff of office; and by a well-imagined device, transfer the idea of vigilance, from the soldier to the magistrate.

At Dumfries we breakfasted with Mr. Goldie; with whom one of our party was well acquainted. Of the recovery of this gentleman from a lethargy, we heard afterwards a very astonishing account. He was a large corpulent man; and the disorder, under which he had long laboured, had at length gained so much upon him, that he would fall asleep at his meals, with a knife, and fork in his hands. His death indeed was almost daily apprehended. The fatal moment, as it appeared, at length arrived. A fit of apoplexy, bereft him of his senses, and of every symptom of life. A physician attended, and for the satisfaction of his friends applied those remedies, which are considered commonly as the apparatus only of death. They produced no apparent effect; and his relations, having taken their last leave of him, retired. Two servants sat by him; one of whom was employed in supporting his dying master's head. The man continued about two hours in the same posture: and supposing it now a useless office, he complained of the fatigue, and told his fellow-servant, he could not well continue it longer. The dying man, almost instantly recovering with all his senses about him,

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him, and having heard what his servant had said, dismissed him from his office; and from that moment not only the effects of his apoplectic fit, but of his lethargic disorder were intirely removed. He supped with his family that evening in perfect health; and was as much a man of business afterwards as he had ever been in any part of his life before: nor had he ever again the least symptom either of lethargy, or apoplexy. He died about five years after this event, at the age of sixty-eight, of a total decline of strength, with some dropfical appearances; but with his senses perfectly clear. It was about a quarter of a year before his death, when we breakfasted with him; and it did not then appear, that he had ever had any ailment. \*

As we leave Dumfries, a wide, bleak, unpleasant country opens before us. But as we approach the frith, our views become rather more picturesque. There is something pleasing in those long stretches of sand, distant

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\* We had this account from Dr. Carlyle of Carlisle; and have had it since authenticated by Dr. Gilchrist of Dumfries.

country, and water, which flat shores exhibit. The parts are often large, well-tinted, and well-contrasted. Often too their various surfaces appear ambiguous, and are melted together by light mists into one mass. They are beautiful in that ambiguity; as they are also when the vapours vanishing, a gleam of sunshine breaks out; and shoots over them in lengthened gleams. To make pictures of them, in either case, the foreground must be adorned with objects, — masts of ships, figures, cattle, or other proper appendages, to break the lines of distance.

A landscape of this kind we had where the Nith joins the Solway. It consists of a vast stretch of country rendered dubious by distance; and broken into ample parts, as it approaches the eye.

We had the same kind of view also towards Newbay-castle, which belongs to the marquiss of Annandale; and appears from the distance, where we stood, like the castle of desolation, overlooking the barren shores of the frith,

A little to the west, we were informed, the coast becomes more beautiful. It is there  
washed

washed by the sea ; and tho the shores of an estuary may have their mode of beauty ; yet it is always inferior to the bold headlands, the rocky promontories, and winding bays of the ocean.

One scene on this coast was particularly mentioned to us, as worth visiting — the seat of the earl of Selkirk — on the account of it's singularity, and beauty. I shall just give the outlines of it, as I heard them described.

Where the coast runs almost directly opposite to the south, a bay enters it of considerable circumference. The entrance is narrow, and occupied by an island ; which forms the whole into a grand lake, about nine or ten miles in circumference. The ground, which circles it, is high ; but rather hilly, than mountainous. Some parts of it are rocky ; other parts lord Selkirk has planted.

At the bottom of the bay, a peninsula, about a mile long, and half a mile broad, runs into it ; which is sometimes, (tho rarely,) when the tides are high, formed into an island. On this peninsula stands lord Selkirk's house. It was formerly an abbey ; and enjoyed the same kind of situation, which the abbey of

Torbay in Devonshire did. Only the abbey of Torbay stood more within the land. From the abbey, which stood formerly here, this place obtained the name of St. Mary's isle, which it still retains.

Situations of this kind are often very pleasing; but the beauty of them depends chiefly on the grounds, which environ the water. How these are shaped, I know not: but if their forms be analogous to those we chiefly met with along the bays or lochs, of the western coast of Scotland, they cannot be unpleasing. One beauty, I should suppose, they must enjoy. As the bay opens to the south, one of its sides must be enlightened by the morning, and the other by the evening sun; and the veering of the lights must necessarily occasion, if the screens be well broken, a great variety of beautiful illumination.

On the western side of Saint Mary's isle, a creek runs up, which forms the harbour of Kircudbright. This town, tho of no extensive trade, employs coasting vessels enough to people the bay with shipping; which is a great advantage to it in a picturesque light.

Of this town the noted refugee, Paul Jones was a native. Having been prosecuted for  
some



some offence, he fled from home ; and being an active seaman, obtained the command of a privateer in the American service. As he knew well the parts about his native town, he executed one of his first enterprizes at this place. Early one morning he stood into the bay, with colours flying, like a British frigate ; and sent his boat on shore, near lord Selkirk's house, well-manned with an officer, who had orders to behave as if he commanded a press-gang. The scheme took effect. All the men about the house, and grounds, immediately disappeared. When all was clear, the officer, with his party surrounded the house, and inquired for lord Selkirk. He was not at home. Lady Selkirk was then inquired for. The officer behaved very civilly ; but told her plainly, that his errand was, to carry off the family-service of plate. She assured him he had been misinformed ; and that lord Selkirk had no service of plate. With great presence of mind she then called for the butler's inventory, and convinced him on the spot of his mistake. At the same time she ordered wine. The officer drank her health politely ; and laying his hands on what plate he met with, went off without doing any wanton mischief. — Soon after the ships left  
the

the bay, Jones informed lord Selkirk, by a letter, that he avowed indeed the intention of carrying him off; but with a design merely through his means, to get a cartel established. As to taking the plate, he totally disavowed it: his crew forced him to it; being determined to have a little plunder, for the risk they had run both in Kircudbright-bay; and in attempting, the night before, to burn the shipping at Whitehaven. — To this apology Jones added a promise to restore the plate; which, on the peace, seven years after the depredation, was punctually performed. It was placed in the hands of lord Selkirk's banker in London; and not the least article was missing.

Besides the scenery about St. Mary's isle, we were told of other parts of the coast, still more to the west, which were well worth visiting. But our time not allowing us to go in quest of them, we continued our rout to England.

As we approach the frith still nearer, it becomes narrower; and the opposite shores of  
England

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England begin now to take a form in the distance. The principal features are the high woody grounds about Bolnesh, and the mountains of Cumberland, among which Skiddaw is conspicuous.

Gretna-green was the last place we visited in Scotland; the great resort of such unfortunate nymphs, as happen to differ with their parents, and guardians on the subject of marriage. It is not a disagreeable scene. The village is concealed by a grove of trees; which occupy a gentle rise; at the end of which stands the church: and the picture is finished with two distances, one of which is very remote.

Particular places furnish their peculiar topics of conversation. At Dover, the great gate of England, towards France, the vulgar topic is the landing, and embarking of foreigners; their names, titles, and retinue: and a general civility toward them reigns both in manners, and language.

Travel a few miles to the west, and at Portsmouth you will find a new topic of conversation. There all civility to our polite neighbours is gone; and people talk of  
nothing

nothing but ships, cannon, gun-powder; and, (in the boisterous language of the place) blowing the French to the d—.

Here the subject of conversation is totally changed. The only topics are the stratagems of lovers; the tricks of servants: and the deceits put upon parents, and guardians.

——Vetuerē patres, quod non potuerē vetare,

is the motto of the place.

Of all the seminaries in Europe, this is the seat, where that species of literature, called novel-writing, may be the most successfully studied. A few months conversation with the literati of this place, will furnish the inquisitive student with such a fund of anecdotes, that with a moderate share of imagination in tacking them together, he may spin out as many volumes as he pleases. — In his hands may shine the delicacy of that nymph, and an apology for her conduct, who unsupported by a father, unattended by a sister, boldly throws herself into the arms of some adventurer; flies in the face of every thing, that bears the name of decorum; endures the illiberal laugh, and jest of a whole country, through which she runs; mixes in  
the

the shocking scenes of this vile place, where every thing, that is low, indelicate, and abominable presides; (no Loves and Graces to hold the nuptial torch, or lead the hymeneal dance; an inn the temple, and an innkeeper the priest;) and suffers her name to be inrolled (I had almost said) in the records of prostitution.—These were the natural effects of an act of legislature, which many thought had been conducted on less liberal principles, than might have been wished.

Leaving these Idalian scenes we soon met the Sark, which is the limit of Scotland in this part. The ground is well varied; and the bridge, and river, with the addition of a few trees to cover the real nakedness of the scene, would make a tolerable picture.

As we enter England, we have a grand distance on the right. The nearer parts of it present the river Eden uniting with Solway-frith. Beyond these rises the city of Carlisle, distinguished by its castle, and cathedral: and beyond all, a range of mountains.  
The

The road led us close by the place where that dreadful eruption from Solway-mofs, in the year 1771, entered the Esk. Time has now almost effaced the scars, which that terrible mischief made in it's career. A great part of the plain, which was once overflowed, is now recovered; but we were informed, it had been cleared at an expence nearly equal to the value of the land.

It may not be amiss, on the conclusion of this tour in Scotland, (which we were obliged to perform, for want of time, in little more than a fortnight) to recapitulate a few of those peculiarities, and striking modes of scenery, which this wild country exhibits. A general view of this kind will impress more strongly the idea of the scenes we have passed.—To the observations also, which have immediately arisen from such a view, may be added a few other particulars, which we had not an opportunity of introducing before.

SECT.



## S E C T. XXXII.

ON entering Scotland, what makes the first impression on the picturesque eye, are those vast tracts of land, which we meet with intirely *in a state of nature*. I speak not here of mountains, or vallies, or any *particular species* of country: but of those large tracts of *every* species, which are totally untouched by art. In many parts of England, in Derbyshire particularly, and the more northern counties, we see vast districts of these wild scenes: but still they are generally intersected by the boundaries of property, (consisting chiefly of loose stone walls) which run along the wastes, and sides of mountains; and ascend often to their summits. These not only injure the idea of wildness, but introduce a great deformity. Their rectilineal figures break the great flowing lines of nature, and injure her features,

features, like those whimsical scratches, and pricked lines, which we sometimes see on the faces of Indians. — But in Scotland, atleast in those parts which we visited, we rarely met with any of these intersections. All is unbounded. This, it is true, is not so much a beauty, as the removal of a deformity; but when deformities are removed, beauty in some shape, generally makes it's appearance. It is art that sophisticates nature. We consider cloathing as necessary; and some modes of it as picturesque: but still it hides the forms of nature, which are undoubtedly more beautiful: so that beauty gives way to decency, and convenience. It is thus in landscape. Ceres, Triptolemus, and all the worthies, who introduced corn and tillage, deserve unquestionably the thanks of mankind. Far be it from me to disturb their statues, or erase their inscriptions. But we must at the same time acknowledge, that they have miserably scratched, and injured the face of the globe. Wherever man appears with his tools, deformity follows his steps. His spade, and his plough, his hedge, and his furrow; make shocking encroachments on the simplicity, and elegance of landscape. The old acorn-season  
was

was unquestionably the reign of picturesque beauty; when nature planted her own woods, and laid out her own lawns;

~~————~~ immunis; rostroque intacta, nec ullis

:Saucia vomeribus. —————

Could we see her in her native attire, what delightful scenery should we have! Tho' we might, now and then, wish to remove a redundance (for she is infinitely exuberant in all her operations) yet the noble style in which she works, the grandeur of her ideas, and the variety and wildness of her composition, could not fail to rouse the imagination, and inspire us with infinite delight.

And yet we must make a distinction among countries in a state of nature. Vast, extensive, flat countries, tho' covered with wood, like many of the maritime parts of America, cannot possess much beauty. Seen from the sea, they are mere woody lines: and examined in their internal parts, the eye is every where confined; and can see only the trees, that circumscribe it. The only countries, which are picturesque in a state of nature, are such as consist of variety both of *soil*, and *ground*. You must have *variety of soil*, that some parts may be covered with wood; and others with  
VOL. II. I heath,

health, or pasturage. You must have variety of *ground*, that you may view the several parts of the country with advantage. Rivers also, and lakes belong to a state of nature. In this way the face of England is varied; and was certainly on the whole, more beautiful in a state of nature, than it can be now in a state of cultivation. Scotland, and Ireland are both countries of this kind. Such also are Switzerland, Italy, many parts of Germany; and I suppose, in general, most of the northern, and eastern parts of Europe.

In the casual observations of travellers we have many pleasing sketches of landscape in a state of nature, from countries still more remote, and less known.

The kingdom of Whydah particularly, on the coast of Guinea, is represented as one of the most delightful countries in the world. It abounds every where with a great variety of beautiful trees, which grow in groves, and clumps, without any underwood, or even weeds; and the ground is spread in rich pastures and meadows, winding among them without any separation, or boundaries, but what are occasioned by the folding, and intermixing of these natural groves.

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The same kind of scenery is described, in admiral Anson's voyage, in the island of Tinian. There the country, we are told, has the air of a magnificent plantation, in which extensive lawns, and stately woods are artfully combined, and judiciously adapted to the declivities of the hills, and the inequalities of the ground; which rises in gentle slopes from the beach to the middle part of the island: tho the general course of it's ascent is often interrupted by woody vallies, which wind irregularly through the country \*.

Such exhibitions as these however are among the choicest of nature's productions. We must not every where expect such scenes. And even in these picturesque countries themselves, the eye will often be repelled by deformities: yet almost every where, we may expect from pure nature something either of grandeur or beauty to amuse us. Even in countries like this in which we now travelled, where the soil and climate are thought to deny the luxuriant growth of wood, there is abundant amusement:

————— *quam deserta, et inhospita tesqua*  
Credis; *amosna* vocat, *mecum* qui sentit.

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\* See Anson's voyage.

The coarsest face of nature is a comely face; and tho her features, in these barren countries, have no great share of sweetness, and beauty; yet there is always something wildly graceful, and expressive in her countenance.

## S E C T. XXXIII.

**A** *Poverty of landscape* from a want of objects, particularly of wood, is another striking characteristic in the views of Scotland. A country, as we have seen under the last head, may be in a state of nature, and yet exceedingly rich. The various hues, which woody scenes exhibit; the breaks which they occasion; and the catches of light, which they receive, are abundant sources of what we call *richness* in landscape. In populous countries the various kinds of architecture, bridges, aqueducts, towns, towers, and above all the ruins of castles, and abbeys, add great richness to the scenes of nature; and in *remote* distances, even *cultivation* has it's use. Corn-fields, fallows, and hedge-rows, melted together with other objects, we have often had

occasion to observe, form one general rich mass.

Now in all these sources both of *natural*, and *artificial richness* we find the Scotch landscape in general greatly deficient.

In the *foregrounds* indeed this *poverty of landscape* is of little importance. Here the painter must necessarily take some liberty in his views of the *richest* country. It is rarely that he can form his composition without it: and in Scotland he has as good a chance, as any where, of meeting with broken knolls, ragged rocks, or pieces of winding road, to give him a general hint for his foreground, which is all that he desires. But in the *several removes of country*, the Scotch landscape is not so happy. In *these* it's poverty chiefly appears. In most parts of England the views are rich. Near the capital especially, objects are scattered in such profusion, that unless the distance be very remote, they are injurious to landscape by distracting the eye. But the *Scotch distance* rarely exhibits any diversity of objects. It is in general a barren tract of the same *uniform unbroken hue*; fatiguing the eye for want of variety, and giving the imagination little scope for the amusement, which it  
often



often finds amid the ambiguity of remote objects. — Were it not for this general deficiency of objects, particularly of wood, in the Scotch views, I have no doubt but they would rival those of Italy. Many a castle Gandolfo might we have, seated on an eminence, and overlooking an Alban lake, and a rich circumjacent country. The grand outlines are all laid in; a little finishing is all we want.

Dr. Johnson has given us a picture of Scotch landscape, painted, I am sorry to say, by the hand of peevishness. It presents us with all it's defects; but none of it's beauties.

“ The hills, says he, are almost totally covered with dark heath; and even that appears checked in it's growth. What is not heath is nakedness; a little diversified, now and then by a stream, rushing down the steep. An eye accustomed to flowery pastures, and waving harvests, is astonished, and repelled by this wide extent of hopeless sterility. The appearance is that of matter, incapable of form, or usefulness; dismissed by nature from her care; disinherited of her favours, and

left in it's original elemental state; or quickened only with one fullen power of useless vegetation \*."

How much more just, and good-natured is the remark of another able writer on this subject. "We are agreeably struck with the grandeur, and magnificence of nature in her wildest forms — with the prospect of vast, and stupendous mountains; but is there any necessity for our attending, at the same time, to the bleakness, the coldness, and the barrenness, which are universally connected with them †?"

It is true indeed, that an eye, like Dr. Johnson's; which is accustomed to see the beauties of landscape *only in flowery pastures, and waving harvests*, cannot be attracted by the great and sublime in nature. It will bring every thing to it's own model; and measure the proportions of a giant by the limbs of a dwarf. Dr. Johnson says, the Scotch mountain has the appearance of matter *incapable of form or usefulness*. As for it's *usefulness*, it may for any thing he can know,

\* West. isles, p. 84.

† See Gregory's comparative view, &c. p. 229.

have

have as much use in the system of nature, as *flowery pastures, and waving harvests* \*. And as for it's being *incapable of form*, he can mean only that it cannot be formed into corn-fields, and meadows. It's form as a mountain is unquestionably grand and sublime in the highest degree. For that poverty in objects, or *simplicity*, as it may be called; which no doubt injures the beauty of a Scotch landscape; is certainly at the same time the *source of sublimity*.

*Simplicity*, and *variety* are the acknowledged foundations of all picturesque effect. Either of them will produce it: but it generally takes it's tone from one †. When the landscape approaches nearer *simplicity*, it approaches

\* See Derham's *Physico-theology* (Book III. chap. 4.) in which the great usefulness of mountains is examined.

† Since this was written I met the same remark in Mr. Shenstone's thoughts on gardening. Tho' our opinions are not in all points coincident, they are wholly so in this. "Grandeur and beauty, says he, are so very opposite, that you often diminish the one, as you increase the other. Variety is most akin to the latter; simplicity to the former. Suppose a large hill, varied by art, with large patches of different-coloured clumps, scars of rocks, chalk-quarries, villages or farm-houses, you will have perhaps a more beautiful scene; but much less grand, than it was before."

nearer

nearer the *sublime* ; and when *variety* prevails, it tends more to the *beautiful*. A vast range of mountains, the lines of which are simple ; and the surfaces broad, grand, and extensive, is rather *sublime* than *beautiful*. Add trees upon the foreground, tufted woods creeping up the sides of the hills, a castle upon some knoll, and skiffs upon the lake (if there be one) and tho the landscape will still be *sublime*, yet with these additions (if they are happily introduced) the *beautiful* will predominate. — This is exactly the case of a Scotch view. The addition of such furniture would give it *beauty*. At present, unadorned grandeur is its characteristic ; and the production of *sublime ideas*, the effect.

Yet views of this kind are by no means void of the picturesque. Their broken lines and surfaces mix variety enough with their simplicity to make them often noble subjects of painting ; tho, as we have observed, they are less accommodated to drawing. Indeed these wild scenes of sublimity, unadorned even by a single tree, form in themselves a very *grand species of landscape*.

It should not however be inferred, that Scotland is without wood. Dr. Johnson's  
remarks

remarks \* on this subject are too acrimonious. It is true we meet with no ancient forests; and rarely with a single oak, elm, or beech, of dignity enough to adorn a foreground. Indeed we rarely, except around the seats of the nobility, find any extent of deciduous woods, tho' of inferior growth. That beautiful species of landscape, which is so common in England, under the denomination of park-scenery, is little known in Scotland. But we met with many a plantation of pine, many a

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*plaga pinea montis;*

mountains covered with fir, which when fully grown, and their uniformity a little destroyed by the axe, may hereafter have a fine effect. At present we saw few extensive plantations, that had attained any state of picturesque perfection. In smaller plots, we found several that had. But till lately, I believe the Scotch nobility and gentry have not employed themselves much in planting.

The Scotch fir, which generally makes a distinguished part of these plantations, is naturally a beautiful tree. A straight, regular stem

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\* See Johnson's Tour.

is not the form which nature gives it. Left to itself, it's bole often takes an elegant turn, and it's branches, an irregular form. It's growth is not very unlike that of the stone pine, which is among the most picturesque trees. It graces the views of Italy; and is one of the greatest ornaments of the ruins of Rome. In England we scarce know it. But when the Scotch fir is left to it's natural growth, it frequently resembles this species of pine. As it attains age, it's head forms a bushy clump: and yet I know not, whether it is so happy in this respect in it's native country; as when it is favoured in England with a richer soil, and happier climate.

Besides the Scotch fir, the spruce seems also a native of this country: at least it flourishes here very happily. This tree has more than any other, what, in the language of poetry, hath been called *the shadowy pomp of floating foliage*; and in some situations nothing combines better with other trees. It is often also, as a single tree, an object of great beauty; spiring in a pyramidal form; and yet varying it's lateral branches, especially when they are a little broken, so as to remove every unpleasant

unpleasant idea of uniformity; and when it receives the sun, its broken parts, splendid with light, and hanging against the dark recesses in the body of the tree, have a fine effect. I am at present however considering these trees not as *individuals*; but as they may in some places, aid the poverty of landscape, by adorning barren parts, which are in general so prevalent in Scotland.

In these services tho we meet the *pine-race* seldomer than we wish, we find the *deciduous* tree still a greater stranger in the country. Here, and there we see the larch, and the birch; both of which flourish; and both of which are picturesque. But tho the nobler trees, as we observed, rarely occur; yet when we see them thrive in many parts, particularly about Dunkeld, Inverary, Taymouth, Hamilton, and Hopeton-house, we cannot but suppose the country is in general as well adapted to foster them, as the pine; and that the nakedness of Scotland in this respect, is more owing to the inattention of the lords of the soil, than to any thing forbidding either in the soil itself; or in the climate.

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After all, however, I know not whether the pine-race are not, in a *picturesque light*, more adapted to the *ruggedness* of the country, than the deciduous tree; which is more suited to the *sylvan scene*.

Besides, in Scotland winter reigns three parts of the year. The oak protrudes it's foliage late; and is in that climate, early disrobed. The pine is certainly a more cheerful; and a more sheltering winter-plant; and of course not only better adapted to the *scene*, but to the *climate* also.

Of pines, no doubt, very large plantations might every where be extended. Many of the summits of mountains are indeed intractable; and must be left in their native, unadorned grandeur: but along the whole district, through which we travelled, as far as we could judge from particular spots, and yet these not particularly favoured, a very large proportion of the country might bear wood; and Scotland might again be, what we have reason to believe it once was, full of forests, and woody scenes.



## S E C T. XXXIV.

**W**OOD however, if it existed, could never be the glory of Scotch landscape. It's mountains, lakes, and rivers are it's pride.

It's mountains are so various, that they appear in every shape, which a mountain can assume; at least in every picturesque shape: for (what is very extraordinary among so large a collection of mountains) we meet with very few grotesque, or unpleasing forms. A general elegance runs through their lines, and interfections; and we found among them what we do not commonly find, not only grand objects, but agreeable composition: so true is the poet's remark, that in the wild scenes of Nature there is sometimes

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an art,  
 Or seeming art, which, by position apt,  
 Arranges shapes unequal, so to save  
 That correspondent poize, which unpreferred  
 Would mock our gaze with airy vacancy.

A mountain is of use sometimes to close a distance by an elegant, varied line: and sometimes to come in as a second ground, hanging over a lake, or forming a skreen to the nearer objects. To each purpose the Scotch mountains are well adapted. The distances of this country, with all their uniformity, have at least one praise, as we have often had occasion to observe, that of being bounded by a grand chain of blue mountains: and when these mountains approach, their shapes are generally such as may with little alteration be transferred to canvas.

I have however heard good judges in landscape find much fault with the Scotch mountains in general; and place them on the wrong side of a comparison with the mountains of Italy, and other countries. I can only therefore give my own opinion modestly on this head; suggesting, at the same time, that perhaps these travellers and I may have drawn our conclusions from different parts of the country. Those mountains, which I have remarked, I  
 have

have generally specified in the course of my journey. — Or, it may be perhaps, that these travellers admire mountains with spiry points, instead of flowing lines; which with me are not among objects of picturesque beauty. — The affair however, after all, resolves into matter of opinion.

The lakes of Scotland are as various, as it's mountains: but they partake with them of the barrenness of the country. In the neighbourhood of water one should expect something more of vegetation. In general, however, the Scotch lakes are very little adorned. You see fine sweeping lines, bays, recesses, islands, castles, and mountain-screens; all of which, except the castles, are in the best style. But with these embellishments you must be content: wood you seldom find; at least in any degree of richness, or proportion. — At the same time if you wish to *study landscape*, perhaps you can nowhere study it with more advantage. For scenes like these, are the schools in which *the elements* of landscape are taught — those great outlines, without understanding which, the art of finishing is frippery.

One thing farther may be observed with regard to the lakes of Scotland; and that is their dingy colour. The lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland have a remarkable pellucidity. They are so transparent as to admit the sight many fathoms below the surface: whereas all the Scotch lakes, which we saw, take a mossy tinge from the moors probably in their neighbourhood: at least they were all, I think, of that hue, when we saw them. And yet I know not whether this tinge is of any great disadvantage to them. It certainly affects the *general landscape* very little. In navigating the lake indeed; or in viewing it's surface from the bank, it presents an unpleasant hue: and perhaps the reflections are not so vivid, as when the mirror is brighter. Yet I have sometimes thought this dinginess is perhaps more in harmony with the moorish lands, which generally form the Scotch landscape, than if the hue of the water had been more resplendent.

The rivers in Scotland are in general very beautiful. They are all mountain-streams; and their channels, as we have seen in the course  
of

of this journey, commonly fretted in rock. Their descent of course is rapid, and broken. They are true classical rivers :

————— Decursu rapido de montibus altis  
Dant sonitum spumosi —————

Their banks, we allow, are seldom wooded, often indeed without the least fringe : but when they are fortunate enough to find accompaniments of this kind, as they sometimes do, they form scenes, which perhaps no other country can boast. Among their beauties are their frequent cascades ; which are generally of the broken kind. Sheets of water we rarely found. Their common properties are admirably described in the following lines of a Scotch bard. \*

Whyles ' owre a lynn ' the burnie ' plays,  
Or through the glen it wimpled ' ;  
Whyles round a rocky scar it strays,  
Whyles in a wiel ' it dimpled.  
Whyles glittered to the nightly rays,  
Wi' bickering ' , dancing dazzle ;  
Whyles cookit underneath the braes ' ,  
Below the spreading hazle.

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\* Burn's poems, p. 170.

' *Whyles*, sometimes ——— ' a *lynn*, a cascade ——— ' *burnie*, a brook ——— ' *wimples*, winds ——— ' a *wiel*, a little whirlpool ——— ' *bickering*, hasty ——— ' *cookit underneath the braes*, appears, and disappears under the hills.

The estuaries of the Scotch rivers exceed any, that are to be seen in England. In England, their shores are generally low, and tame: even the Welch mountains give little grandeur to the Severn. But in Scotland, the friths of the Clyde, and Forth, Loch-Fyn, Loch-Loung, and many others, display the noblest, and most beautiful scenery. The English estuary, besides the flatness of its shores, is often too wide. The water gets out of proportion; which it always does, if it extend more than a mile, or a mile and a half in breadth. The Severn, and the Humber are both of this kind. Nor is the Solway-frith much better: it partakes too much of the tameness and disproportion of the English estuary. But the Scotch estuaries having their boundaries generally marked by the firmer barriers of mountains, are kept within narrower limits, and rarely exceed a proper width; unless just at their mouths, and even then the height of the mountains is generally such, as to preserve a tolerable proportion between the land, and the water.

One circumstance farther may be mentioned, and that is the gloomy, melancholy air, which commonly overspreads the Scotch landscape; I mean the highland part of it, which I have been describing. “The highlands of Scotland,” says Dr. Beattie, “form a picturesque, but in general a melancholy country. Long tracts of mountainous desert, covered with dark heath, and often obscured by misty weather; narrow vallies, thinly inhabited, and bounded by precipices resounding with the fall of torrents; the mournful dashing of waves along the friths, and lakes, that intersect the country; and the portentous noises, which every change of the wind, and every increase, and diminution of the waters is apt to raise in a lonely region full of rocks, caverns, and echoes,” are all circumstances of a melancholy cast; and tho they are not entirely of the picturesque kind; yet they are nearly allied to it; and give a tinge to the imagination of every traveller, who examines these scenes of solitude and grandeur.





## S E C T. XXXV.

**A**MONG the picturesque appendages of this wild country, we may consider the flocks and herds, which frequent them. Here we have stronger ideas, than any other part of the island presents, of that primeval state, when man and beast were joint tenants of the plain. The highlander, and his cattle seem entirely to have this social connection. They lead their whole lives together, and in their diet, beverage, and habitation, discover less difference, than is found between the higher and lower members of any luxurious state.

These *groups of cattle* were picturesque, wherever we found them; tho we found them less frequently, than we could have expected in a country, which is totally pasturage: for, altho the district be wide, the herbage is  
K 4
scanty.

scanty. The animals therefore unable to feed every where gregariously, as nature inclines them; are obliged to ramble apart, and pick up a subsistence, where they can.

The cattle themselves, as *individuals*, are in general homely. Their colour is commonly black, with patches of white; which make together the most inharmonious of all mixtures. They are small: their countenances usually four; and their horns wide — very unlike the small, curled, beautiful horn of the Alderney, and French cow. But these deformities are of little consequence in *a group*. — The sheep are also diminutive and ordinary; but in their tattered rough attire, exceedingly picturesque. — These scenes too are often enlivened by a species of little, wild horses; which tho not absolutely in a state of nature, are perfectly *sui juris*, for the first three or four years of their lives. Some of them are very beautiful.

Nor are the cattle of this wild country more picturesque, than it's human inhabitants. The highland dress (which, notwithstanding  
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an act of parliament, is still in general use \*) is greatly more ornamental than the English. I speak of its form; not it's colour; which is checked, of different hues, and has a disagreeable appearance. The plaid consists of a simple piece of cloth, three yards in length, and half that measure in breadth. A common one sells for about ten shillings. The highlander wears it in two forms. In fine weather he throws it loosely round him; and the greater part of it hangs over his shoulder. In rain he wraps the whole close to his body. In both forms it makes elegant drapery; and when he is armed with his pistols, and Ferrara, † has a good effect. Oftener than once we amused ourselves with desiring some highlander, whom we accidentally met, to perform the exercise of his plaid by chang-

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\* As the highlanders were so extravagantly attached to their dress, the government, in the year 1784, in some degree restored it to general use. But it is by no means universally adopted. The herdsman of the mountains finds it, beyond all others convenient: but the farmer, who has a settled abode, begins to think the English dress more commodious.

† Andrew Ferrara, a Spaniard, was invited into Scotland by James the third to teach his countrymen the art of tempering steel. From him the best broad-swords take their name.

ing

ing it from one form to the other. Trifling as the operation seems, it would puzzle any man, who had not been long used to it. —

But to see the plaid in perfection, you must see the highland gentleman on horse-back. Such a figure carries you into Roman times; and presents you with the idea of Marcus Aurelius.\* If the bonnet were laid aside (for the elegance of which but little can be said) the drapery is very nearly Roman. The bonnet is commonly made in the form of a beef-eater's cap, which is very ugly. I have sometimes however seen the bonnet fit snugger to the head, and adorned with a plume of feathers. It is then picturesque. — When the common people take a journey on horse-back, they often gather up the plaid in a few plaits; and so form it into a cloak. In this shape it is scanty, and unpleasing.

What little change three centuries have made in the dress, and accoutrements of a highlander, will appear from the following account, written in the time of Henry the seventh.

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\* Alluding to the antique,

“ Alteram

“ Alteram aquilonarem, ac montosam tenet genus hominum longe durissimum ac asperum, qui sylvestres dicuntur. Hi sago, et interiore tunica amiciuntur; nudisque genu tenus tibiis incedunt. Arma sunt arcus et sagittæ, cum ense admodum lato, et pugione unâ tantum ex parte acuto.” \*—If we take away his bow, and arrows, and stick a couple of pistols in his belt, the highlander of those days, is the very highlander of these.

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• Pol. Virg. lib. i. p. 11.

SECT.



## S E C T. XXXVI.

**I**N point of all improvements in landscape, and every exertion of taste, the Scotch are very far behind their more southern neighbours. Few ideas of this kind of beauty have yet seized them. The lawn, the clump, and the winding walk, which carries you simply to every thing worth seeing in the neighbourhood, are rarely found. The modern river indeed I should not recommend to their imitation. It is generally a poor unnatural contrivance. One genuine Scotch torrent is fairly worth all the serpentine rivers in England. — It is true, the Scotch landscape boasts of nobler effects, than these trivial services of art can produce: but even the grand scenery of nature may sometimes be improved by the addition of a good foreground: and about the houses of the nobility, where improvement is  
 avow-

avowedly aimed at, the efforts are generally either feeble, absurd, puerile, or grotesque. But a national taste is long in forming. At the beginning of Henry the second Gothic architecture first appeared, but it did not arrive at perfection, till about the reign of Henry the sixth, which was nearly three centuries afterwards.—Thus too the Grecian, and Roman architecture, which began to appear in England in the days of Henry the eighth, was long a heterogeneous compound; and has not yet perhaps attained its perfect growth.

About the beginning of this century appeared first the dawning of the present taste in improving gardens, and pleasure grounds; which is in fact nothing more than a simple endeavour to improve nature by herself; to collect ideas of the most beautiful scenery; and to adapt them to different situations; preserving at the same time the natural character of each scene. But this taste, simple, easy, and natural as it appears, is yet by no means become general even in England. The old idea that *art must do something more than nature*, is not yet obliterated; and we see the grotesque, the formal,



formal, and the fantastic still holding possession in many scenes, where we might have expected simplicity, and nature. But the Scotch are still at least half a century behind the English. In Scotland we saw nothing in this way purely elegant. Even in their best improvements there is a mixture of the old insipidity. It must be understood however that I speak of things, as I found them a dozen years ago. Many improvements may by this time be introduced. I have already mentioned the improvements, which I am informed, have been made around Hamilton-house; and it is probable there may be many other. It will be long however before this taste becomes general.

With regard to architecture, painting, and statuary, very little is found in Scotland to detain a traveller. The duke of Athol's gardens are at this day \* adorned with tawdry, painted, leaden figures, the product of Hyde-park corner.

Before I conclude these remarks, it may be necessary in justice to myself, to suggest one consideration. It is very possible that many, who may travel this country, may see among the natural objects of it many which have escaped my eye; and lose others, which mine observed. Objects too, may appear under very different forms to different persons. All this will necessarily happen from the different circumstances, under which they are seen. A grand light, or shade, thrown upon an object, gives it a consequence, without which it may escape notice. One traveller seeing an offskip under the circumstance of a light, thin, mist, without attending to the cause, cries out, What a beautiful distance! Another travelling the same road, an hour afterwards, finds the distance gone; and in it's room an unpleasant, black heath. At one time a distance might appear melting into the horizon; at another a lurid cloud might have taken possession of the sky above it, and the distance assuming it's indigo tinge, might be marked with a harsh blue edge. To my eye, as the sun declined, a part of Dunbarton-

rock

rock appeared from the shores of Loch-Lomond, like a vast tent, with one of the front-curtains drawn back. To another person travelling in a morning, it would probably make an appearance totally different. I have touched on this subject in another work;\* and may add, that in a mountainous country these variations are more common than any where else. Such countries are greatly affected by lights, shades, mists, and a variety of other circumstances; so that in point of size, shape and distance, two persons may give very different accounts of the same mountain, and yet both may be very exact.

Amidst all these sources of uncertainty (which by the way are sources also of variety, and beauty) I have generally marked the time of the day together with such circumstances, as appeared singular in the view; and I hope whoever should see the country, which I have described, under the same circumstances, in which it appeared to me, would find the delineation of it tolerably exact.

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\* See the preface to the North. tour, p. 7.



## S E C T. XXXVII.

**F**ROM Carlisle to Cockermouth, we passed over dreary, unpleasant heaths. Some scenery we found; particularly at Cockbridge; and about Whitehall, an old deserted mansion, belonging to the Salkelds. The road to it happens to be so conducted, as to form a good approach.

As we mounted the hill, a little beyond Bowl, we had a grand view of the opening of the Solway-frith, into the Irish-sea. It's breadth is considerable, and yet the mountain of Scrofell, which takes it's station near the mouth of the frith, on the Scotch side, makes a very respectable appearance. To the right, we see the frith narrowing through the space of many leagues: beyond which the mountains

L 2

of

of Scotland rise in the distance; while the English border forms the nearer ground. The whole together is too extensive for the pencil: but a good view might be taken of the situation of Scrofell, a Scotch mountain at the mouth of the frith. — This was our last retrospect of a country which had afforded us so much pleasure.

As we approached Cockermouth, the mountains, which occupy the middle of Cumberland, begin to make a formidable appearance. One of them in particular, inlightened by an evening sun, seemed supported by vast buttresses, like some mighty rampart, in the times of the giant wars. Each buttress, I suppose, might be three or four times the height of St. Paul's church. When nature in any of her frolic-scenes takes the semblance of art, how paltry in the comparison appear the labours of men! At the same time, in her frolic-scenes she is the least picturesque.

Cockermouth is one of the pleasantest towns in the north of England. It lies in a sinuous,  
extended

extended vale; screened by that circular chain of mountains, Skiddaw, and its compeers, which we have just mentioned. But they do not hang over the vale: they are removed to a proper distance; and form a grand background to all the objects of it. The vale itself is beautiful; consisting of great variety of ground, and more adorned with wood, than the scenes of the north commonly are. But its greatest ornaments are two rivers, and the ruins of a castle. The rivers are the Derwent, and the Cocker; both rapid streams. The former is the larger; to which the latter is but tributary. At the confluence of these rivers, close by the town, rises a peninsular knoll, in part probably artificial. Upon this stand the ruins of the castle; which are among the most magnificent in England. Besides the grand appearance they make on the spot, they present an object in various parts of the vale, and dignify some very picturesque scenes.

Few castles have made such ample provision for prisoners of war, as this. Here are two vaulted dungeons, each of them capable of holding fifty men. An aperture at the top of each is just sufficient to lower down the un-

happy captive into it; and his food was shovelled through a small slit at the side.

It makes one shudder to think of the wretched condition of a human creature, shut up in these chambers of horror. How dreadful would it be for the people of these more polished times to be carried back into those barbarous periods, when these savage practices existed. And yet there is such a correspondence throughout the whole system of manners in each æra, that people are happier perhaps under the intire habits of any one age, than they would be under a partial change, even tho that change were for the better. If we could ill bear a mixture with such savage contemporaries; they would perhaps be as much discomposed with our polished manners. Nor did they feel as we should, a compassion for that barbarous treatment, which they were ready to suffer themselves from the chance of war.

The territory annexed to this castle by William the conqueror, was all that tract of country called Copeland, at that time a mere forest, stretching between the river Dudden, and the Derwent. Tradition fixes the original seat of this little feudal empire at Pap-castle,



castle, about a mile from Cockermouth; and informs us that Waldoff, in the age succeeding the conquest, deserted it, as not sufficiently extensive, and built the castle of Cockermouth. At Pap-castle no vestiges remain of any such fortrefs; but the name, and site, are both strong arguments for it's having existed.

We scarce remember, in our whole tour, a pleasanter walk, than we had one evening in the meadows along the banks of the Derwent. The whole scenery is pleasant, and as we returned by the higher grounds, we had, through the whole walk, a varying view of the castle of Cockermouth; which tho not the most beautiful object in itself, has at least a grandeur, and dignity, which make it interesting in every view.

From Cockermouth to Keswick, (which was our next stage) lead two roads. One of them, over the mountain of Whinlater, is called the *upper road*: the *lower* passes by Armithwaite-bridge, and the lake of Bassenthwait. Let the picturesque traveller enquire for the latter; and not be deterred, tho the prudent innkeeper inform him, that the Whinlater-road

is both better, and nearer. He will find the *lower road* very good; and instead of repining at being carried two miles about, he will wish he had been carried twenty; (at least if he is bent on no errand of importance) so amply will the inconvenience be repayed by a succession of scenery, in which grandeur and beauty combine to entertain him.

He will first be presented with a mountain-vista; which he must consider as the grand portal to the scene he approaches. This vista, which he pursues about four miles, is terminated by the mountain of Skiddaw.

The surface of this mountain, when we saw it, exemplified very strongly an incident, to which these vast bodies are sometimes liable; that of *false shadows*. Scarce any thing gives higher offence to the picturesque eye. — Whoever pretends to any skill in painting, tho he may not be versed in all the theory of light, yet cannot be ignorant of these general principles — that the light falls on all the inlightened objects of a landscape in one direction — that all the shadows are of course thrown on the opposite side — and that extended shadow is one great source of that  
*breadth,*

*breadth*, as the painters call it, both in nature, and in painting, in which simplicity consists.

Now on the vast surfaces of these elevated bodies it sometimes happens, that in the room of this simple illumination, we see what I have expressed by the term *false shadows*; which are occasioned by small floating clouds intercepting the light, and throwing their shadows promiscuously; and often where we should naturally expect light. In *flat* countries these *false shadows* are rarely disgusting. They are often lost in cavities: they are often broken and dispersed by intervening objects: they are often lengthened by perspective, and so lose their disagreeable form: they are often also the source of great beauty, by leaving catching lights upon the distant parts of a landscape, or some happy illumination upon an object at hand. Indeed this fortuitous circumstance is often employed by painters with great effect.\*

But when these *false shadows*, are patched against the *side of a mountain*, and held up to the eye in their full size and dimensions; they are almost ever accompanied with great confusion. — A sunshiny, windy day therefore, with

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\* See vol. i. p. 12.

small floating clouds, is the worst kind of weather for viewing a mountainous country.\*

At the end of the vista, we came to the brow of the hill, called the *Ray*, from whence we had a noble view. The segment of a vast circle, many leagues in circumference, opened before the eye. It was a cultivated vale, screened by Skiddaw, and other mountains, which winding round pushed their bases into it, in different directions ; forming many bays, and promontories of broken ground as they united with the vale. In the middle, a portion of the lake of Bassenthwait made an ample sweep. Here beauty was introduced into our landscape, and mixed with the sublime. The whole valley indeed was amusing in a great degree ; tho too extensive to be the object of painting.

From the *Ray*, descending into the vale, we had as grand a vista formed by the lake

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\* See remarks on the effect of this species of light in a flat country, vol. i. p. 12.

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of Bassenthwait, as had been formed by the mountains just before. The lake of Bassenthwait is not among the most beautiful lakes of the north. It is about four miles long; and rarely more than half a mile in breadth. It seldom therefore has space enough to bear its proportion in the noble scenes, in which it is engaged; especially when viewed across: but as we here took it in perspective, it made a noble appearance, running up among the mountains, and losing itself behind them. Skiddaw formed the left skreen of this vista; Thornthwait-cragg the right, and the mountains of Borrowdale filled the centre.

We had another very fine view of the lake at Owsebridge, where the river Derwent leaves the waters of Bassenthwait. Here also we saw the lake in perspective, which gives it a spreading appearance; and more consequence, than it commonly has. — On its banks stands Armithwaite, where we had the same view over the lake, which the road had just presented to us.

We now approached the northern side of Skiddaw. This mountain is in most parts  
smooth,

smooth, tame, and unfurnished. But on this side, it makes it's best appearance. It is channelled and guttered, in it's higher parts; and often adorned with large proportions of rocky ground. In one place it exhibits two vast basons. The whole mountain seems divided into an upper, and a lower region. The lower spreads into sheep-walks, which run as far as the guttered channels; and in many parts insinuate themselves among them, till all distinction of surface is lost in the heights of the mountain. A greyish tint overspread the middle parts; contending with purple as it rose higher; till at length the purple gained the ascendant, and took possession of all the upper regions of the mountain.

This was the appearance, which Skiddaw exhibited at a second distance: but the road soon brought us under it's base, where all it's upper regions disappeared; and we could see nothing but the immensity of it's skirts.

Here we were entertained with another grand mountain-vista. A concave part of the base of Skiddaw, sweeping to the road, formed the near skreen on the left; on the  
right



right was a chain of broken mountains, running into perspective; and the lake, having now changed it's form, appeared like a noble river, winding under them.

Our landscape too had all the advantages, which light could give it. After a disturbed day, the evening was serene. All the *false shadows* had fled with the clouds; the lights were strong, and permanent; and under such illumination, every mountain summit, and every woody knoll, had taken it's proper form, together with it's proper hue.

We still continued winding round Skiddaw, the sides of which are every where rather shelving, than steep. But as we now began to veer round towards it's southern aspect, we lost the guttered channels, and rocky promontories which invested the northern side of the mountain. Smooth pasturage seemed now to cloath it to the top. — The road is good every where round the mountain; which continually sheds from it's skirts a kind of shivering, flaky stratum, which binds hard, and is perfectly smooth.

We now came to the isthmian part, which divides the two lakes of Bassenthwait, and  
Keswick.

Keswick. The beautiful meadows, at the head of the lake, full of cattle, made a pleasing appearance; contrasted, as they were, with rocky mountains on every side.

As we approached still nearer, the vale of Keswick began to open; and we had a grand view of the mountains of Borrowdale; arrayed in all the splendor of an evening-sun. These are among the most broken of all the mountains of the north: and their ragged points, on a nearer approach, wear rather a fantastic form: but at the distance from which we now viewed them, every grotesque appearance was lost; and their broken points were admirably fitted to receive the sharp catches of light, with which they were all illumined. Below the mountains appeared the skirts of the lake of Keswick. We saw the whole scene afterwards to great advantage, from the higher grounds, which fully command this grand, and beautiful landscape.

## S E C T. XXXVIII.

**T**H O we had seen the lake of Kewick many times; yet such a scene is an inexhaustible fund of beauty. It always presents something new. Our next undertaking therefore was to ride round the lake, which we had never done before. It is about eleven miles in circumference. Amusing however as this circuit is, it seems to have been so little frequented, that altho we were under the conduct of an inhabitant of the place, we had some difficulty in finding even a bridle-road: and yet materials are so plentiful, that a little expence might easily make it commodious for wheels. Were the road better, the tour of the lake of Kewick would perhaps be one of the grandest, and most beautiful rides in England. You are not carried along the margin of the lake, which in many parts is probably obstructed

obstructed by large promontories of rock running into the water ; but you wind often among the higher grounds, and slope along the sides of the hills. The *whole lake together* you seldom see : but you have every where, the most beautiful views of portions of it ; open bays, deep recesses, and spreading sheets, accompanied, both in the distance, and foregrounds, with such variety of rock, wood, and broken knolls, as few landscapes exhibit in so small a compass.

From the eastern side of the lake, which we had traversed oftener than once, the western side appears waste and barren. On the western side, we had never been before ; and were surprised to find it, what it did not appear at a distance, full of beautiful scenery. Ringside-fell, which makes a part of it, is a grand, and well shaped mountain. The other mountains, between it and Bassenthwait are too much broken.

Of the islands upon the lake we had several views ; of Lord's island covered with wood ; of St. Herbert's, newly planted with fir ; and of Vicar's island, flat, plain, and cultivated.

vated. In some places too we had a view of them all together.

Lodoar was in great penury, when we past it. Instead of roaring over the mighty rocks, which form it's descent, it fell gently down, gliding among them with feeble tone, not having force of water, to resist it's obstructions.

A circuit round the lake, naturally suggests the visionary idea of improving it. If the whole lake (I mean the whole district of land and water, contained within the circumference of the mountains,) belonged to one person, a nobler scene for improvement could not well be conceived. This grand circumference, it is true, in all it's vastness and extent, sets at nought all human power; and resists every idea of improvement: yet still in some parts an impression might be made. It might be rendered *more accessible*—it might be *cleared of deformities*—it might be *planted*—and it might be *decorated*.

In the first place, it might be rendered *more accessible*. We have just seen how difficult it is to get round the lake in it's present state. Half it's beauties are lost. An easy road therefore might be traced. I do not merely mean a good carriage road ; but such a road, as might both form a pleasing line in itself ; and shew the beauties of the lake to the best advantage. This improvement would require both taste, and study. Many a survey of the lake should be taken, both from the higher and lower grounds, to find out, where the road might open on some beautiful part, without losing it's own beauty — where it might run obliquely, and give only catching views — or where it might entirely lose all view of the lake. A pause in a grand continuation of scenery, is often as pleasing as in a concert of music. It makes the eye in one case, as the ear in the other, more alert for every new exhibition.

Besides this ample road around the lake, there might be a variety of paths, and sequestered walks cut from it ; which, in some part or other, might present every scene in it's most picturesque form.

Our

Our next business would be to *remove deformities* — such *deformities* especially as obtruded themselves from the road, or paths. And here I should perhaps find a difficulty in settling with many people, what was a *deformity*. In *nature's works* there is seldom any *deformity*. Rough knolls, and rocks, and broken ground, are of the very essence of beautiful landscape. It is man with his utensils, who prints the mark of *deformity* on Nature's works. Almost every thing in which he is concerned, I should wish to remove. In these rough grounds indeed there is not much of this kind that offends ; and some of his works, the cottage especially, under particular circumstances, is an object of beauty : tho in general these are not the scenes which it suits.

But notwithstanding the beauties of nature, it may happen that some deformities, even in her operations may exist. We often observe the craggy points and summits of mountains not well formed ; and the mountain itself not exactly shaped. With these things however we must rest satisfied. — Yet sometimes, in

smaller matters, a natural *deformity* may be done away. An awkward knoll, on the *foreground*, may offend; which art may remove, or at least correct. It may remove also bushes and rough underwood; which, tho often picturesque, are yet sometimes in the way. It may remove also a tree, or a clump, which may have placed themselves between the eye, and some beautiful part of the scene. Farther than this we dare not move—unless perhaps we wish to give the line of the lake a more pleasing sweep, by paring away cautiously—very cautiously—here and there a little of it's margin.

We begin next with *planting*. In this business the improver might wish to have the lake in it's primeval state surrounded with ancient wood. He might wish that *cutting away*, rather than *planting*, should be necessary: but as that cannot be, he must be content to plant: and this he must do, chiefly for the sake of posterity, whom he must leave *to admire* his work: for tho he may plant, it will require an age to bring his work to perfection.

The



The chief uses of planting in scenery, are to *set off beauty*, and to *bide* such deformities as we cannot *remove*.

Nature has various coverings for her surfaces. Grass is her principal, and general covering. This however is only a thin dress, close and tight, which following the form of her limbs, gives little *ornament* to them. Weeds of various kinds, shrubs, and brushwood form another species of vest, and often a rich one. But her richest, and most ornamental mantle, is wood, which she spreads in various forms, and various colours, over the earth; and in uninhabited countries in such profusion often as to blot out landscape. In inhabited countries however woods of this close texture, and wide continuance, are uncommon: yet we always wish for a command of such wood in all our improvements — not only for the reason already given, that old timber is more beautiful than young; but because nature always plants with much more picturesque beauty, than man. Man cannot put a twig in the ground without formality: and if he put in a dozen together, let him put them in with what art he please, his awkward handywork will hardly ever be effaced.

effaced. Nature would be ashamed to own his work—at least, till it had been matured by a long course of years. The best mode of planting, is, to plant profusely; and thus to afford scope for the felling axe. The felling axe is the instrument, which gives the finishing touch of picturesque effect. It forms the outline; and marks the breaks. No human judgment can manage this business compleatly in the first planting; yet human judgment, in the first planting, should nevertheless do what it can: and under the management of taste an artificial wood may attain great beauty; and vie in some degree with the superior effect of nature.

As for any particular rules for planting such a scene as this, none can be given. They must be adapted to the spot. Foregrounds and backgrounds are equally susceptible of the beauties of wood. Only, in general, contrast should be observed. The whole side of a hill for instance, should not be planted, but parts of it left bare. Sometimes the top may be planted; and sometimes the bottom: and if the wood run down to the lake in one part; in another the contiguous shore will, perhaps appear better unadorned. The fore-  
grounds

grounds however must generally be adorned with wood.

But wood, besides it's use in adorning landscape, is of use also in hiding it's deformities. The lake and it's environs, however beautiful, will always have many parts to hide. But to hide them from every station would be impossible. In so extensive a scene they must present themselves in numberless places. And yet perhaps the same object may appear from one station as a beauty, and present itself from another as a deformity. All however that can be done on this head, is to have respect to the several roads, and paths you have marked out; and to endeavour, as much as possible, by trees on the foreground, to plant out, from thence at least, every thing offensive. Even the ill-formed points, and prominences of mountains, where they are most offensive, may be skreened, in some views at least, by the foliage of a spreading tree.

We come lastly to the *adorning* of such a scene as this. I mean the *addition of artificial ornament*.

But before any *mode of ornament* can be settled, the question occurs, For what *purpose* do you mean to adorn? Do you intend to build a mansion in some part of the scene? — Or, do you mean it only for the wild scenery of a park; or what is commonly called a riding? We have yet done nothing, but what may be accommodated alike to both these purposes.

If you mean to *build*, it behoves you well to fix the spot with judgment. I should traverse the boundaries of the lake many times; examine it in all seasons; and not determine a point of such importance, in less than half a summer. I should at once however resolve not to follow the example of the earls of Derwentwater, and choose one of the little, flat, unvaried islands for my residence. These islands may often make the *object* of a scene: but none of them has extent to make a *scene itself*; or to unite well with the scenery around.

Having determined your spot, and built your house, your next *adorn* it. Much of the wild brushwood of the country must give way; and an elegant neatness take place; which growing rougher by degrees, will unite itself  
with

with the wildness of the country. Having levelled the ground, where too rough, and given an elegant play to it, you next plant your groves, and clumps, open your lawns, and conduct your walks. In all these things, the situation you have chosen must determine you. If it could be done commodiously, I should wish to have the grand lawn before the house sweep down to the water's edge. And yet I should not be pertinacious on this point, because other views of the lake might be equally interesting.

When you have thus laid out your different scenes, I should not object to your adorning so large an extent with a temple, or two; provided they were objects pleasing in themselves; adapted to their situations; and not both seen glaring together. I should not even object, if you chose to place some artless object as a point of view on the other side of the lake: for I conclude your house, or some of the grand walks, will open to the opposite shores. If you choose to adorn your distant view in this way, let not the object you make choice of, be some odd appearing thing, staring from the top of a hill, like a tower, or a spire, where you know no such thing

thing could probably' be placed. Neither let it stand directly in the front of your view ; the design of it will be suspected. As to the *kind of object*, it must be something, which will not disgrace your invention, if it is to be seen upon the spot. It will be difficult to direct you. But if you hesitate about a proper object, you had better at once give up the intention,

But perhaps you do not mean to build a *manfion* ; but mean only to adorn the invirons of the lake, as a *wild park-scene*. In that case little ornament will be wanting. If the ruins of a castle, or abbey *could be* built, and stationed with verisimilitude, and propriety, they would undoubtedly be a great ornament. Their station should be accommodated to the road, and walks ; and yet must appear, not as if fixed by design, for the purpose of ornament ; but as if naturally chosen. They should also be in a magnificent style. If you are satisfied with bringing a few loads of brick, or stone ; and putting them together in some odd shape, whitening them over, and calling them a ruin, you had better do nothing. You may disgrace what you wish to adorn : and should always remember

remember that the scene is able to support itself without any ornament.

I know no other ornaments proper to the environs of the lake, except perhaps a bridge or two; for which I should think, there might be great choice of situations. But I should wish the form of them to be that of the *rumbling brig* in Scotland;\* rather as joining rocky chasms, than as passages over rivulets. Of course therefore they should be so constructed, as to serve the purposes of the road. The form of an aqueduct might be introduced with propriety. The Alpine bridge also might have a good effect. Such a bridge is constructed only of a few rough pines, split, and held together by rafters, and pins. Chasms, over which such bridges might be thrown, are frequent about the lake. But here too you must follow the ideas of *probability* (which is *nature* as far as it goes) and throw the bridge over some part, where it appears really to be wanted. Your path must lead over it; or at least be directed over some safer place in it's neigh-

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\* See Vol. I. page 125.

bourhood;

bourhood ; that the *danger of the bridge* may appear plainly to be the *cause of it's desertion*. But in all matter of ornament, let me once more advise you to be sparing. I have heard, that, since these observations were made, the lake of Keswick, as well as other lakes, hath been injured by some miserable, and tasteless ornaments.\* Let me intreat you not to add to them ; nor to encourage a wretched taste, which may in time, as each proprietor of the lake takes it into his head, creep every where around it ; and destroy by degrees the simplicity, and beauty of one of the grandest, and most pleasing scenes in Britain.

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\* From this censure I should wish to exclude some improvements, which have lately been made on the western side of the lake, by lord William Gordon. I never saw them ; and only accidentally heard of them, since this work went to the press ; but from what I could learn, I should suppose they are made, as far as they go, on the principles here laid down.

SECT.



## S E C T. XXXIX.

**F**ROM Kefwick we took the common road to Kendal; and were greatly amused, as we had often been before, with the grandeur and beauty of the scenery; which two ideas go hand in hand through all this country. Sometimes one prevails: sometimes the other: and sometimes we are struck with the united force of both. Ideas of simple grandeur were generally suggested between Kefwick, and Ambleside; and of beauty chiefly between Ambleside, and Kendal.

From Kendal to Lancaster the country assumes a tamer aspect. At Lancaster we could not avoid ascending the castle-hill, to admire the scene of distant mountains it displayed,

played, tho we had often admired it before. But it was now attended with accompaniments, which were new to us ; and which of course made the scene a new one ; as all scenes are, when viewed in different lights, and different seasons. The day was rough, and boisterous ; and tho we had often seen this grand bay in a calm, we had never before seen it in a storm. The tide had wholly overspread it ; and tho there was not depth of water (as the whole bay is at best but a flooded sand-bank) to stir up the grand swells of the ocean ; yet it has depth enough to be greatly agitated.

But if it's waters wanted *depth*, they had *extent* fully proportioned to the mountains, that invironed them ; and all together produced a very grand effect. The greatness however of this noble exhibition arose chiefly from the adventitious circumstances, which attended it. The violence of the storm had confounded in one mass of driving vapours, air, sea, and mountains ; and the sublimity lay in the emerging of each of these objects occasionally from the mass of confusion, in which it was involved. Sometimes the broad back of a mountain would appear ; while  
the

the imagination was at a loss to find out on what base the mighty fabric was erected: for all it's lower skirts were obscured. Sometimes the base appeared whitened by the surges of the shore: while the summit of the mountain, involved in vapour, left the imagination to seek it among the clouds. Even objects still smaller, did not want their effect. The serried files of such sea-fowl as fly in flocks, urging their flight through the storm in firm array, were contrasted by others of a more devious course; as the gull particularly, which turning her breast, and wings to the wind, gave herself to the blast; and was carried away far to leeward, as if delighted with sporting in the storm: then, as the gust had spent it's force, she would recover her course; mount again into the air, and again renew her aerial pastime.

But the greatest ornaments of this boisterous bay, were the skiffs, which traversed it in various parts, making to the little ports, which lie along it's shores. Their different forms, and groups, as they were tumbled about by the wind, were amusing. One vessel there was of larger dimensions, which seemed to have been out at sea, and from her ragged sails to  
have

have suffered from the storm. She was working her course, with an adverse wind, in *tacks*, as they phrase it, athwart the bay. In some situations her appearance was formal: but when she was foreshortened, heeling from the wind, and with full sail driving the whitened sea before her prow; she was very picturesque. Shakespear, who had his beautiful moral ready on every occasion, on the exhibition of such a picture would say,

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How like a prodigal  
 The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,  
 Hugged, and embraced by the strumpet wind!  
 How like a prodigal doth she return,  
 With weather-beaten ribs, and ragged sails,  
 Torn, crazed, and beggared by the strumpet wind!

In the mean time we could have wished for a burst of resplendency to throw, at intervals, a vivid ray on the landscape — to brighten the mountain top, or the swelling sail of the skiff. Nothing is more picturesque, than a storm thus inlightened.\* But we were not so fortunate. One gloomy tint overspread the whole picture; and the several objects that

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\* See Northern Tour, Vol. I. page 126.

were

were seen, were seen rather from an *indistinct shadow*, than any *effect of light*.

One appearance indeed we had of solar illumination, which is of no use in enlightening objects; but is exceedingly picturesque; and that is those broad, diverging beams, which the sun, concealed behind a cloud, shoots down through a cloudy horizon. But let the painter, when he adorns his landscape with appearances of this kind, take care that they diverge naturally. Without a little philosophy the best efforts of his pencil will be awkward. I have seen a picture, in which the artist wished to adorn his landscape with a rainbow; but thinking a semicircle rather formal, he drew it in perspective.

This bay, from the setting of the currents, is at all times, subject to very rapid tides. But when the wind is strong from the south-west, the waters rush in with a violence that is astonishing; as many unfortunate travellers have fatally experienced. Nor is this the only danger, with which these pathless deserts are attended. The tide often leaves them interspersed with quicksands, which vary their situation. As it saves however several miles to cross this track of sand from Lancaster

to Ulverston, Cartmel, and the other towns upon the coast, you can seldom look over it from the station where we now stood, when the tide is at ebb; without seeing it *figured*, as the landscape-painter speaks, with several passengers; sometimes solitary, and sometimes in companies. For the accommodation of travellers, the government pay two guides from the rents of Conishead-abbey, (as the monks formerly did) who relieve each other, and conduct passengers, at stated hours, over the most dangerous parts: tho many people, who think they are as well acquainted with the fords themselves, trust to their own discretion.

## S E C T. XXXIX.

**A**S we leave Lancaster, the broken coast still affords us many views of land, and water, with stretches of sand interspersed; which to a common eye appear only barren tracts of dreariness: but the picturesque eye finds often a great amusement in them\*; and if they are happily illumined, contemplates in them, some of the finest effects of harmony. At this time indeed, they were under the influence of a rough unpleasant day.

About a mile beyond Garstang, we had a very fine distant view of a different kind — different indeed from any thing we had seen.

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\* See vol. i. page 132.

for many weeks —— a flat, woody country, terminated by light, azure hills, which appeared

————— *small, and undistinguishable,*  
*Like far-off mountains, turning into clouds.*

They were such in fact. We here took a farewell view of the mountainous country, we had passed. The *far off mountains* became by degrees *small and undistinguishable*; and soon *turning into clouds*, disappeared.

The general character of all this country, through which we now travelled, is that of flat, and woody. About Charnock the ground is varied, and the scenery more beautiful.

In Lancashire we frequently observed a breed of large cattle, which in the country is called the *wag-horn breed*, from the manner, in which the horn bends under the eye. In other countries I have heard them called *lough-borned*; but throughout England, they are commonly known by the name of the *Lancashire breed of cattle*. They are said to be fleshy, and more proper for the shambles, than the dairy:  
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RE  
RAY

STOR, LEMCK AND  
LITEN FOUNDATIONS



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ASTOR, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS



tho in Lancashire, we were told, they are esteemed the best milch-cows. Their twisted horns give them a peculiar, and picturesque cast of countenance,

The country between Wigan, and Warrington still continues flat, and woody. The soil is a loose sand, insomuch that the poplar, and other quick-growing trees, whose roots creep about the surface, often receive a cast from the wind, which gives them a disagreeable appearance. An inclined tree may be picturesque; but to make it so, it must always be well balanced. A tree, which inclines, when it is young, naturally forms a balance, as it grows; but when it takes an inclined direction, after it is full grown, it immediately appears to be in an unnatural state.

The lands in this country are pleasant: but the roads are rough. The soil produces no materials to make them; and the inhabitants are obliged to fetch stones from the Welch coast; the freight and carriage of which raises the expence of the roads, in many parts, to the enormous sum of one thousand pounds a mile.

Here and there in passing through the country, we have long flat distances; over  
 N 3 which

which rise the high grounds of Derbyshire. A new house, built by Mr. Smith Barry, commands an extensive woody flat of this kind towards Cheshire, bounded by Delamere-forest. But his brother's house stands more pleasantly by the side of Marberry-mere, which is a considerable, and beautiful piece of water.

By degrees the face of the country becomes more varied. We admire a woody dip at Wynchcomb-bridge; and near it a common, pleasantly circled with clumps, and single trees. Mowcap hill, crowned with a sort of castle-like form, which has a good effect, is seen far and wide, adorning as a background all the scenes in it's neighbourhood. It is a poor substitute for a Scotch mountain; yet it is sufficient to remind us frequently, in our different views of it, of the great use of high grounds in landscape. — As we approach Trentham, the country assumes a still more varied appearance.

Trentham is the seat of earl Gower, now marquiss of Stafford. When we were last in this country, a wet day prevented our seeing more of it, than we could discover from  
the

the road \*. We had now the opportunity of a fine evening, and saw it to better advantage. The house stands low; at the bottom of a woody hill, on the banks of the Trent: and tho there is nothing very peculiarly striking in the situation; yet it consists of considerable variety in point of ground, wood, and water. Of all this Mr. Brown, who was called in to improve it, has made a masterly use; and has adapted with great judgement his improvements to the ground. The contrivance is more varied, than the works of this artist commonly are; and the result is, a scene of great simplicity, and beauty — I may add, of magnificence also. The Trent is here a river of no great consequence; but being checked in it's course by a head, it forms a large piece of water, which sweeps along the side of the park, where the ground from the wooded hill falls beautifully into it in all directions. A very elegant walk likewise is conducted, first by the edge of the water; and then among the woods; from many parts of which the house makes a magnificent appearance beyond the lake, forming picturesque reflections upon it's

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\* See Observations, &c. v. i. p. 75.

surface. The shores of the water on the side opposite to the park, have little to recommend them at present. They are flat, newly planted, and without any effect: and the head, or mole, has yet rather an awkward appearance; running a considerable way like a hedge. Whether a lake, or a river, is aimed at, the extremities should be provided for; and if the artificial squareness of the mole, which forms the lake, cannot be hid, or disguised; the idea of a *lake* should be dropped, and that of a *river* adopted. Pliny's rule, tho given on a different occasion, cannot be too scrupulously observed. *Ambire debet se extremitas; et sic definire, ut promittat alia post se; ostendatque quæ occultat.* — But as a dozen years have now elapsed, since these observations were made; many improvements may have taken place; and the whole line of the lake may be altered. Upon the whole however we seldom see a piece of artifice ground, which from its variety, and management, is more capable of commanding attention. — A very fine approach to the park, on the side next Stone, is now forming. The line is good in which it is marked out round a hill. Handsome gates are already erected.

From



From Trentham to Stone, the road is pleasant, winding among hills; but as we enter more into Staffordshire, the country loses its beauty.

Enville, the seat of the earl of Stamford, stands low; but most of the grounds, which belong to it are high: and these high grounds are the most beautiful appendages of the place. They are simple sheep-walks, and consist of large lawns, and plantations intermixed; but are more varied, more natural, and more pleasing, than the neighbouring lawns of the celebrated Hagley. They pretend to no decoration, but that of nature: and when nature, at any time condescends with her own hand to decorate a scene, removing what is offensive, and bringing before the eye such objects only as please, (whether of the sublime, or as here, of the pastoral kind) it is surely paying her no very high compliment, to say, she exceeds the utmost attempts of art. In these grounds if any art hath been used, it hath been used with great judgement. To  
this

this pleasing foreground is added a distance, proportioned to it in extent, and equal to it in beauty. We overlook an extensive view on both sides. On one towards the Clent, and Malvern-hills; and on the other as far as the Wrekin. I cannot describe this distance better, than in the words of Thomson, who spent much of his time in this country, and seems to have collected all the ingredients of this landscape from some hill in the neighbourhood.

Mean time you gain the height, from whose fair brow  
The bursting prospect spreads immense around :  
And snatch'd o'er hill and dale, and wood, and lawn,  
And verdant field, and darkening heath between,  
And villages imbosomed soft in trees,  
And spiry towns by dusky columns mark'd  
Of rising smoke, your eye excursive roams.

We strayed a long time among these beautiful lawns, before we descended to the lower grounds. One view, in our descent, particularly pleased us. It is a valley, screened on each side with wood; and bounded by distant country and mountains. The lower grounds near the house, are more decorated by art, as they certainly ought to be: but it was unfortunate, that we had not seen them, before

before we saw the sheep-walks. From such an exhibition it required some time to bring the eye in humour with the most pleasing artificial scene.

From Enville the country grows unpleasant. On the left we have good views about the hundred and sixth stone. Perfhore-church, as you approach, and the distances beyond it, make a good picture. — The celebrated vale of Evesham possesses little that is picturesque. It is a mere extended scene of cultivation. Vales of this kind have no place in landscape, but the distance. They afford no circumstances on the spot. Near the close of the vale, a little to the right of Broadway-hill, the skreen of the vale is woody and more beautiful. The view as we descend Porten-hill is very amusing. It lies chiefly within the compass of a second distance. — Soon after we deviated a few miles to see Bulstrode.

Bulstrode belongs to the duchess dowager of Portland\*. The park is a pleasant, rather

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\* Now to the duke of Portland.

than

than a striking scene. It consists of a great variety of rising and falling grounds, without water indeed; but in many parts well-planted, and every where simple, and unforced.

On a height, in one part of it, is a circular flat, about half a mile in circumference, which has evidently been a camp; but whether of British, Danish, or Roman structure, is not easily known. You plainly trace a mound and a double ditch. The scene itself, surrounded by wood, is pleasing.

The house formerly belonged to the celebrated Judge Jeffereys; but is now greatly altered and improved. It stands on a gentle rise, which slopes into a semicircular valley, composed of park-scenery. The approach, which was formerly regular, winds now, in an easy line, along a valley. Behind the house runs the garden; where plants, and flowers of every kind, find their proper soil and shelter. One large portion is called the American grove; consisting of the plants of that continent. Here too the duchess has her menagerie. She is fond of animals; and among many that are curious, encourages the very squirrels and hares to enjoy a state of perfect tranquillity. The squirrel cracks his nut at  
your

your elbow; and looks at you without dismay: while the hare, at her pleasure, takes her morning and evening gambols about the park, which she considers as her own domain. When the bell rings for dinner, a servant carries out a basket of corn, which he lays in little heaps upon the lawn, before the dining-room windows. The hares know both the signal, and the intention of their benefactress; and assembling from all parts, bring their little families with them, and enjoy their meal in great comfort.

The house contains some good pictures. One particularly, by Rubens, in which he has given several different attitudes of himself, and his three wives, is much admired. There are also two or three well-painted heads. Two lions pursuing a fawn, by Rubens, are thought capital. The lions are good; but unnaturally introduced. They are quarrelling about a fawn, before they have taken it. The truth is, the fawn does not belong to the lions. We have them in other pictures without it. Lord Warwick, I believe, has the lions without the fawn.

The hall is hung with a large collection of huntings by Snyders. In the bear and  
bull-

bull-baiting are some excellent dogs; but in general these pictures are only hasty compositions.

Among the works of art at Bulstrode, which abounds chiefly with the curiosities of nature, we were favoured with a sight of one by Mrs. Delany, which we greatly admired. Mrs. Delany, is widow of the late Dr. Delany, dean of Down, one of the intimate friends of dean Swift. She is now seventy-six years of age, and enjoys her faculties in such vigour, that you find not the least faltering in any of them. The work of hers, which I allude to, is an herbal, in which she has executed a great number of plants, and flowers, both natives, and exotics, not only with exact delineation, and almost in their full lustre of colour, but in great taste. And what is the most extraordinary, her only materials are bits of paper of different colours. In the process of her work, she pulls the flower in pieces, examines anatomically the structure of it's leaves, stems, and buds; and having cut her papers to the shape of the several parts, she puts them together; giving them a richness, and consistence by laying one piece over another; and often a transparent piece over part of a shade,

a shade, which softens it. Very rarely she gives any colour with a brush. She pastes them, as she works, upon a black ground, which at first I thought rather injured them; as a middle tint would have given more strength to the shade: but I doubt whether it would have answered in effect. These flowers have both the beauty of painting, and the exactness of botany: and the work, I have no doubt, into whatever hands it may hereafter fall, will long be considered as a great curiosity\*.

From Bulstrode we took the Uxbridge road. At Hillingdon, opposite to the church, stands a very noble cedar of Lebanon; indeed almost the only truly picturesque tree of the kind, I ever met with.

Soon after we entered Hounslow-heath, and called at Witton, which belonged formerly

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\* Mrs. Delany died in the beginning of the year 1788. She continued her work, till within two, or three years of her death; and completed nine volumes in folio; each volume containing one hundred plants.

to the duke of Argyle. The duke was the greatest connoisseur in trees of any man in England; and naturalized many. He piqued himself on having his trees in the greatest perfection. If a tree did not *immediately* thrive, he never waited it's growth, but put in another. In the house and gardens, there is little besides, that is remarkable.

From Witton we proceeded through Twickenham; where the garden of Pope is still shewn, in the state in which he left it. It is surprising to see such an effort of real taste, at a time, when the country was barbarous in all it's ideas of gardening. He is said to have been assisted by Kent; but I think it not at all a determined point, whether he did not give Kent more assistance than he received. Pope certainly assumed to himself the merit of forming this piece of ground; and used often to say, with perhaps some little degree of affectation, that of all his works, he valued himself most on his garden. — What Sir William Stanhope added afterwards, tho he had the ideas of a more improved day to guide him, is very inferior.

As



As we leave Twickenham, the Thames opens beautifully, and forms a fine reach. But notwithstanding it's beauty, and even grandeur — the richness of it's banks — and the gorgeous villas, that crown them, it still falls short, in a picturesque light of a Scotch river, with all it's rough accompaniments, pouring over rocks, and forming a thousand little foaming eddies. The eye, so long in the habit of admiring the wild scenes of nature, cannot easily forget those enchanting images. Every kindred object raises a recollection of the past; and every recollection, a comparison, in which the tame, tho enriched scenes of art, are sure to suffer.

To enumerate only in a catalogue, the several splendid villas, that adorn even this part of the Thames, would be tedious. What is chiefly the object of a stranger's notice is Mr. Walpole's house at Strawberry-hill. He has rebuilt it (for it was before an old mansion) in the Gothic style, as the most proper receptacle for the many curious, and rich remains of art, and antiquity, with which it is adorned.

adorned. But through the inability of his architects, his ideas were never properly executed. Mr. Walpole often complained they were rather Moorish, than Gothic : however, as he could not, at that day, procure better assistance, he was obliged to acquiesce in what he could not amend. He was always however among the first to depreciate his own architecture.

With regard to the inside of his house, he early saw that insipid taste prevailing, which is now so general, of adorning walls, and ceilings, with light, faint, gaudy colours ; and endeavoured to introduce a tone of harmony into his apartments ; and to relieve the furniture by an opposition of colour, in the rooms, where it was placed. He always however lamented, that he fell short of his own designs : but still he raised the admiration of others, who had a less accurate taste than he had himself ; and were pleased with something, which they could not account for.

The garden contains about ten acres. It consists of a lawn, and open grove ; and is considered only as a foreground to a beautiful bend of the Thames, and the landscape beyond it, which displays some of the rich distances in that neighbourhood — very unlike indeed the grand, and simple views, we had  
seen

seen in the highlands of Scotland ; but more assimilated to the character of a southern county. A Scotch landscape beyond the rich views of the Thames, would be as absurd in a picture, as it would be unnatural in a real view.

In an angle of the garden stands a Gothic chapel, containing a lofty, rich shrine of ancient Mosaic, which is exceedingly curious.

But tho the house is richly adorned with remains of antiquity, which present themselves in every apartment ; yet they are a small part of those rarer productions of art — drawings — medals — enamels — and miniatures, which are contained in cabinets. In the three last articles especially, most of which consist of the portraits of eminent men, I suppose few private collections are either so copious, or so curious.

From Twickenham, we crossed the Thames at Kingston, and proceeded into Surrey.

THE END.

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